THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

strated Weekly Magazine
D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

AUG. 14, '09

5cts. THE COPY

A Suffragette Story

THE BORROWED HOUSE

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

FRANKLIN 1910 AUTOMOBILES

Franklin automobiles with their present tire equipment will average 2500 miles without a puncture.

Large tires on a light-weight automobile do not puncture easily and blow outs are almost unheard of. Our tire equipment is so generous that it is not necessary to carry extra tires on any 1910 Franklin.

On Model H the rear tires are 37 x 5 inches, front 36 x 4 1-2 inches; on Model D, rear 36 x 4 1-2 inches, front 36 x 4 inches; on Model G, rear 32 x 4 inches, front 32 x 3 1-2 inches.

The Franklin air-cooling system for 1910 has been proved to cool so perfectly and positively that no one but a trade rival would dispute its success. It also dispenses with the fan and other complications necessary in water-cooling systems.

Surrounding each cylinder close to the vertical cooling flanges is a sheet metal casing open at the top and bottom, with a diaphragm connecting the casings and forming with the engine boot an air-tight compartment. At the rear of this compartment is a powerful suction fly-wheel of new type. This fly-wheel draws the air down through the casings equally around the entire circumference of each cylinder.

The Franklin power plant is more economical, more efficient and more powerful than water-cooled power plants of the same weight.

The Bosch magneto high tension single ignition system used on our 1909 automobiles is continued on our 1910 models. In addition we have dispensed with the spark advance lever on all models. The time of the spark is not left to the judgment of the operator. Much better results are obtained at all speeds than by any other system. This was demonstrated on our 1909 Model G.

Cranking the motor on our magneto system is easier and safer than starting on batteries. The reason for the "double" ignition system commonly used is to provide batteries for starting, it not being practical to crank the ordinary motor on the ordinary magneto system. Anyone can see that one perfect ignition system is better and less complicated than two systems both of which lack some essential quality and which must be used together to get results.

A light-weight automobile with proper spring suspension gives the limit of riding comfort and touring ability. All Franklins have four full-elliptic springs and a laminated-wood chassis frame. Road shocks and vibration are absorbed—not transmitted as is the case with the steel frame and semi-elliptic springs commonly used.

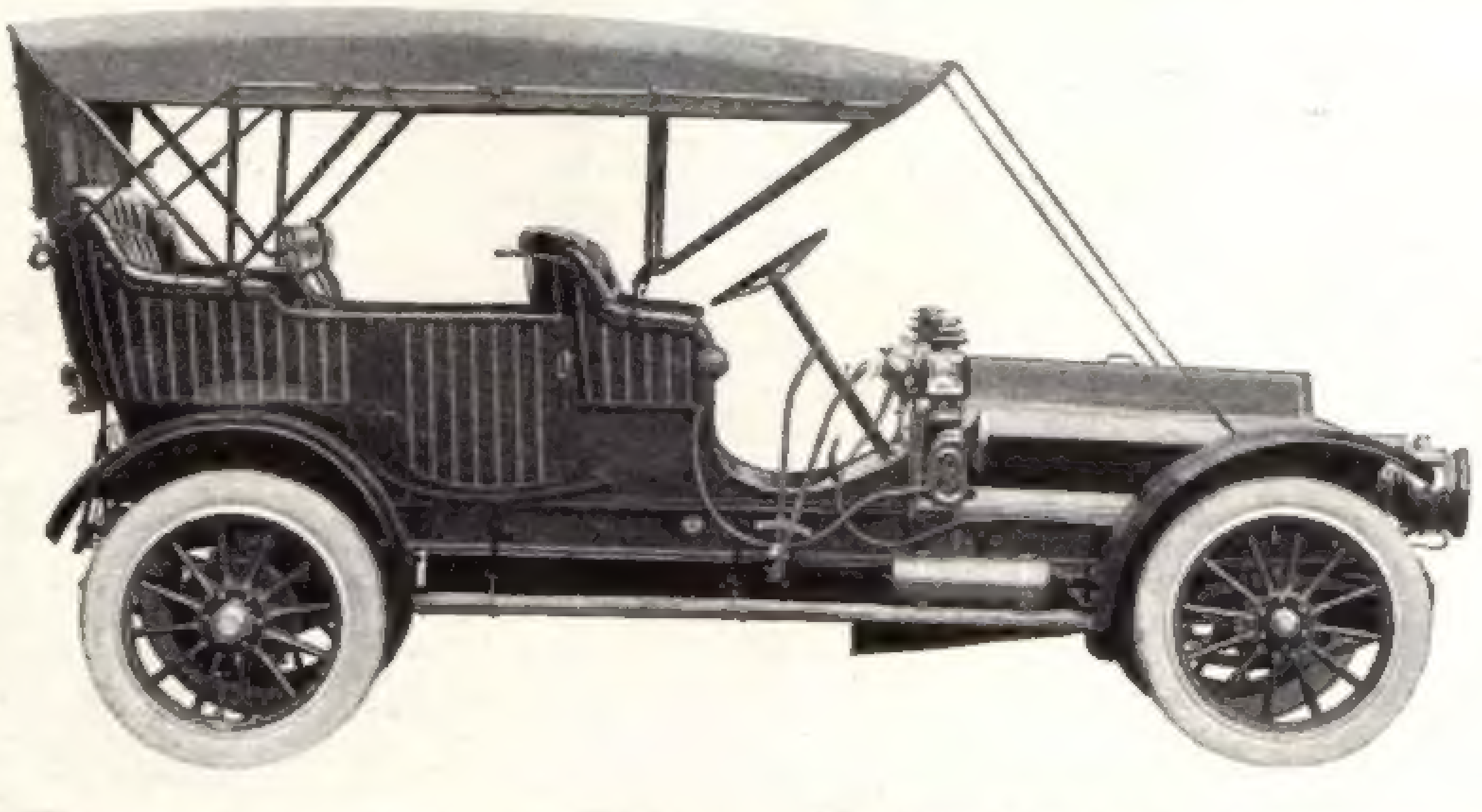
The Franklin is the easiest riding of all automobiles. It will also go the farthest in a day and is the fastest over American roads.

All efforts to break our transcontinental record which we have held for five years have resulted in failure. As recently as last June five different makes of automobiles tried for the Franklin record, but the best actual running time made was four days longer than our record. And in spite of the many attempts to lower it, our Chicago-New York record of 40 hours made in August, 1908, still stands.

The first 1910 Franklin to be entered in a public contest established a new world's record for economy. This was on July 7 in the Buffalo, N. Y., one-gallon mileage contest. There were 20 contestants. The Franklin, an easy winner, out-did its nearest competitor by 50 per cent and also beat the former world's record, made by a 1909 Franklin in New York on May 7, by 40 per cent.

Franklin closed cars are now being delivered. These models are not only luxurious in their equipment, but they have the Franklin easy-riding quality so essential to this type of automobile.

Write for 1910 catalogue of all models.



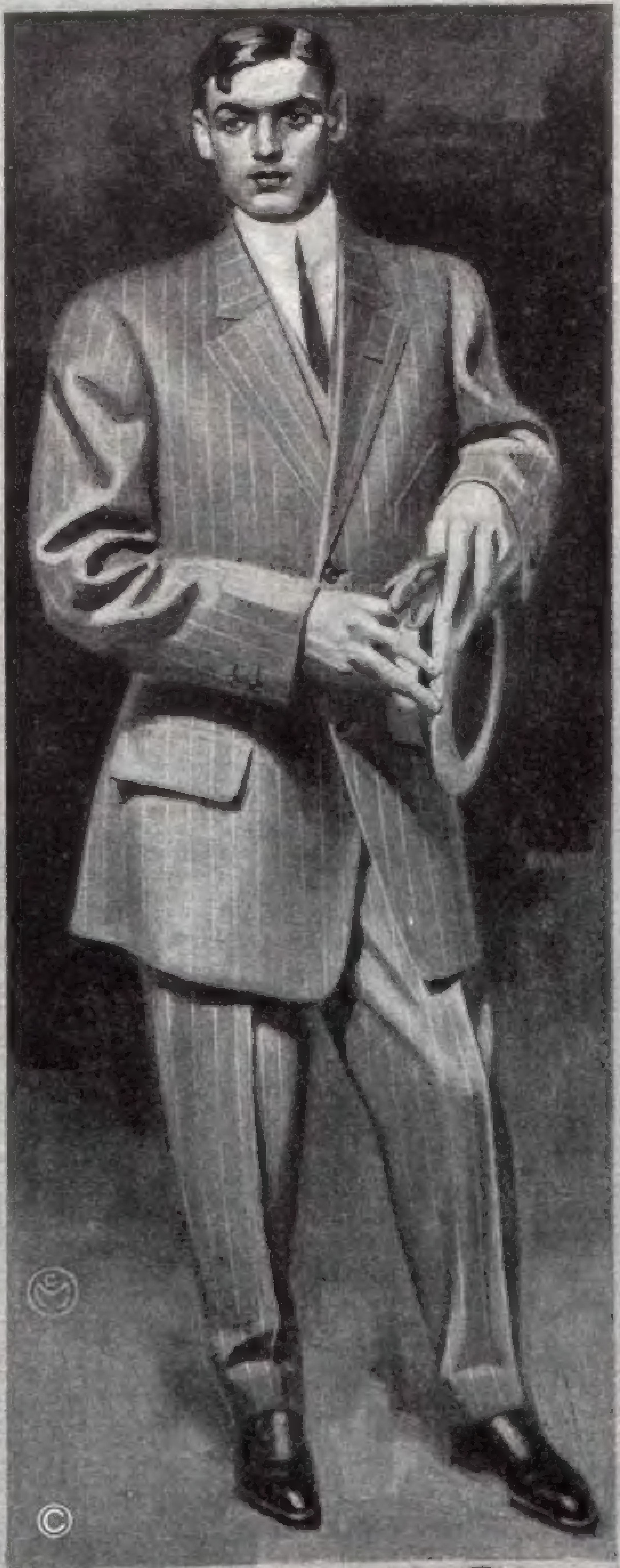
Franklin Model H, 42 horse-power six-cylinder chassis, is made with seven-passenger touring body, surrey body and limousine body.

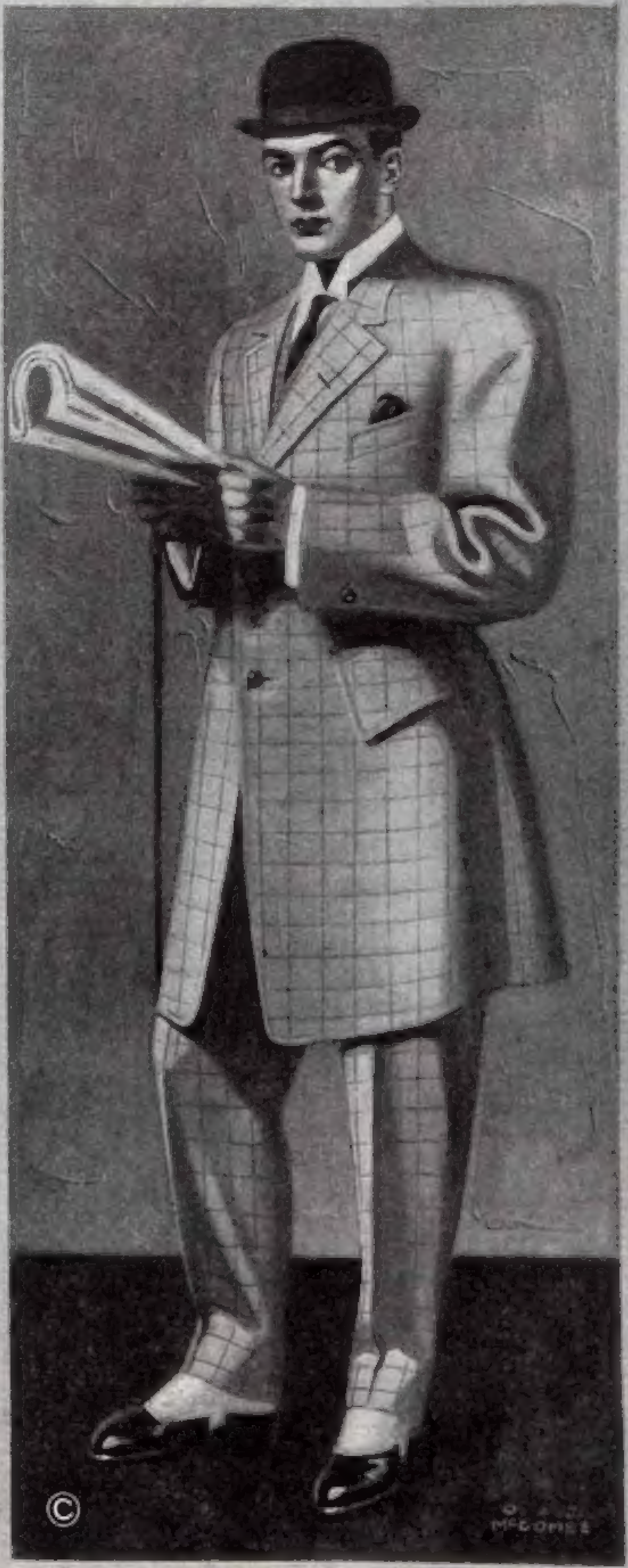
Franklin Model D, 28 horse-power four-cylinder chassis, is made with five-passenger touring body, close-coupled body, surrey body, limousine body and landaulet body.

Franklin Model G, 18 horse-power four-cylinder chassis, is made with touring body, surrey body, single-rumble-seat body and runabout body with hamper.

Franklin Model K, 18 horse-power four-cylinder chassis, is made with limousine body, town car body and taxicab body.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y





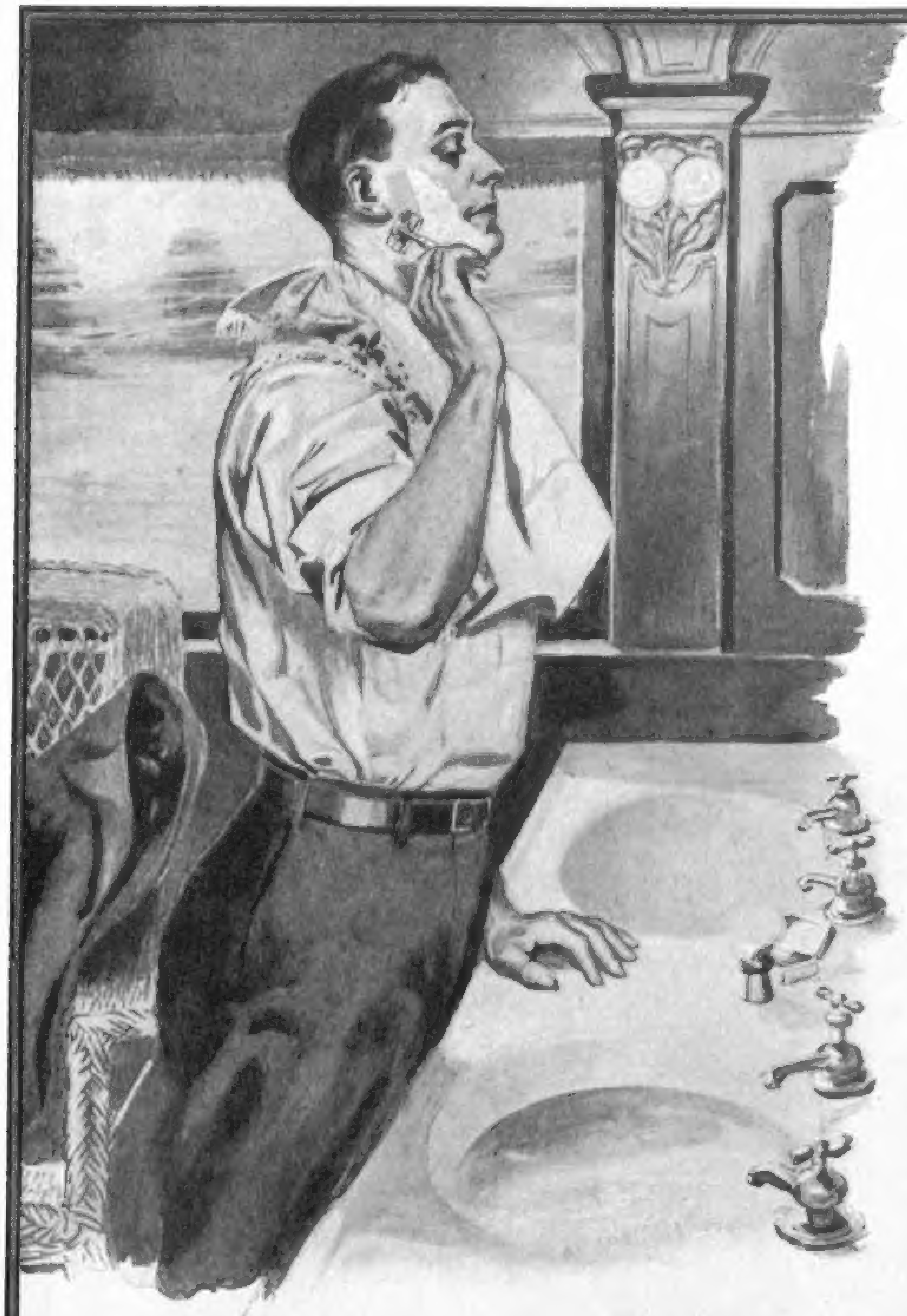
Society Brand Clothes *for the* Young Man

Assuming that all good clothes makers use the same excellent materials, what is so different about Society Brand Clothes? They are genuinely young-mannish, patterned for the young man's mind, designed for the young man's taste, shaped for the young man's body. America's characteristic young men's clothes. Sold through the better clothiers.

See our exhibit at the International Wearing Apparel Style and Fabric Show, August 14 to 21, Madison Square Garden, New York City

Write Alfred Decker & Cohn, Dept. F. O. 9. 317 Franklin St., Chicago, for Fashion Panels

Society Brand



Always and Everywhere Ready to Shave

Around a curve—over a bump—whether your hand is shaky or firm—the little Keen Kutter Safety Razor shaves steadily on, without a skip, or a jump, smoothly, comfortably, easily.

The only perfectly adjusted safety razor that shaves right, no matter how you hold it—the

KEEN KUTTER

Safety Razor

E.C. SIMMONS
KEEN KUTTER
TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK
U.S.A.

The blade is not a wafer blade—that is why it is so steady. It never jumps or springs. It is thick enough to take a smooth, fine edge and hold it through many a shave. Its quality is the famous guaranteed Keen Kutter Quality that means perfection or money back.

Its adjustment is so accurate that it shaves with a smooth, diagonal stroke that never pulls, never scrapes, and, without practice, you rival the most skilled barber.

The traveling set contains metal cases with brush and soap and a dozen blades ready for shaving on train or boat, at home or hotel, whenever and wherever you wish.

The home set is also furnished with a dozen blades.

At any time—if unsatisfactory your dealer will refund the money. This is the Keen Kutter guarantee.

If not at your dealer's write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.)
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

Traveling Set
No. K-2—Silver Plated in genuine Black Leather Case, $6.50.
No. K-4—Gold Plated in genuine English Pigskin Case, $12.00.

Home Set
No. K-1—Silver Plated in genuine Black Leather Case, $3.50.
No. K-3—Gold Plated in genuine English Pigskin Case, $5.00.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1909, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.
Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 182 PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 14, 1909 Number 7

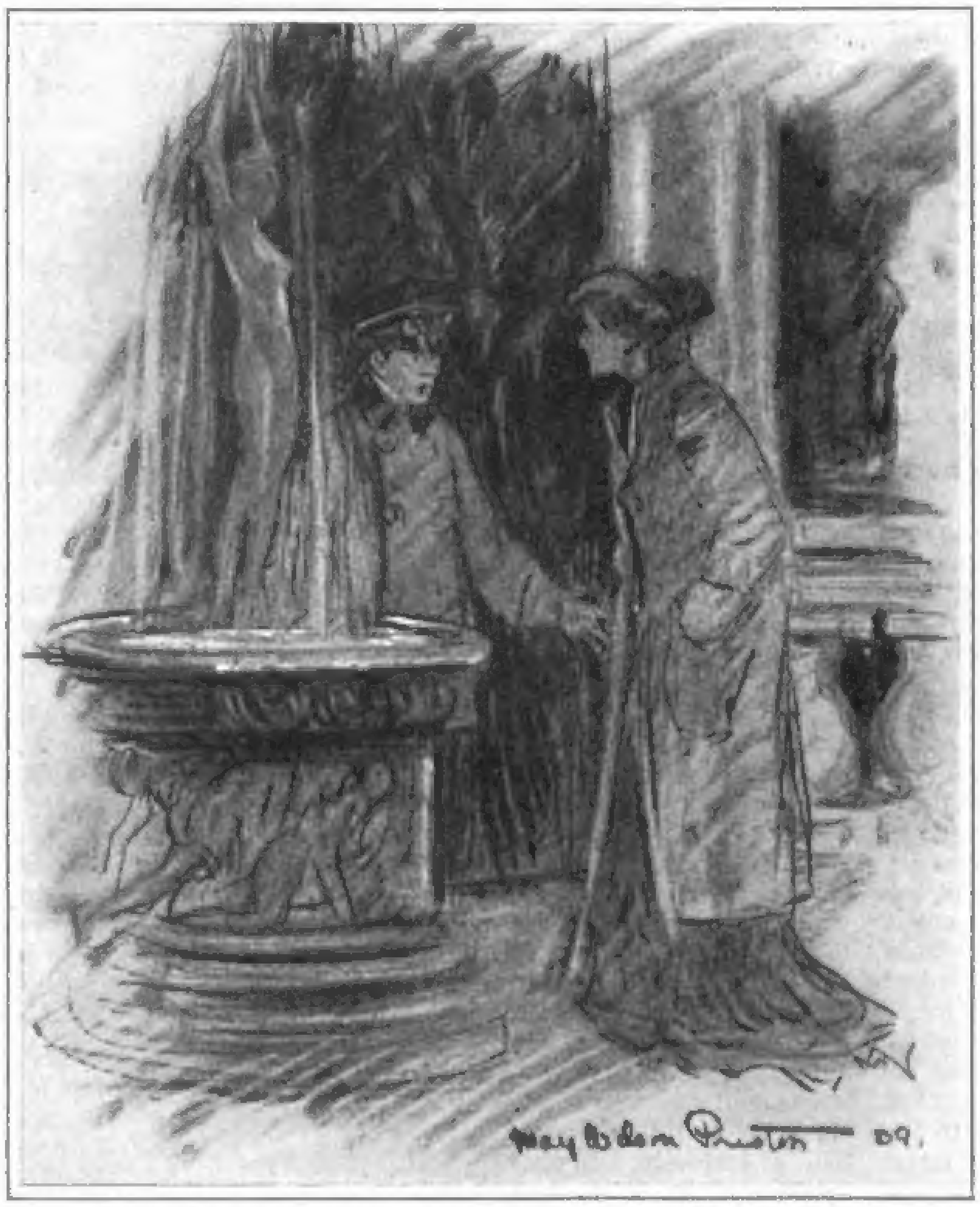
THE BORROWED HOUSE

(As Told by a Reformed Suffragette)

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

AUTHOR OF THE MAN IN LOWER TEN AND THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



"The Wimberley Romney was Stolen From the Towers Last Night, Miss, and the Whole Countryside is Up"

"AND the things the aeronaut said!" observed Daphne, stirring her tea. Daphne is my English cousin, and misnamed. "He went too high and Poppy's nose began to bleed."

"It poured," Poppy confirmed plaintively to me. "I leaned over the edge of the basket and it poured. And the next day the papers said it had rained blood in Tooting and that quantities of people had gone to the churches!" Poppy is short and wears her hair cut close and curled with an iron all over her head. She affects plaids.

"Then," Daphne went on, addressing the room in general, "he let some gas out of the bag and we began to settle. But just when we were directly over the Tower he grew excited and threw out sand. He said he wasn't going to hang his balloon on the Houses of Parliament like a penny ornament on a Christmas tree. And then the wind carried us north and we missed it altogether."

Mrs. Harcourt-Standish took a teacake. "I was sea-sick," she remarked pensively, "and he was unpleasant about that, too. It was really mountain sickness, although, of course, there wasn't any mountain. When we began to throw out the handbills he asked if I had swallowed *them*, too."

Mrs. Harcourt-Standish plays up the feminine. She is slim and blond, and wears slinky clothes and a bang—only they call it a fringe—across her forehead. She has been in prison five times and is supposed to have influence with the Cabinet. She showed me a lot of photographs of herself in the dock and in jail, put up in a frame that was made to represent a barred window. It was Violet Harcourt-Standish, you remember, who broke up the meeting of the Woman's Liberty League, the rival Suffragette association, by engaging the suite above their rooms, burning chemicals in the grates, and sending in a fire alarm when the smoke poured out of the windows.

I had been in England visiting Daphne for four months while Mother went to Italy, and I had had a very queer time. One was apt to go shopping with Daphne and end up on a carriage block or the box of a hansom cab, passing out handbills about votes for women. And once, when we dressed in our best gowns and went to a reception for the Cabinet, or something of the kind, Daphne stood on the stairs and began to make a speech. It turned out that she hadn't been invited at all and they put her out immediately—politely, but firmly. I slid away into the crowd, quite pale with the shock and disgrace, and stood in a corner, waiting to be arrested or searched for the spoons. But for a long time no one noticed me. Then a sunburned gentleman who was passing in the crowd saw me, hesitated and came back.

"I beg pardon," he said, and my heart turned entirely over, "but I think you came with Miss Wyndham? If you will allow me ——"

"I am afraid you have made a mistake," I replied frigidly, with my lips stiff with fright. He bowed at that and passed on, but not before he had looked straight into my eyes and read the lie there.

After ages I left the window where I had taken shelter and got somehow to the dressing-room. Of course, Daphne had taken the carriage, so I told a dejected-looking maid that I was ill and would not wait for my brougham, and to call a cab. I was perfectly numb with rage when I got to Daphne's apartment, and burst in like a whirlwind. But Daphne was not at home. She came in at three that morning, maudlin with triumph, and found me asleep on the floor in my ball-gown, with a half-packed trunk before me.

She brought me tea and toast herself the next morning and offered it on her knees, which means something for Daphne—she is very stout and almost unbendable—and explained that I had been her patent of respectability, and that it had been a *coup;* that Mrs. Langley, of the Women's Liberty League, had hired as a maid for the reception and had never got her foot out of the dressing-room! Red hair? Yes. And when I told Daphne that Mrs. Langley had helped me into my wrap she got up heavily and hopped three steps one way and three another, which is the way Daphne dances with joy.

I am afraid I have digressed. It is much harder to write a thing than to tell it. I used to write stories for our Journal at school and the girls were mad over them. But they were love stories, and this one deals with English politics and criminals—yes, you might call it a crime story. Of course there is love, too, but it comes in rather unexpectedly.

I left Daphne hopping three steps each way in triumph. Well, after that she did not take me around with her, although her friends came in and talked about The Cause to me quite often. And gradually I began to see that there was something to it, and why, if I paid taxes, shouldn't I vote? And hadn't I as much intelligence as the cab drivers and street sweepers? And why couldn't I will my money to my children if I ever had any?—children, not money. Of course, as Father pointed out afterward, I should have been using my abilities in America; but most of the American women I knew were so cravenly and abjectly contented. But even after my conversion Daphne would not take me in the balloon. She said I represented too much money to risk dumping in the Thames or hanging on a chimney.

The meeting at Daphne's was mainly to talk over the failure of the balloon ascension and to plan something new. But the actual conspiracy that followed was really an accident. It just came about in the most casual way.

Violet Harcourt-Standish got up and went to the mirror to put on her veil, and some of the people began to gather their wraps.

"I'm tired," Daphne said suddenly. "We don't seem to get anywhere. We always come out the door we go in."

"Sometimes forcibly," Poppy said to me aside.

"And I haven't been strong, you know, since last summer," Daphne went on. Everybody nodded sympathetically. Daffie had raised a disturbance when Royalty was laying a cornerstone and had been jailed for it. (They put her to making bags and she sewed "Votes for Women" in white thread on every bag she made.) "I am going to take Madge down to Ivry for a week." I am Madge.

Violet turned from the mirror and raised her eyebrows. "Ivry!" she said. "How familiar it sounds! Do you remember, Daphne, when pressure at the Hall became too strong for me, how I used to ride over to Ivry and have hysterics in the Tudor Room? And how once I wept on your Louis-Seize divan and had to have the purple stains bleached off my face? You lived a sort of vicarious matrimonial existence in those days, didn't you?"

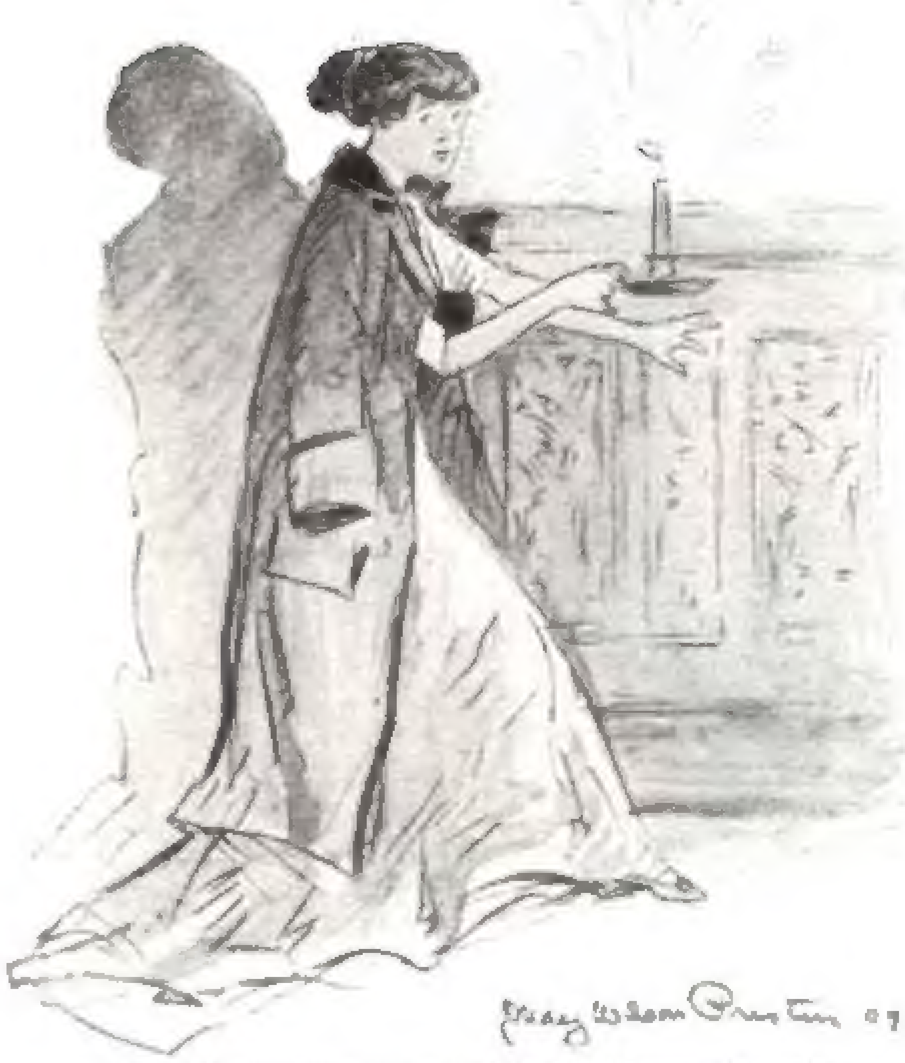
Whatever she may have done to the Louis-Seize divan in earlier days, she was cheerful enough now, and I hailed her with delight.

"Do you live near Ivry?" I exclaimed. "How jolly!" That is English; if I had been in America I would have said, "How dear of you!"

Somebody laughed and Daphne chuckled. It isn't especially feminine to chuckle, but neither is Daphne.

"My dear child," Mrs. Harcourt-Standish said, turning to me, "Harcourt Hall is closed. Mr. Harcourt is no longer my husband. The one is empty, the other in Canada"—vague, but rhetorical—"I have forgotten them both." There was nothing ambiguous about that. "I recall the house as miles from everything that was joyful. I shall always regard my being taken there as nothing short of kidnaping."

Then—she stopped short and glanced at Daphne. From Daphne her eyes traveled to Ernestine Sutcliffe, who put down her teacup with a clatter. There was a sudden hushed silence in the room; then Lady Jane Willoughby, who had been tying her motor veil, took it off and folded it in her lap. The Staffords, Poppy and her mother, exchanged glances. Without in the least understanding it I saw that something psychological was happening.



The Motor Coat Around My Shoulders Made the Shadow of a Pirate on the Wall

"Why not?" said Daphne quietly, looking around. "The house is still furnished, isn't it, Violet? And I suppose you could get in?"

Violet shrugged her shoulders. "I dare say; as I recall it, one could enter any of the doors by merely leaning against them."

Everybody talked at once for a few minutes. I gave up trying to understand and took a fresh teacake. Then I noticed Lady Willoughby. In all that militant body, whatever adventure was afoot, hers was the only craven soul. She was picking at her veil with nervous fingers.

"I—don't you think it is very radical?" she ventured when she could be heard. Here Mrs. Stafford objected to the word "radical," and she substituted "revolutionary." "I should not wish anything to happen to him. He was a great friend of Willoughby's mother while she lived."

"That's all right among ourselves, Jane," Mrs. Stafford put in, "but if I recall the circumstances I wouldn't lay any emphasis on *that*. Anyhow, we don't intend to murder the man."

Lady Jane was only partially reassured. "Of course, you wouldn't mean to," she retorted, "but there is no use asking me to forget what Poppy Stafford did to the president of the Board of Trade last summer."

Poppy glanced up and shook her curls. "You are envious, Willieboy," she said, and put four lumps of sugar in her tea. "Willieboy" is Lady Willoughby's affectionate diminutive. They had started the tea all over again and I rather edged away from Poppy, but Daphne said afterward it was only a matter of a chair Poppy threw from the gallery at a public meeting, and that the man was only a secretary to the president of the Board of Trade.

Finally, I made out what the plan was, and mentally during the rest of the meeting I was making bags in jail. *They were going to abduct the Prime Minister!*

Lady Jane had stopped looking back and had put her hand to the plow. (This sounds well, so I won't cut it out; but wasn't it Lot's wife that looked back? And wasn't that before the day of plows? Or *was* it?) And it was she who finally settled the whole thing, for it seems that the P. M. had confided to Lord Willoughby that the town was so noisy with Suffragettes that he could not find a quiet spot for a rubber of bridge; that since the balloon incident he slept in his clothes with the windows shut and locked; and that since the latest kitchenmaid had turned out to be the Honorable Maude Twombley, who slipped handbills into his entrées and served warnings in his dessert, he was going to travel, incognito and alone, to his daughter's place, The Oaks, outside of West Newbury, and get a little sleep.

And West Newbury was only four miles from the empty Harcourt Hall! In short, as Daphne succinctly put it: "Our Jonah was about to jump voluntarily overboard from the ship of state into the whaleboned jaws of the Suffragette whale."

Everybody went mad at that point, but as they grew excited I got cold. It began with my toes and went all over me.

Ernestine Sutcliffe stood on one of Daphne's tulipwood and marquetry chairs and made a speech, gesticulating with her cup and dripping tea on me. And then somebody asked me to stand up and say what I thought. (I have never really spoken in public, but I always second the motions in a little club I belong to at home. It is a current-events club—so much easier to get the news that way than to read the newspaper.)

So I got up and made a short speech. I said: "I am only a feeble voice in this clamor of outraged womanhood against the oppressor, Man. I believe in the franchise for women, the ballot instead of the ballet. But at home, in America, when we want to take a bath we don't jump off the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River to do it."

Then I sat down. Daphne was raging.

"You are exceedingly vulgar," she said, "but since you insist on that figure of speech, you in America have waited a long time for the bath, and if you continue your present methods you won't get it before you need it."

II

NOW that they had thought of it, they were all frantic for fear Mrs. Cobden-Fitzjames and the Woman's Liberty League might think of it, too, kidnap the Prime Minister, and leave us a miserable president of the Local Government Board or a wretched under-secretary of something or other.

The plan we evolved before the meeting broke up was to send a wire to Mrs. Gresham, the Premier's daughter, that he had been delayed, and to meet a later train. Then, Daphne's motor would meet the proper train — he was to arrive somewhere between seven and eight in the evening—carry his Impressiveness to Harcourt Hall and deliver him into the hands of the enemy. As Violet Harcourt-Standish voiced it: the motor gone, the railway miles away, what can he do? He will keep awake, because he will have slept in the train going down, and we can give him a cold supper. Nothing heavy to make him drowsy. Perhaps it would be better not to give him anything. (Hear! Hear!) Then, six speeches, each an hour long. At the end of that time we can promise him something to eat and a machine to take him to West Newbury on one condition. Every one looked up. "He must sign an indorsement of the Suffragette movement." (Loud applause.)

"Why not have a table laid," I suggested, "and show it to him? Let him smell it, so to speak. Visualize your temptation, you know. 'And the devil ——'"

"This is the Prime Minister, Madge," Daphne broke in shortly, "and you are not happy in your Scriptural references."

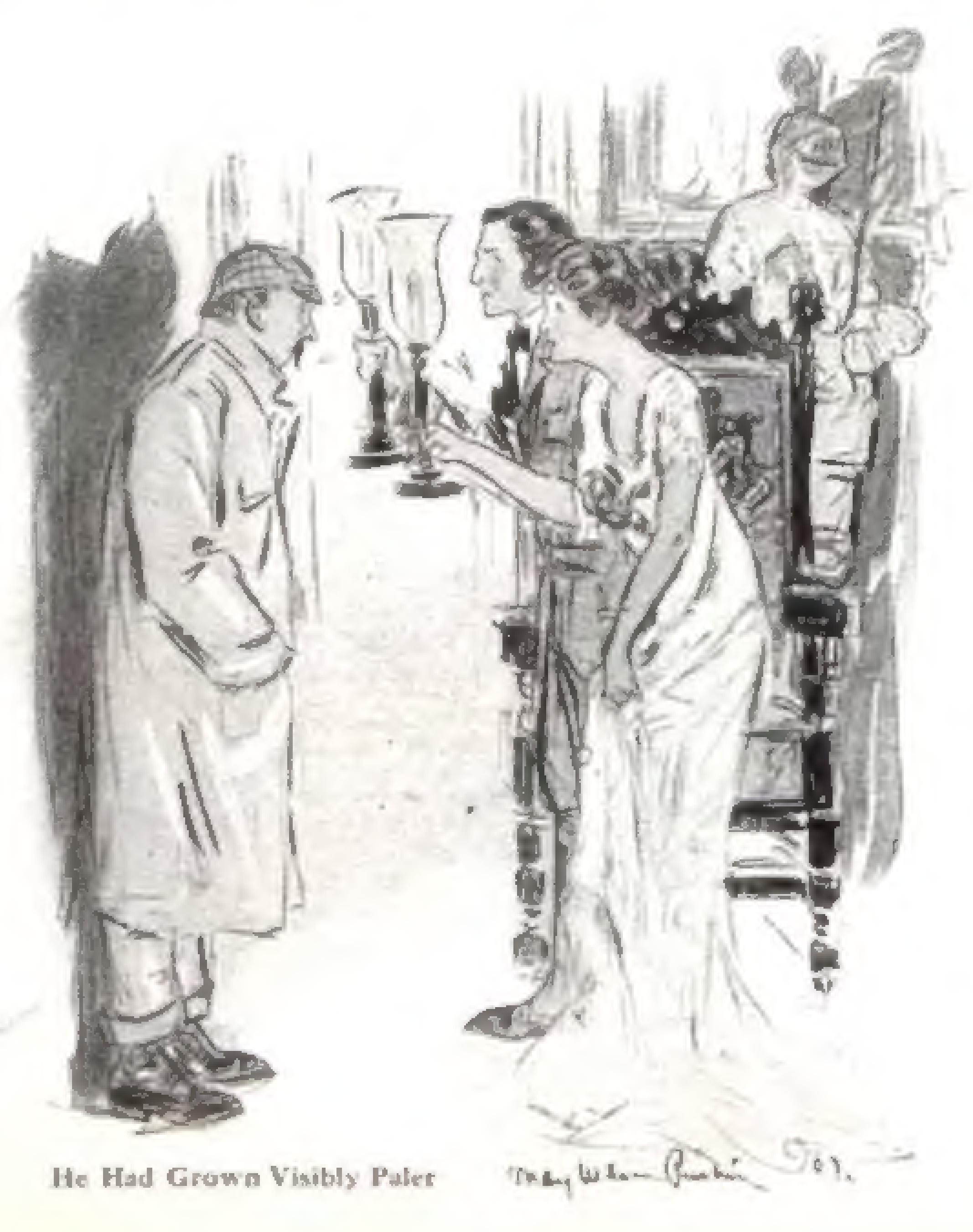
Daphne has no sense of humor.

Things went along with suspicious smoothness. Daphne really took the onus of the whole thing, and, of course, I helped her.

Everybody got clothes, for the Suffragette idea is that if you can attract a man's eye you can get and maybe hold his ear. And Daphne wrote a new speech, one she had thought out in jail. It began, "Words! Words!! Words!!!" She wrote a poem, too, called the Lay of the Suffragette, with the meter of the Lay of the Bell, and she wanted me to recite it, but even before I read it I refused.

The gown Mother had ordered for me at Paquin's on her way to the Riviera came just in time, a shimmery white thing with a square-cut neck and bits of sleeves made of gauze and silver fringe. Daphne got a pink velvet, although she is stout and inclined to be florid. She had jet butterflies embroidered over it, a flight of them climbing up one side of her skirt and crawling to the opposite shoulder, so that if one stood off at a distance she had a curiously diagonal appearance, as if she had listed heavily to one side.

By hurrying we got to Ivry on Thursday evening, and I was in a blue funk. Daphne was militantly cheerful, and, in the drawing-room after dinner, she put the finishing touches to her speech. It was warm and rainy, and I wandered aimlessly around, looking at hideous English photographs and wondering if picking oakum in an English jail were worse than making bags—and if they could arrest me, after all. Could they touch an American citizen? (But was I an American citizen? Perhaps I should have been naturalized, or something of that kind!) And I thought of Mother at Florence, in the villa on the Via Michelangelo—Mother, who classes Suffragettes with Anti-Vivisectionists and Theosophists.



He Had Grown Visibly Paler

I would have gone up to bed, but that meant a candle and queer, shaky shadows on the wall; so I stayed with Daphne and looked at the picture of a young man in a uniform.

"Basil Harcourt," Daphne said absently, with a pen in her mouth, when I asked about it. "Taken years ago before he became an ass. How do you spell 'supererogation'?"

"I haven't an idea," I admitted. "I don't even know what it means. I always confuse it with 'eleemosynary'." Daphne grunted. "Do you mean that this is Violet's husband?"

"It was—her first. Don't ask me about him; he always gives me indigestion. The man's mad! He stood right in this room, where he had eaten gingercakes all his life and where he came to show his first Eton collar and long trousers, and told me that he expected The Cause for his wife to be himself, and if she would rather raise votes for women than a family of children she would have to choose at once. And Violet stood just where you are, Madge, and retorted that maternity was not a Cause, and that any hen in the barnyard could raise a family. *She* had higher ambitions. 'I suppose you want to crow,' Basil said furiously, and slammed out. He went to Canada very soon after."

"Then—perhaps he won't like our using his house for — such a purpose. If he isn't in sympathy ——"

"Twaddle," Daphne remarked, poising her pen to go on. "In the first place, it isn't a house—it's a rattletrap; and in the second place, he won't know a thing about it."

It was all very tragic. I was thinking of them when I went out on the terrace in Daphne's mackintosh. The air was damp and sticky, but it was better than Daphne's conversation. I stood in the fountain court, leaning against a column and listening to the spray as it blew over on to the caladium leaves.

I am not sure just when I saw the figure. First it was part of the gloom, a deeper shadow in the misty garden. I saw it, so to speak, out of the tail of my eye. When I looked directly there was nothing there. Finally, I called softly over my shoulder to Daphne, but she did not hear. Instead, the shadow disengaged itself, moved forward and resolved into Bagsby, Daphne's chauffeur.

"I wasn't sure at first that you saw me, Miss," he said, touching his cap. "It's my turn until midnight; Clarkson 'as it until three, and the gardener until daylight."

"Good gracious!" I gasped. "Do you mean you are guarding the house?"

"Perhaps it's more what you would call surveillance," he said cautiously, "the picture gallery being over your head, Miss, and an easy job from the conservatory roof. We 'aven't told Miss Wyndham yet, Miss, but the Wimberley Romney was stolen from the Towers last night, Miss, and the whole countryside is up."

"The Romney?" I inquired. "Do you mean a painting?"

"Yes, Miss," he said patiently. "Cut out of its frame, and worth twenty thousand pounds! By a gentlemanly-looking chap—a tourist by appearances, with a bicycle, in tweeds and knickers, Miss."

Whether the bicycle or the tourist wore tweeds and knickers I did not hear. Bagsby was saying that the thief was supposed to be hiding on the moor, when Daphne came out, and he disappeared.

Poppy Stafford and Ernestine came unexpectedly late that night after I had gone to bed. I was in my first sleep and dreaming that Poppy was braining Bagsby with a gilt-framed painting, and that he was shouting "Votes for Women" instead of "Help," when somebody knocked at my door. It turned out to be Poppy, and she said she thought there was a bat in her room, and as she was quite pallid with fright I let her get into my bed. I was full of my dream and I wanted to ask her some particulars about the man she had brained the summer before. But she put her head under the sheet, and as soon as she stopped trembling she went to sleep.

Daphne called me early and we went over to the Hall to take a look around. As Daphne said, it would be night and the grounds would not matter, but we would have to uncover some of the furniture. And as we could not let the servants know, we had to do it ourselves. We took a brush and pan, and a linen sheet to dust with. Bagsby, who had been bribed, and suspected what he wasn't told, got the brush and pan, and later he showed us a pail and a piece of soap in the tonneau.

The place was dreadful. No doubt the park had been lovely, but it was overshadowed and overgrown. The hedges were untrimmed; paths began, wandered around and died in a tangle of undergrowth; and the terrace had lost an end in a wilderness where a garden-house was falling to decay. The fading outlines of the kitchen garden seemed to shout aloud of lost domesticity, and over everything lay a sodden layer of the previous autumn's leaves. (For fear I am accused of plagiarism, the sentence about the kitchen garden is not original. Madge.)

Daphne had got a key somewhere, and inside it was worse. Coverings over the pictures and furniture, six years' dust everywhere, and a smell of mould like a crypt of one of the Continental cathedrals, only not so ancestory. While we were taking off the covers, with Bagsby's help, Daphne alternately sang and coughed in the dust.

"Why aren't you more cheerful?" she demanded. "It will be a red-letter day for The Cause. When I think of Mabel Fitzjames I almost cry!"

"I think it must be because I am not used to it," I said meekly. "You see, I come from a Republican country — and Democratic, too, of course—and we don't have any Prime Ministers to steal. One has to grow accustomed to things like this gradually, Daffie, or be born to them. And then—I lay awake most of last night, wondering what would happen if he didn't —er—see the joke, you know."

Daphne jerked a cover from a motheaten sofa and sneezed promptly in the dust.

"Joke!" she repeated when she could speak. "No, I don't think he will see the joke. In fact, I don't believe he will think there is any joke to see. If I know anything, he is going to be wild. He's going to tear his hair and throw the vases off the mantel. He's going to use language that you never heard—at least, I hope not."

It was then that I realized that I was not, heart and soul, a Suffragette. If I had only had the courage to have spoken up then, to have told her that I didn't feel The Cause the way I ought to, and that I hoped to get married and have dozens of children, and that, anyhow, I had a headache and I thought I ought to go on to Italy and meet Mother! But, instead, I followed her around like a sheep, tacking up cards with Suffrage mottoes on them all over the drawing-room, and stretching a long canvas banner in the hall across the back of a great Gothic hall-seat, with "Votes for Women" in red letters on it.

Bagsby brushed out a sort of oasis in the middle of the drawing-room and a path to the door, and Daphne and I dusted seven chairs and a table. We had brought over a duplex lamp and some candles, and when we had put a cover on the table the middle of the room looked quite habitable. Then Bagsby brushed the leaves off the steps, and as Daphne pleasantly expressed it:

Won't you step into my parlor?
Said the spider to the fly.

Mrs. Stafford, Violet and Lady Jane came that afternoon, after having waited to send the wire on which the conspiracy was hung. They put themselves into negligees and the hands of their maids at once, and were still dressing when Ernestine and I, the advance guard, started with the hamper of cold supper at half after six. Things went wrong from that moment.

Ernestine started to recite her speech to me as we went down the drive, found she had forgotten everything but the first sentence, which began, like The Walrus and the Carpenter, "The time has come ——" and had to go back for the manuscript. We had to leave her for the second trip. Bagsby, who was in the conspiracy to the extent of five pounds, took me over alone and lighted the duplex lamp. He cut the telephone wire, also, by Daphne's order, before he left.

"I 'ardly like to leave you 'ere alone, Miss," he said when everything was ready. It was growing dark by that time and raining again. "Folks is always ready to give a hempty 'ouse a black eye, so to speak. The 'All ghost isn't what you might call authenticated, but the 'ouse isn't 'abitable for a lady alone, Miss."

"I am not at all nervous," I quavered as he went down the steps. "Only—please tell them to hurry, Bagsby."

I called to him again as he climbed into the car.

"Oh, Bagsby," I said nervously, "I—I suppose there is no danger of the picture thief being around?"

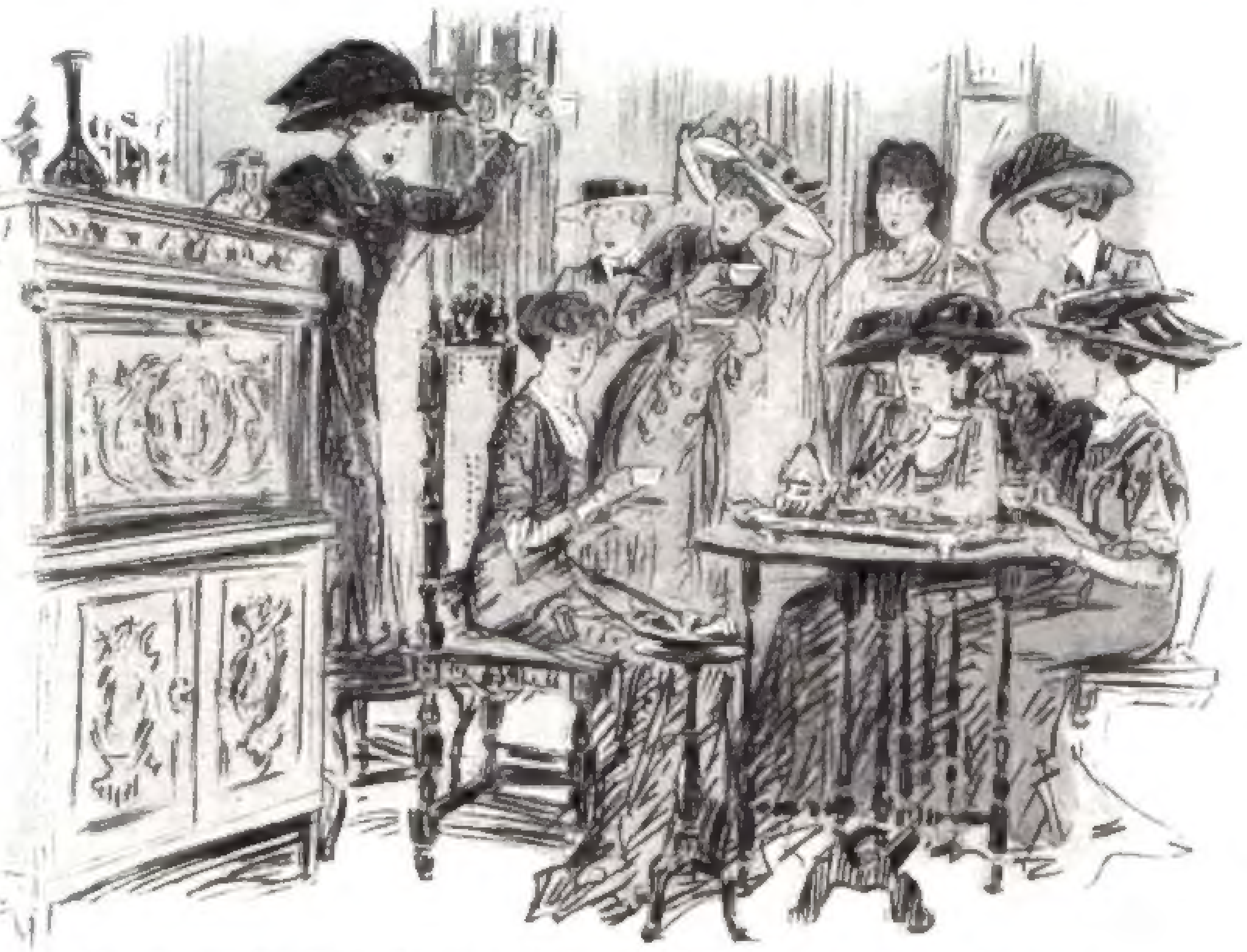
"Not for pictures, anyhow, Miss," he returned jocularly, and started off.

Not for pictures, anyhow!

I stood at the door and watched the tail light of the motor disappear down the drive, show for an instant a spark by the dilapidated lodge and then go out entirely.

. . . .

The second part of the story begins about here. The first part, as you have seen, has been purely political; the rest is romance, intermingled with crime. It is a little late to bring in a hero, but to have done it earlier would have spoiled the story, besides being distinctly untruthful. And I suppose a real novelist would have had the hero turn out to be the sunburned gentleman of some pages before; but the fact is he wasn't, and I never saw the sunburned gentleman again.



Ernestine Sutcliffe Made a Speech, Gesticulating With Her Cup and Dripping Tea on Me

Well, after Bagsby left, and I had examined the supper in the hamper and lighted more candles in the drawing-room, I began to wish we had not cut the telephone wire so soon. It was perfectly dark, and any one could step in through the windows—open to air the house—and cut my throat and take my string of pearls which Father had had matched for me and walk away calmly and be safe ten feet from the house in the undergrowth. And then Bagsby's ghost began to walk in my mind and I quite lost sight of the fact that it was not authenticated.

It was blowing by that time, and every joint of the rheumatic old house creaked and groaned. The candles flickered and nearly went out, and the motto cards began to fly around the room as if carried by invisible fingers. One of them said, "You have been weighed and found wanting," and another one, "Beware!" They had all the effect of spirit messages on me. When I tried to close the windows I found them stuck in their dilapidated frames. I wanted desperately to hide in a corner behind one of the high-backed chairs, but it was dusty there and hardly dignified for a person who was abducting the Prime Minister. And then it would be ignominious to faint there and have some one peer over the back and say: "Why, here she is!"

So, to divert my mind from ghosts and gentlemen burglars who steal pictures, I began to investigate the hamper. There were *pâté* and salad and sandwiches and quite a lot of stuff. But all at once I remembered that Daphne had given me the small silver and that I had laid it on my bed and left it there. And most of the provisions were too messy for a P. M. to manage with his fingers. Luckily, I remembered something Violet had said when Daphne gave me the silver.

"Personally," she had announced, "I am not in favor of feeding him at all. Or else I would give him prison fare. But if you're going to be mushy over him you'll probably find some dishes and forks in a little closet by the dining-room fireplace. They were kept there to use if Basil went down for the twelfth, and I dare say they are still there."

So I picked up a candle and shuddered through the darkness toward where the breakfast-room ought to be. I went through a square garden-hall which shook when I did, and the motor coat around my shoulders made the shadow of a pirate on the wall.

I found the breakfast-room and the mantel cupboard at last, and, putting the candle on a chair, stood for a moment listening, my hands clapped over my heart. I thought I heard some one walking over bare boards near by, but the sounds, whatever they were, ceased.

The mantel cupboard was locked. I pulled and twisted at the knob to no purpose. Finally, I dug at the lock with a hairpin, and something gave; the door swung open with a squeak, and a moment later I had a flannel case in my hands and was taking out some silver forks. At that moment a plate in the cupboard fell forward with a slam, and something leaped on to the forks, which I dropped with a crash. The candle went out immediately and, gasping for breath, I backed against the cupboard and stood staring into the blackness of the room.

The door by which I had entered was a faint, yellowish rectangle from the distant hall lamp. That is, it had been a rectangle. It was partly obscured now. And gradually the opacity took on the height and breadth and general outline of a man. He was pointing a revolver at me!

III

I THINK it occurred to him then that I might be pointing something at him—not knowing that my deadliest weapon was a silver fork. For he slid inside the room with his back against the wall. And there we stood, backed against opposite corners, staring into the darkness, and I, for one, totally unable to speak. Finally, he said: "I think it will end right here."

"I—I don't know what you mean," I quavered, for I was plainly expected to say something. There was another total silence, which I learned afterward was inability on *his* part to speak. Then ——

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; and then again, under his breath: "By Jove!"

(That assured me somewhat. "By Jove" is so largely a gentleman's exclamation. If he had said "Blow me," which is English lower class, or "Shiver my timbers," I know I should have shivered mine. But "By Jove" gave me courage.)

He fumbled for and lighted a match then, and took a step forward. We had a ghastly glimpse of each other before the match went out, and I saw he was *in tweeds and knickers*, and had one of Daphne's sandwiches in his left hand. He saw the candle then and, stepping forward, he lighted it where it stood on the chair. And when he had lighted it and put it on the table he actually smiled across it.

"I am not sure yet that I am awake," he said easily. "Please don't disappear. The sandwich looked real enough, but that's the way in dreams. You find something delectable and wake up before you taste it. You see, the sandwich is gone already."

"You dropped it," I said as calmly as I could.

"Oh," he said, lowering the candle and peering under the table. "Ah, here it is. So it isn't a dream! You have no idea how many times I have dreamed I was finding money—guineas, you know, and all that—and wakened at the psychological moment." He put his revolver on the table, took a bite of the sandwich and stared at me, at my gown, and then at my pearls. I fancied his eyes gleamed.

I did not speak; I was listening with all my might for the car, but I could hear nothing but the patter of the rain on the flagstones outside.

"I'm afraid I have startled you," he went on, still looking at me with uncomfortable intentness. "The fact is, I was asleep. I got in through a window an hour or so ago, after a day and a night on the moor. I had no idea there was anybody here until you brushed past me in the dark."

The moor! Then of course I knew. It had been dawning on me slowly. For all I could tell, he may have had the Romney under his coat at that moment. I put my hands to my throat for air because, although he was smiling and pleasant enough, everybody knows that, since the time of Raffles, the bigger the game a burglar makes a

(Continued on Page 29)

Adventures of a Hypochondriac

THE CALORY CURE—By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"THE trouble with you," said the doctor to the Man From Pittsburgh, "is autointoxication."

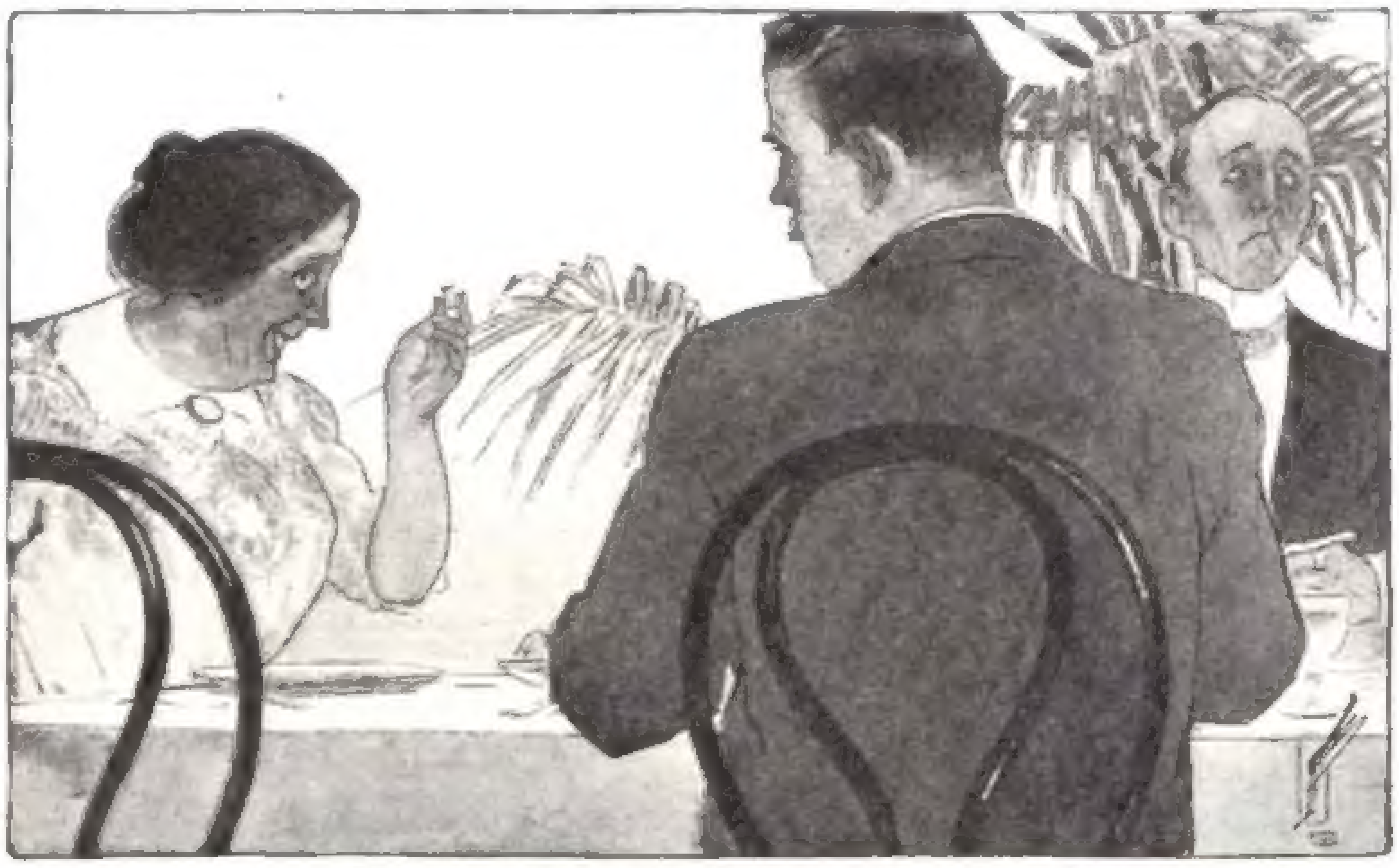
"Gwan!" exclaimed the Man From Pittsburgh excitedly. "It's no such thing. I sold my auto two years ago."

"But I didn't ——" began the doctor.

"Besides," broke in the Man From Pittsburgh, "I've been on the water-wagon for six months. You've got another guess coming, Doc."

"I mean," continued the doctor wearily, "nothing that has the slightest connection, direct or remote, with automobiles. I mean by autointoxication, self-intoxication."

"Now, listen, Doc," said the Man From Pittsburgh. "Take it from me that I ain't had a drop in six months. Lashed to the seat, I tell you. Floating the white flag. Besides," he snorted, "even if I had it would be self-intoxication. Don't you never forget that. I wouldn't allow no stranger to hoist drinks into me. Nix on that, Doc."



"These are the Tablets That Make the Friendly Germs"

"I observe," said the doctor, "that I must get down to first principles with you." He was very patient. The Man From Pittsburgh looked belligerent. He thought, apparently, he wasn't getting due credit for his abstemiousness.

"I don't care what you get down to," he said, "but don't hand me any more of that intoxication stuff, and me not knowing the taste of it for so long I've forgotten what it's like."

"I mean by autointoxication," interrupted the doctor, "that you are poisoning yourself with the food you are eating, doing it yourself and deliberately. I can see many symptoms of autointoxication even in a cursory examination. What we shall do with you here is to bring you back to Nature; back—to—Nature, you understand. We will do this by a properly-regulated diet of nuts, fruits and vegetables, including, of course, all of our justly-celebrated preparations of said substances, which can be obtained at slight expense at our store."

There was a lot more of it, and then it came the turn of the Man With the Straw Hat. "The trouble with you," said the doctor, "is autointoxication."

The Man With the Straw Hat leaned over and whispered something to the doctor.

"Exactly," the doctor commented; "autointoxication."

"Can I be cured?" asked the Man With the Straw Hat anxiously.

"Certainly. What we shall do with you here is to bring you back to Nature; back—to—Nature, you understand. We will do this by a properly-regulated diet of nuts, fruits and vegetables, including our ——"

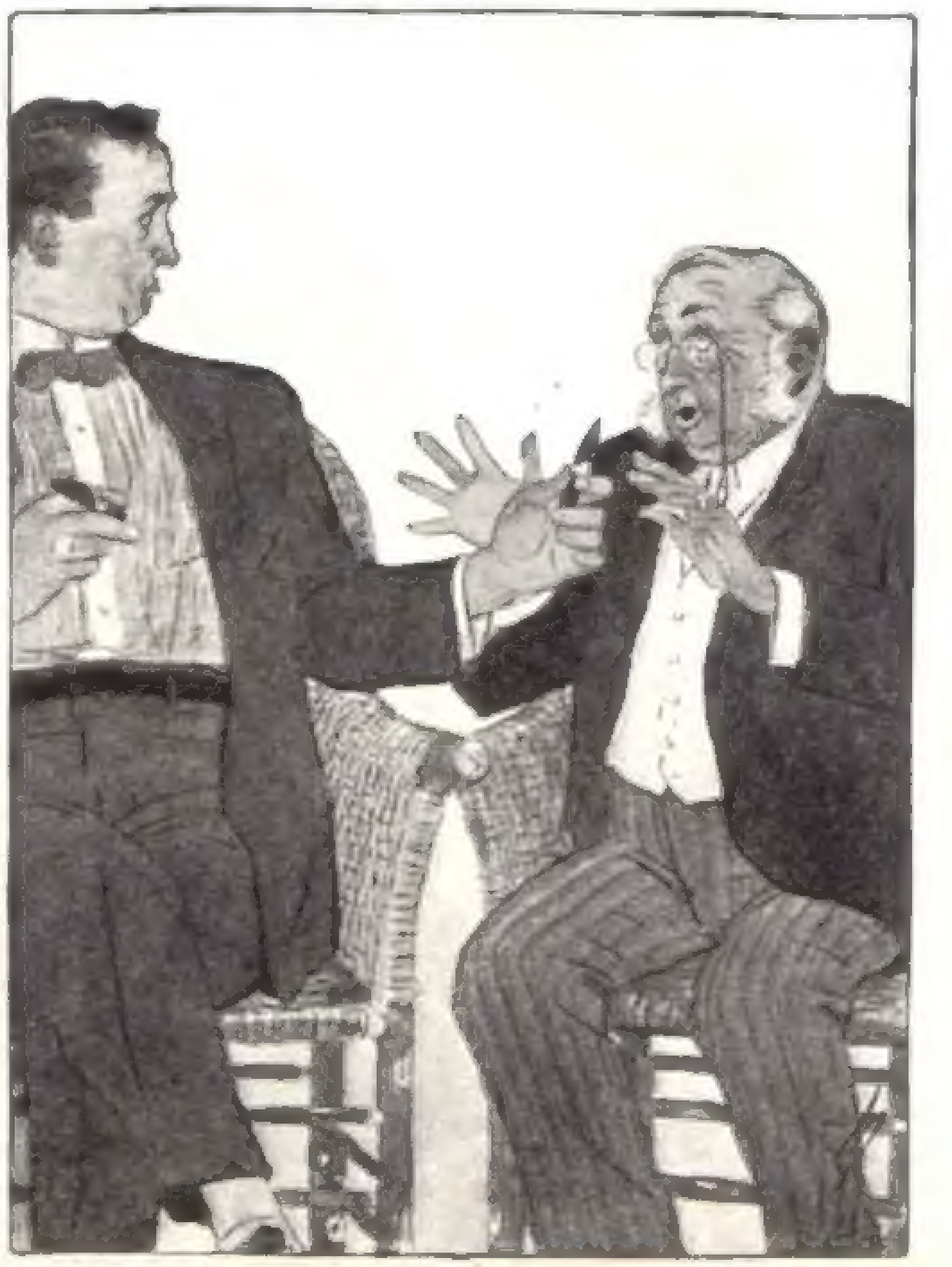
"All right," broke in the Man With the Straw Hat. "Fix it up."

Then it came my turn.

"The trouble with you," said the doctor briskly, "is autointoxication."

"Sure!" I said. "I gathered as much. That seems to be the trouble with everybody."

The doctor looked at me keenly. "It is."



"You Can't Smoke Here. You Can't—You—Positively—Can't"

"With all these people I see around here in wheel-chairs and on crutches and in various melancholy conditions?"

"Yes."

"And are you bringing them all back to Nature?"

"Back—to—Nature," said the doctor. Apparently, he couldn't say "back to Nature" without an impressive pause between each word.

"How far away from Nature am I?" I inquired.

"I should say," announced the doctor, taking a look, "about fifty pounds."

"East or west?"

"East, the way you are standing now."

"And how do I get back?"

"By a properly-regulated diet of fruits, nuts and vegetables, including, of course, all of our justly-celebrated preparations ——"

"I have the list," I interrupted.

"Very well. Now, you must make a careful study of your diet, not only of its amounts, but also of its constituents. In due time I shall prescribe the requisite amount of proteins, fats and carbohydrates, regulating the amount of calories to be eaten at each meal. The amount of calories is most important."

"Is calories one of your justly-celebrated preparations?" I asked.

"Do you mean to say you do not know what calories are?" he asked with much severity.

"I know what it means outside," I answered meekly, "but I thought, perhaps, it meant something else in this back-to-Nature diet."

He annihilated me with a glance.

"Listen carefully," he said, "and I will explain. As a general proposition we find it best to take in fats about three-tenths, or three times as much as the protein, and six-tenths of carbohydrates, or six times as much as the protein and twice as much as the fat. Usually, the protein remains stationary, but there may be a variation in the fats and carbohydrates. I mean by that, that the proportion of fats may, for example, be increased by one or two hundred calories, and the carbohydrates diminished by the same extent. Do you understand? It is very simple."

"Seems absurdly elementary," I remarked. "Almost childish. All that is necessary to do is to take three-tenths of fat and six-tenths of carbohydrates and four or five tenths of proteins; but if you want a few hundred more calories you take a few less tenths of fats or a few more tenths of carbohydrates, or vice versa, mix them, and all is well provided you do not let the proteins get the best of it, which is rarely necessary."

I was rather proud of that until the doctor impaled me with his glittering eye.

"I fear," he said, "that you have not grasped the theory."

"Possibly not; tell it to me again."

"I will illustrate specifically. Take an average man who is seventy-one inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-three pounds. He has eighteen and ninety-one hundredths square feet of surface and he should take in calories, or heat units, two hundred and sixty proteins, seven hundred and eighty fats, fifteen hundred and sixty carbohydrates, being a total of twenty-six hundred calories."

"Doctor," I asked, "how big is the ordinary, common calory of commerce?"

"One hundred calories form a portion," he replied stiffly.

I was relieved. I had vaguely fixed in my mind that a calory was about as big as a baked potato—I don't know why, but the baked-potato comparison occurred to me—and the thought of a man seventy-one inches tall, weighing one hundred and seventy-three pounds, and having eighteen and ninety-one hundredths square feet of surface, eating twenty-six hundred calories in a day, rather dazed me.

"Now," the doctor continued, "the determination of the proper diet is so easy as to require little computation. When determining the amount of fats and carbohydrates required it is simply necessary to subtract from the total number of required calories the required number of protein calories. Of the remainder one-third, or, possibly, one-half, may be fats and the balance carbohydrates. The average man requires one of proteins, one of fats and six of carbohydrates, so far as the proportional weights are concerned, and so far as proteins are concerned the proportion is one-eightieth of an ounce for each pound of body weight."

"Does an arithmetic go with this?" I ventured.

"An arithmetic! What for?"

"So I can work out the fractions. I always was stupid at fractions, and this diet proposition of yours seems to be studded with them."

"Humph!" was his only comment.

"An expert accountant would be a star boarder here, wouldn't he?"

"This is no place for triflers," censured the doctor.

"I should say not," I retorted. "But it is a dandy place for mathematicians."

"What is the matter with you, anyhow?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know," I replied. "I am convinced, however, that I am a sick man. Possibly I am suffering from a carbohydratitis, or something like that. I am entirely in your hands."

"Do you want to go back—to—Nature?"

"You bet."

"Very well. Eat for two days whatever your appetite calls for, and make a careful note of everything you eat, and report to me at the end of that time with a statement showing the exact amounts you eat of each article at each meal."

"But how am I going to find out—unless," I added hopefully, "you supply weighing and adding machines? Maybe you do?"

"You will find a table on each menu card showing the weight of the food and the total number of calories of each element represented and the number of portions served. Compute carefully. Good-morning."

I met the Retired Banker on the porch. I knew he was going to ask me that universal question, "What are you here for?" so I asked him first.

"What are you here for?" I shot at him.

He looked much disappointed. It takes a lot of pleasure out of sanitarium days if newcomers beat you to that query.

"Getting—back—to—Nature," he said. He had the pause habit, too. They all had it. Somebody in that institution had ground that method of declamation into them.

"Yes," I said, and waited.

"Getting—back—to—Nature. Grandest thing in the world. Find out how many proteins and how many carbohydrates and how many fats you need and eat the required number of calories, and there you are, right plumb back to Nature."

"Now," I said, settling myself comfortably in a chair, "let's have a cigar and talk it over."

I took two cigars out of my case and handed him one.

"No—no!" he shouted as if I had offered him a snake, waving the cigar away and starting back in fright.

I was hurt. "What's the matter?" I asked. "These are good cigars, and even if they were not they wouldn't poison you."

"It isn't that," he gasped; "but you can't smoke here. You can't—you—positively—can't."

"Why not?" I asked. "It's out-of-doors."

"That makes no difference. It's against the rules. No smoking allowed in the house, out of the house, on the grounds—anywhere."

"But," I said, "you used to smoke. What do you do?"

He laughed rather foolishly. "I sneak in a couple when I am taking my walk," he said.

"But," he continued, reaching for the cigar and stowing it away hastily, "I'll smoke this after dinner. It's hard to get good cigars up here, and I didn't bring any because I knew I couldn't have them. There's no use taking this cure," he continued with energy, as if to justify himself, "unless you do exactly what they tell you to do. But, of course," he rambled on lamely, "it is mighty hard to quit smoking, isn't it?"

I told him I hadn't tried—yet.

"Well," he said, "don't you try within two blocks of this place or they'll take your cigar away from you. Poison, rank poison, nicotine is; one of the worst methods of autointoxication ——"

"So you've got it, too?"

"Got what?"

"Autointoxication."

"Why, my dear sir, everybody has who hasn't taken this cure. It's universal. Terrible thing, too. Say, you couldn't spare a couple more of those cigars, could you?"

I gave him a handful. He hid them in various pockets. "Gee!" he said, "I wish it was time for my walk. Have to go alone, though. If any of those blamed walking attendants are with you they'd report you in a minute."

"Seems to be some discipline around here."

"Have to have it," he said pompously. "What's the use of coming here unless you obey the rules and regulations? I am convinced the only way I can be cured is to adhere strictly to this diet. The seat of all diseases is in the stomach. The stomach is king, I may say. Restore the stomach to its normal functions and all will be well. Say, there's a lot of people over in Bulgaria who live to be a hundred and twenty years old."

"Why should anybody who has to stay in Bulgaria want to live to be a hundred and twenty years old?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied. "But they do. They eat bread and drink a kind of buttermilk."

"That," I commented, "adds force to the query: Why should anybody who lives in Bulgaria want to live to be a hundred and twenty years old and eat bread and buttermilk?"

"Oh, come, now," he protested, "you evidently do not understand. You see, this particular kind of buttermilk they eat is full of friendly germs."

"Nice, amicable, sociable germs, eh?"

"Sure! friendly germs; and you drink the buttermilk, and the friendly germs get in there and drive out the unfriendly germs—destroy them, you know. The doctor says it is a great battlefield every day between millions of friendly germs and millions of unfriendly germs."

"What is?"

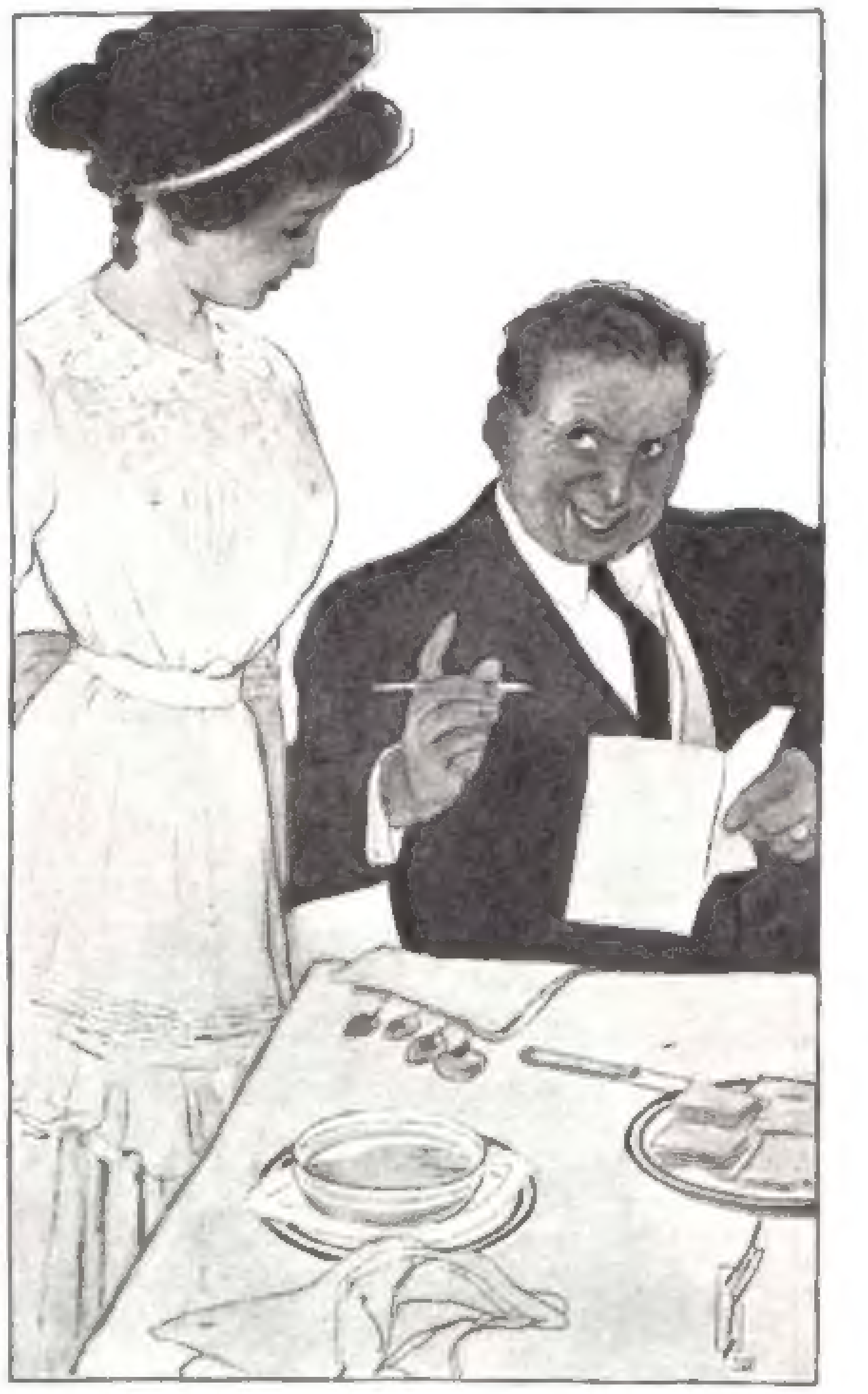
"Why, your insides; the friendly germs swoop down on the unfriendly germs and kill 'em."

"But suppose you don't get enough friendly germs, and the unfriendly ones triumph—what then?"

"Oh," he said, "you've got the unfriendly germs anyhow. They are always with you."

"Then what's the use of killing them?"

"Heavens, man! Don't you know you can't live when you are full of them?"



"I Wonder Whether the Elephant Likes Carbohydrates or Proteins Best"

'But a lot of people do live, apparently."

"Not really live, you know. Nobody is really living until he is putting those friendly germs to their appointed tasks and killing those unfriendly ones. It's a great battlefield, your interior."

"A sort of an Armageddon, I should think."

"No, it has got a funny name, but that isn't it. I can't think just at the minute, but it tastes like buttermilk. I figure that I kill about a billion unfriendly germs every day."

"You must be densely populated," I said.

"Sir," he replied with great dignity, "you could get a million of those unfriendly germs on the point of a pin."

"That," I said, "is a good sporting proposition. I'll bet you can't."

He relapsed into hurt silence.

"Oh, well," I soothed, "you needn't get miffed about it. If you don't want to bet, all right. Now," I continued, "I want you to tell me something about this calory business. I'm a green hand at it. How many calories would you figure there would be in a good, big, porterhouse steak about two inches thick, medium done, with a few fresh mushrooms and a marrowbone and some sauce bordelaise?"

"Great Heavens!" he shouted. "You can't eat that!"

"Can't eat what?"

"Beefsteak. Don't you know this is a strictly vegetarian place? You can't get a bit of meat of any kind here. Flesh foods are under the ban. The idea of eating meat is horrible."

"Not so blamed horrible if I could get it. Perhaps you do not know I have been existing on the white meat of chicken and spinach for a month or so."

"No, no," he said; "flesh is not fit for food. Man was not made to eat flesh of any kind."

"What was he made to eat?"

"Vegetables, fruits and nuts."

"What's the matter with hay?"

"You scoff!" he said earnestly. "That is because you do not know. Now, I have made a study of vegetarianism. Let me tell you a few things."

"Go ahead."

He drew a long breath and began, rapidly singsonging it off: "Observe the animals. What do we see? There are very few carnivorous animals. Many four-footed animals and birds and fowls continue to eat grass. You rarely see a dog more than twenty years old. Why? It eats meat. But look"—and his voice swelled proudly—"at the elephant, which lives to be a hundred or two hundred years! It eats vegetables and grass. And look at the gorilla, which is the real king of the forest! No meat for the gorilla."

"Which are you emulating, the elephant or the gorilla?"

"Don't jest," he admonished. "It is too serious a subject. We find that animals have stomachs exactly adapted to the kind of food they eat. A flesh-eating animal has a stomach adapted to flesh. A fish-eating animal has a stomach adapted to fish. Now, take the cow. The cow has four stomachs; but the whale, which eats fish, has seven stomachs, and some have eleven stomachs. Carnivorous animals have but one stomach. Meat requires the stomach of a carnivorous animal to digest it. Man has but one stomach. If man was made to eat meat he would have a carnivorous stomach. If he was made to eat fish he would have seven stomachs. If he was to live on herbage he would have four stomachs. If you take the ordinary bill-of-fare you will see that, in order to digest it properly, a man ought to have about ten stomachs."

"There seems to have been a deplorable oversight in our makeup," I suggested.

"No, sir!" he thundered. "We are all right. It is our diet that is all wrong. Man can digest grains and fruits and nuts. Hence, man should live on those things."

"But," I objected, "people do digest other things."

"They only think they do," he explained.

"Well," I argued, "I know a lot of pretty husky people who eat meat occasionally."

"Autointoxicated—every one of them," he protested. "Living in blind folly. Bound to die sooner or later."

"Correct," I assented. "And I suppose a vegetarian slips away to the other shore ever and anon?"

"Not so soon—not so soon. Back—to—Nature."

"And," I said, "you will eat no more meat?"

"Never," he said with much emphasis.

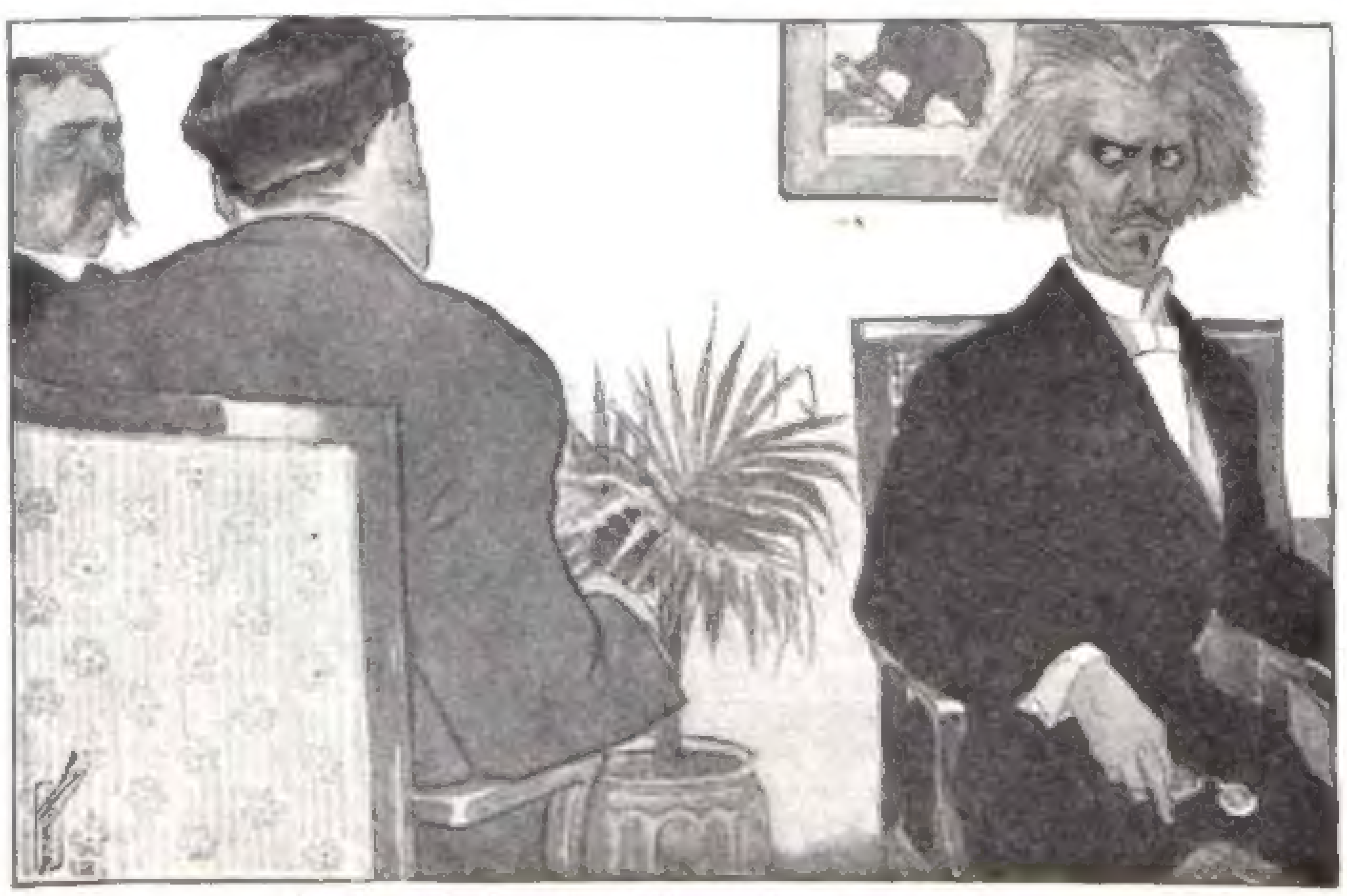
We sat in silence for a time, watching the procession of sick men and women going by on wheel-chairs. There were a good many of them, and a good many people who looked ill and walked ill; but most of the people in sight appeared to be rather rugged.

After a time he turned to me, put his hand on my shoulder, and said: "Say, I have been thinking about that porterhouse steak you mentioned."

"Yes?"

"Yes. I think," he continued with great deliberation, as if he had considered the subject from every angle—"I think I shall order a sirloin myself. I like sirloin better."

I went to dinner. The menu cards had a long list of dishes and five columns of figures headed "Protein," "Fats," "Carbohydrates," "Ounces" and "Portions." The immense room was filled with people industriously figuring on the backs of these cards.



"This is No Place for Triflers," Censured the Doctor

"Fats," I repeated to myself, "three-tenths, or three times as much as the protein; and carbohydrates six-tenths, or six times as much as the protein and twice as much as the fat, and about twenty-six hundred calories."

That was very simple, exceedingly so. All I had to do, I discovered after I had figured for a quarter of an hour, was to pick out two hundred and sixty in proteins, seven hundred and eighty in fats and fifteen hundred and sixty in carbohydrates.

A pretty girl wearing a white cap and a frilled apron came to the table.

"Is your menu prepared?" she asked.

"Not yet," I said; "if you will lend me a pencil and come back in half an hour I may be able to order scientifically."

She gave me the pencil and I set down my formula:

Proteins	260
Fats	780
Carbohydrates	1560

"Proteins first," I said. "Come on, you proteins."

(Continued on Page 32)

The Theatrical Syndicate From the Outside—A Reply to Mr. Klaw

By J. J. SHUBERT

MR. MARC KLAW, of Klaw & Erlanger, recently wrote an article for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST which was not without its speculative interest, because it set forth, with some degree of candor, how this booking agency came into existence, and because it breathed of remedies and ignored evils.

Mr. Klaw is reticent in his facts, but prodigal in his factors. A booking agency is a factor in modern theatricals, and Klaw & Erlanger are booking agents. At the outset, let it be admitted that a centralized booking office, where out-of-town managers may congregate to decide upon attractions they wish furnished for the coming season, where the time of these attractions may be arranged so as to be non-conflicting with counter-attractions, and where managers may conduct their business with a view to their own and their patrons' interest, is a worthy and laudable enterprise. A step in advance of this is the condition which allows an outside manager, without the expense of a metropolitan visit, merely to state his wishes through correspondence and the medium of a two-cent stamp, accomplishing his purpose with much saving of money and without the great inconvenience of a trip to New York. But Klaw & Erlanger's Exchange went even a step further, and lo! the manager not only need not go to New York, but also he need not write what sort of attractions are best suited to his patrons—and, incidentally, his pocketbook. He need not even waste a stamp, for now the "factors" book his season without consulting his wishes at all, give him a line of attractions which, in their infinite wisdom, should please and attract his patrons, and simply charge him five per cent for their labor and nothing for their intuition.

Primarily, Mr. Klaw cited the instance of Mr. Bram Stoker, manager for the late Sir Henry Irving. This reference dignified his article and cast no reflection on Corse Payton or Lincoln J. Carter.

Klaw & Erlanger's was the only booking agency in existence—Mr. Stoker went to Klaw & Erlanger's for a route. Not to the Jefferson Market Police Court or to the Fulton Street Market, mind you, but to Klaw & Erlanger's. Mr. Klaw gloats over the circumstance and rolls it under his tongue with evident relish. Mr. Klaw booked Sir Henry's route in half an hour, wonderful man! And no one was the wiser. No one had to be consulted; no one asked if Sir Henry was wanted; the managers were merely notified he was coming. It would have been the same had the attraction been the Black Patti Troubadours or the Rentz-Santley Burlesquers; so, what position does the manager occupy, after all? He is merely the automaton that counts the cash, when there is any, and gives up five per cent of it to his agents.

The Syndicate and the Managers

MR. KLAW dilated on the fact that the theater business was formerly done on the curb, in cafés and other places he shrinks from mentioning. Fourteen or fifteen years have wrought many changes in all conditions and classes of business. History the world over has been changed, and in the United States the population has increased twenty-five per cent. Former towns and villages are now cities of importance from a theatrical as well as a business point of view. Was Mr. Klaw instrumental in accomplishing this? No; the theater has been a natural growth, and it would have been one hundred per cent greater had it not been for the Klaw & Erlanger Booking Exchange, which has checked its progress, shackled its liberty, stunted its growth and accomplished but one thing in the process—the enrichment of its founders. This is a sweeping assertion, but the facts are more potent than the factors.

Where are the great producers of yesterday? They went down to ruin, failure and bankruptcy under the methods of the syndicate. The list of casualties is little short of amazing. I could cite many conspicuous examples of great producers whose unrestrained activities might have added much to the theatrical business of today, but who were crushed under the iron hand of the syndicate.

Who, then, has been benefited? Producers are in as bad a state now as they were before the syndicate. If men put their brains and half as much energy into any other line of legitimate business I venture to say that they would be one hundred per cent richer, minus much care and worry. Mr. Klaw informs us that managers come to New York and book an entire season in one day, or do so through the medium of correspondence. In making such a statement he does so for an ignorant public's benefit and not to delude the helpless manager who daily besieges his office, supplicating a route for his attractions.

Mr. J. J. Shubert

Fourteen or fifteen years ago, when this agency was started, there were not many producers in the business, nor was there a quarter as many theaters. Cities that now support three or four had then but one, which had a precarious existence. Times were not so good, and for one who could come to New York there were fifty who could not even afford the postage-stamp. At this time New York was the rendezvous for such managers as could congregate there during the dog days. They got together and transacted their business. Possibly, not very expeditiously nor satisfactorily; but, anyhow, they did it themselves and had some hand in shaping their theatrical destiny. The theater business at that time was not in a very prosperous condition; the country, too, was at a low ebb; and, therefore, when they booked an attraction there was no certainty that it would fill the date. Thus they protected themselves by booking other attractions for the same time, in case one of their bookings did not appear at the date contracted for. The same condition exists today. Probably twenty-five per cent of the plays put on each season are failures and, therefore, there is the same struggle now, as heretofore, to keep time filled.

Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, Nixon & Zimmerman, Charles Frohman, Al Hayman, *et al.*, who congregated at the famous Holland House luncheon, conceived the idea of a general booking exchange, so we are told by Mr. Klaw. However, the idea was not original with them. Mr. M. B. Leavitt, a pioneer of the theatrical business and an operator from New York to California, was the first man to see the wisdom of such a project. If I understand rightly, it was he who approached Al Hayman and unfolded his scheme. The idea of organizing a general booking agency and clearing-house for managers was not a bad one, had the original intention been adhered to. It was bound to eradicate many evils and embrace many virtues for expediting and centralizing the booking business in one spot where managers could bring their books, book their time and depart in peace. This was worth paying for—if the service was commensurate with the value received. However, the idea did not long prevail; for as soon as Klaw & Erlanger secured control of a few theaters of their own they decided they should have a finger in the general theatrical pie. By this time their affiliations had made them powerful, and they commenced to enforce their wishes. If an outside manager did not comply with their demands his theater was put beyond the pale and his business utterly demoralized and bankrupted by these petty czars of the theatrical world. When booking a chain of theaters in a certain territory, if one man proved obdurate to their wishes it was a simple matter to overlook his town and leave the theater without attractions. Thus they whipped their adversaries into line. In the same way they exercised an equal despotism over the traveling attractions, and the producing managers, too, became puppets in the hands of their so-called agents.

At this time certain well-known stars refused to be coerced, and asserted their independence. Among these were Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield, Nat Goodwin, Francis Wilson and others equally prominent. Klaw & Erlanger tried every conceivable method to win these intrepid artists to their banner; but, failing in threats, they changed tactics, and by promising Nat Goodwin—who had never been able to get a proper hearing in New York—that he should have a New York season every year at the Knickerbocker Theater, they won him over. Richard Mansfield was next approached, but, proving a harder nut to crack, they finally won him through a formidable increase in terms, at no expense to themselves. Joseph Jefferson was the leader of the so-called insurgents, and finally they made an offer to his son Charles to enter into partnership with them. This combination lasted but a short time, yet long enough to achieve the desired end. Francis Wilson maintained his independence longer than these others, but several unprofitable productions impaired his fortunes, whereupon an alluring offer from Nixon & Zimmerman led him into the fold. These cases are but instances of how they cajoled the rebels into camp.

The recruits strengthened the syndicate by contributing their productions while not involving them as producers. A production costs the agent nothing but the rake-off, known as the booking fee, whereas a producer puts his brains and money into the attraction under his name. Klaw & Erlanger prefer the former position, though they also pride themselves on being producers. Their qualifications for the latter position are self-evident. In the fourteen years that the booking agents have been in existence they have had one big success, which has been flung into the face of the public and forced upon the small theater managers for ten years at percentages which virtually meant giving up the entire gross receipts. This one success is Ben Hur. It is too large for the average theaters, inasmuch as it employs a chariot race that demands a treadmill on the stage. Klaw & Erlanger compelled the managers to go to this extra expense, circused the show, and in most instances the theater lost on the transaction. One instance I can quote from our own experience in Utica some years ago, when Ben Hur played there. Our receipts for the week were in the neighborhood of thirteen thousand dollars, but when we balanced our expense and deducted their percentage we found that we had lost between two hundred and three hundred dollars.

Taking Back Their Christmas Presents

ABOUT this time we built the Baker Theater in Rochester. Abraham Wolf, who was the manager of the Lyceum Theater in that city, would not accede to a demand for five per cent of his weekly receipts as a booking fee. While the Baker was in course of erection my brother, the late Samuel S. Shubert, went to New York, saw Mr. Erlanger, and told him about the Baker. Mr. Erlanger greeted him as a brother, agreed to attend to the bookings and, with true fraternal interest, promised to open the theater for us with the Rogers Brothers on Christmas Day. This was good news indeed, and, several days before the opening, my brother and Mr. Erlanger came up to Rochester to inspect the new theater. Everything was satisfactory, and we were elated at the bright prospect. However, the promise proved but a ruse to whip Wolf into line; for when he found the Lyceum was to forfeit the first-class attractions as a result of his independence he quickly wilted, and, within a day or two of our opening, we found we had no attractions, our shows having been reshifted to the Lyceum. Such is the method used by Klaw & Erlanger to secure autocratic control of the theater business.

Such managers as Harry Rapley, who controlled the National Theater, Washington; Hamlin, of the Grand Opera House, Chicago; Spaulding, of the Olympic, St. Louis, and other managers of important houses, found it impossible to run their theaters without the big traveling stars being booked by Klaw & Erlanger, and, one by one, with the exception of Hamlin, they acceded to the demands of the syndicate. In many cases this demand equaled from thirty-three and one-third per cent to fifty per cent of the profits as their share, and this without a cent of investment or a penny of risk. By methods like these they amassed great fortunes, secured houses at vital points and got hold of most of the intermediate first-class theaters, to the managers of which they dictated what attractions they should play, what terms they should receive, and the length of every engagement. Little by little they weaned away stars from their obstreperous opponents by offering better inducements and time in New York theaters. They allied themselves with such managers as Joseph Brooks, Henry W. Savage, Cohan and Harris, Charles Dillingham, William A. Brady, William Harris and Frank McKee.

In this way they downed their adversaries. One by one, the men who stood for independence were felled by the crushing power of the syndicate. Augustin Daly alone maintained his position of absolute independence, but during the latter years of his life he confined his operations, for the most part, to playing his attractions at his own theater in New York and in a few near-by cities.

When the Shuberts finally decided to go it alone and openly defy the syndicate the theatrical world was aghast. We stood for utter annihilation, in their mind, and the broken, bankrupt managers of former days were pointed out to us as terrifying examples of what our fate would be. Nothing daunted, we secured houses here and there until we were finally able to offer a limited route to other managers who had long been galled by the heavy yoke of their masters. Persistence, energy and hard work furnished the lever that we used to bring us to the position we occupy today. Instead of the disaster predicted for us, we have slowly accumulated theaters and attractions until we now stand as the foremost producers in the world in number and caliber of attractions controlled as well as in theaters operated.

At the outset our demand was the same as it is now, and that is, that the theater managers of the United States throw open the doors of their theaters and book every meritorious attraction that wants time, regardless of the manager who produces it or of the man who controls it. This is what is meant by "the open door," with no charge for booking

As matters stand now, Klaw & Erlanger do not permit any manager allied with them to book any attraction except those that are sent them through the Klaw & Erlanger Exchange. We maintain that the syndicate has no right to dictate to the public of San Francisco, Denver, New Orleans, Portland, Salt Lake City or any other city just what attractions they may see during a theatrical season and what attractions shall be denied them. For years David Belasco and Harrison Gray Fiske were kept out of theaters all over the United States because they dared oppose the dictates of the syndicate. This animosity meant that theatergoers in many cities were denied the pleasure of witnessing the acting of Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Fiske. Mr. Belasco placed upon his head the crown of martyrdom and repeatedly and publicly denounced the syndicate and its allies for debasing the theater and throttling art. I do not know what balm was offered Mr. Belasco's suffering spirit nor with what they gilded his crown of thorns; suffice to say that while conditions now are the same as they were fifteen years ago Mr. Belasco has yielded up his halo.

The strength of our position in no way deters us from the principle of our contention—and that is, that every theater should be free to play any attraction that its clientèle desires. We want the open door, and we are going to strive for it until an indignant public shall swing it open despite the restraining influence of the syndicate. Competition makes business; so let us have a clear field and no favor. New blood means new energy, and this is an energetic world wherein no man or corporation has a right to dictate the destiny of the theater.

In order to obtain a good route from Klaw & Erlanger a manager who has a New York success has to give them a share of his profits ranging from fifteen to fifty per cent. One of the most prominent theatrical firms in New York, one that scores many metropolitan successes each season, was forced, in the instance of their first big hit with a star of known reputation, to give up a percentage of their profits before they could obtain a satisfactory route for their attraction. This, too, when the attraction had been playing to enormous receipts on Broadway for over one hundred nights and was bound to do a tremendous business on the road.

Not content with holding the manager as vassal, the syndicate levies further tribute by maintaining costume and electrical departments and a transfer service, all of which must be patronized by the manager.

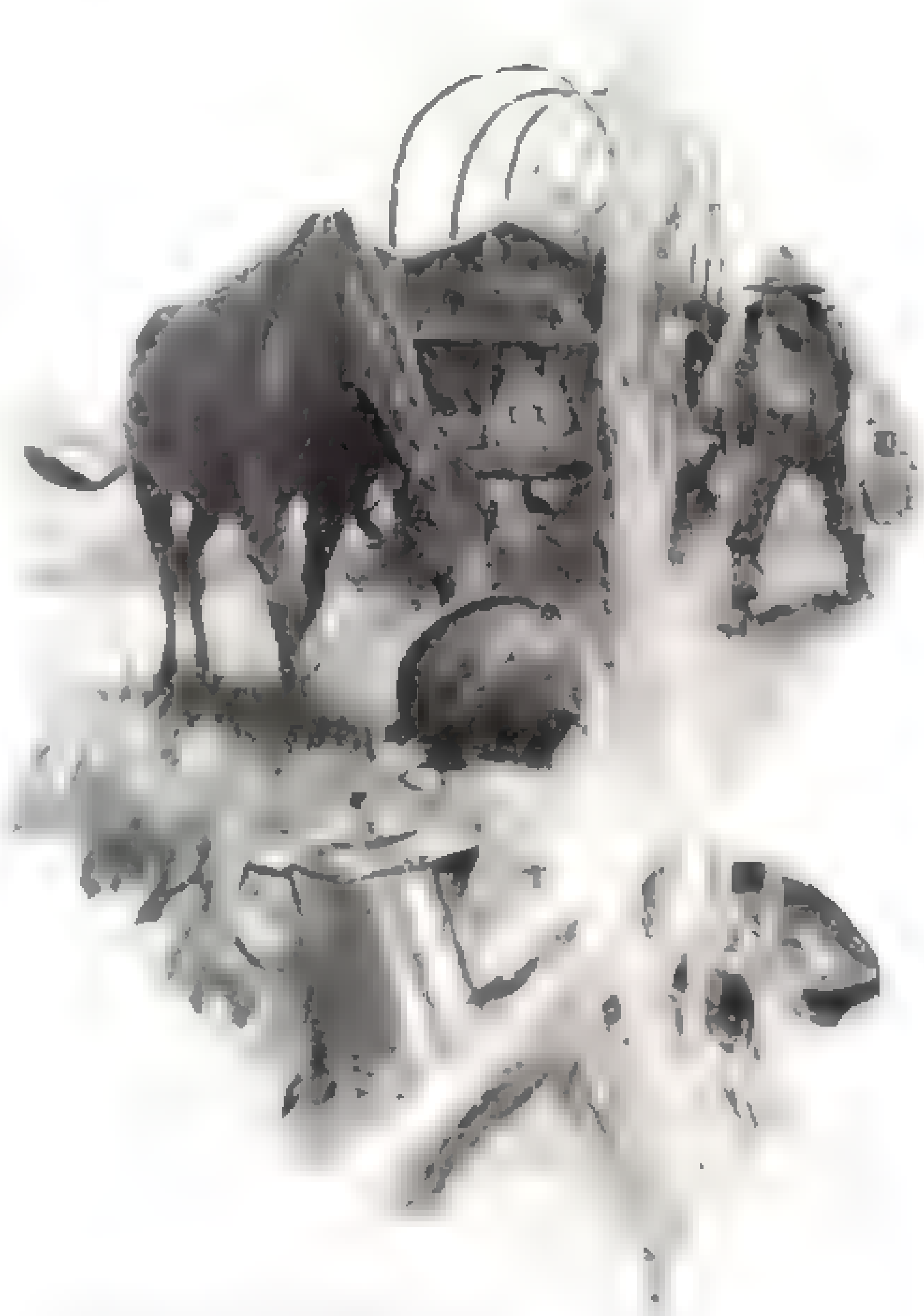
At best, there is very little money in the attraction end of the theatrical business. Musical plays require expensive casts, a huge chorus, costly scenic investiture, costumes representing thousands of dollars and extra musicians, to say nothing of the fortune spent in railroading. Dramatic casts also call for high-salaried artists. All this the producer must stand; whereas the theater represents only rent, an established orchestra and attachés. The contract is all in favor of the theater and, personally, I believe every producer in the United States a worthy aspirant for the Carnegie medal. Is it any wonder that the men who

(Concluded on Page 36)

OL' SAM

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



"Git Your Nose Out'n That Pot"

GIT your nose out'n that pot. Hi, you flop-eared—I swan, that ol' mule makes me mad sometimes. He'd jist as leave snake your whole batch right from under your nose as look at you. Git, you long-legged rascal! Whoopee!"

The cook dashed at the offender, swinging a bit of firewood; it struck the hybrid upon the hindquarter and he countered instantaneously by lashing out with his heels. Then he turned to smell of the projectile, but finding it unfit for consumption, trotted off up a neighboring rise and presently disappeared from view.

Certain coarse men of the Lazy L outfit called him Hell-on-Wheels, among other things, but his real name was Sam, and he made one of the four-mule team that hauled the chuck-wagon during round-up. Between him and Dave was a personal feud; they were most loving enemies. In the beginning the cook had pampered him by feeding bread to the big creature, taking no heed, and now this artificial appetite he had created made of Dave's waking hours a perpetual vigil and sent nightmares in place of refreshing sleep.

For whenever Sam wasn't doing the major share of hauling some four thousand odd pounds of wagon, bedding and provisions from one round-up ground to another, he was loafing on the confines of camp, awaiting a favorable opportunity to go in surreptitiously and nose among the pots or at the back of the wagon for the buns Dave made so cunningly. What time he lost this way from grazing he made up easily by his pillage; bread is very fattening, and then, of course, the chuck-wagon team received regular rations of corn.

Yet Dave was a watchful scoundrel, and day by day it was being borne in upon Sam that in these attempts at pilfering he received blows and abuse more often than buns. But at night, when the punchers lay asleep on the ground and he could hear the cook slumbering stertorously beneath the wagon-fly, it was different: then Sam would saunter into camp and make his way on noiseless feet to the dead fire. Beside its ashes he knew there would be scraps of bread, perhaps some of them sweetened with molasses, and for these his whole being craved. On one such excursion, as he munched happily on a wet crust, he inadvertently put his foot into Dave's face, and, because Hell-on-Wheels weighed about thirteen hundred pounds, the cook awoke very peevish.

"Ef it wasn't," he remarked next morning as he hitched up—"Ef it wasn't that you could haul more'n them other three put together I'd skin you alive. Oh, you needn't go for to pretend you didn't do it a-purpose. You seen me thar, all right. Look at that lip! Don't it look as ef I'd fallen off'n a mountain?"

The cook always knew what to expect of Sam. When putting the mules in the wagon he was cognizant of the precise moment that Sam would kick, and could judge to a hair's breadth at what angle the smashing blow would be delivered. On his part, Sam knew that the cook was prepared; otherwise it is doubtful whether he would have launched some of the vicious side-sweeps of his left leg that he did. On occasions when the attacks were especially wicked, or when Dave calculated the margin of safety with too fine nicety, he would possess himself of a stout club and hammer Hell-on-Wheels until he was weak. In this way were bred mutual respect and a thorough understanding.

It was when the wagon was miring down, or when they were climbing a rocky trail in the mountains, that Sam and the cook gloried one in the other. Once Dave's judgment went wrong by three inches in fording a stream—he may have been careless with a splendid contempt, as was his habit—and one hind wheel slid and sank oozily into quicksand. The cook stood up and whirled his long whip and adjured his team by all that was holy to pull, pull, pull.

"Now, you, Hell-on-Wheels! Good ol' boy! You, Sam! You!"

He lashed three of the team with stinging force, but Sam he did not touch. The great mule laid his shoulders into the collar and heaved, heaved again, and with a wrench and a sucking sound they floundered out to hard sand, to safety. Whenever Sam came to a realization that the job required something extra, and stretched himself out accordingly, either the wagon followed where he wanted to go or the mule went through his harness.

The wagon boss appreciated Sam and valued him at his worth, but it cannot be said that he was fond of the beast. There was much in his personality Uncle Henry didn't like. Nor did the horse-wrangler. Had anybody requested Maclovio for a frank opinion of Sam, the Mexican would have spat with contempt and exhausted the resources of his patois. That nerveless limb of the devil? Don't try to tell him the mule stampeded the staked horses by accident; Maclovio knew better; Sam had planned that whole turmoil from the start of the round-up. The wrangler had to herd the mules with the *remuda*, and the uncanny sagacity the huge drag-mule displayed in following out his own plans of grazing and enjoyment filled the Mexican with superstitious dread.

The ropers hated him with an active, abiding hatred they made no effort to conceal. He was the only member of the wagon team that would not submit to be caught without roping. The other mules would trot in with the horses from pasture and walk quietly to the wagon to be bridled; but not so with the big fellow. Sam never crowded away among the horses in foolish panic when a roper walked through the *remuda* toward him: that was the way the broncs did, struggling blindly to get beyond range, and so the noose fell about their necks with ridiculous ease. That wasn't Sam's method, he being temperamentally opposed to panic. He waited phlegmatically until the roper approached, waited until the coil sped toward him, and then only did he swerve and dodge. As a result, he eluded the noose time after time; in fact, it always took longer to rope Sam than any five of the three hundred horses.

The hawk-eyed autocrat of the Lazy L range spurred into camp in hot haste while the outfit was partaking of dinner. Heatedly he urged: "Watch your horses, Uncle Henry." Then he went to the fire, filled a tin plate with beef and beans and a cup with coffee and speared a bun.

"Shore. But what for special? They're doin' well an' we ain't lost one," replied the wagon boss, making room for his chief on the shady spot where he squatted.

"Then you're in luck. That cussed band of mustangs has roamed down here from the Flying W range. They passed within two miles of the ranch yesterday and, by Jupiter, if ol' Pete didn't join 'em. The ol' fool! Fourteen years that horse has been a cowhorse and now he runs off from the home pasture with a bunch of wild ones."

"Where're they headin'?"

"You know as much as I do. I reckon the pasture is poor on the Flying W, don't you? They ain't had much rain and probably this bunch'll make for the mountains. So, watch out," admonished the manager.

Dave toiled with his team through a waste of sand and mesquite and chaparral. It was very hot — had there been such a thing as a thermometer on the wagon it would have registered better than 112 — and he sat hunched on the seat, occasionally throwing an encouraging word to the straining mules. Behind came Al with the hoodlum wagon, which, being much lighter, made easy work for a pair of stout horses, so that Al dozed with his hat well down over his eyes and dreamed of a dressmaker in Doghole. It was afternoon and they would pitch camp in the foothills and have supper ready for the boys before darkness fell.

Without warning the mule team stopped and stood at gaze, rousing Dave abruptly. A dense cloud of dust was whirling toward them from the right and out of that swirl came the muffled pounding of many hoofs.

"The *remuda's* stompeded!" yelled Al.

"No, they ain't. No, they ain't. It's them wild hosses. Git your gun, Al, quick!"

By the time Al had reached behind him with one hand and had fumbled for the rifle, the band had swept by and was disappearing. Probably there were fifty horses in it, but that was only a guess, because Dave obtained but a glimpse of streaming manes and tails. They ran compactly, a noble buckskin in the lead, and tailing the band was a white horse; it was evident that he held the furious pace only by a supreme effort.

"Thar goes ol' Pete. Blast him, ef he ain't hittin' only the high spots," bawled Dave.

At this moment his attention was called to Sam. The mule's head was thrown high, the usually slouching ears were rigid and pricked forward, and he was sniffing the air restlessly. Once he made an abrupt lurch sideways as though to follow the free rovers, but the bit sawed his mouth, the collar and traces bound him and he could only champ impatiently. If a mule really knows how to tremble, Sam was trembling then — it was more a twitching of the muscles. The band was lost to sight and sound. Dave called a raucous command and once more they settled to work. Again Sam became listless and applied himself lethargically to pulling.

A cool breeze whipped among the scrub-cedar of the foothills and went whining down the valley. Above the black rim of El Toro a rich, golden disk rose slowly. Its pale light softened the outlines of the prone forms asleep upon the ground; in that kindly radiance the chuck-wagon and the unsightly confusion of camp merged into blurs that harmonized with the giant shadow of the mountain. The night was full of murmurings, tense with the suggestion of strange other worlds. Surely the plaintive wailing the breeze bore to Sam from El Toro's pines was a message.

He stood with his nose up wind and drew in the scents of the wilds. His forelegs were hobbled, the rope twisted about them so tightly that he could but shuffle when he grazed, and near at hand thirty horses were staked out. One of them, hopelessly entangled in his rope, was fighting it in terror; already he was on his knees unable to do aught but cut himself. In a draw a half-mile away the *remuda* cropped the grass under the eyes of a triple guard, for Uncle Henry was mindful of the manager's warning and upon Dave's report he took no chances.

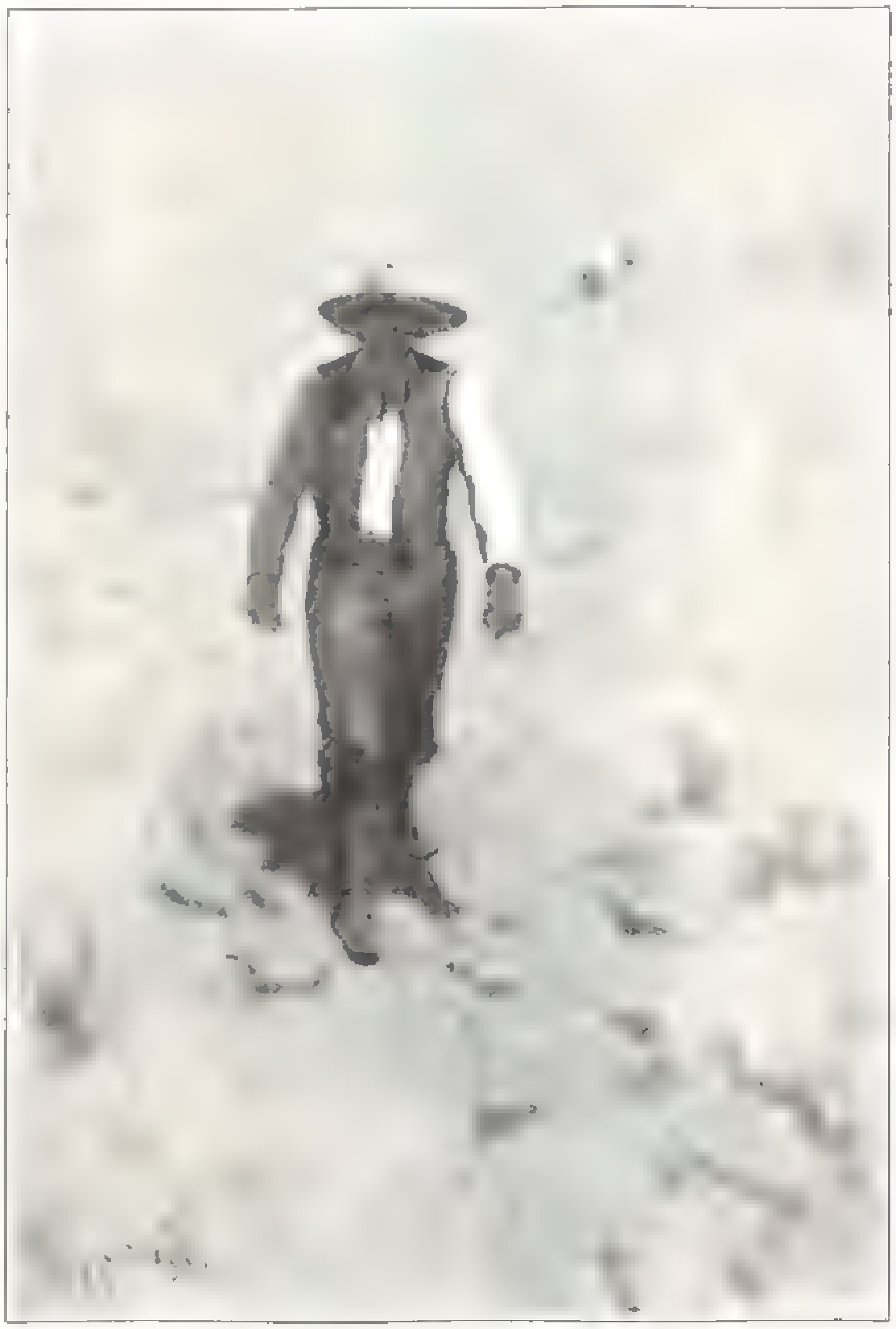
Out from the shadow cast by a mesquite bush a coyote skulked, and Sam snorted and wagged his head in anger. The beast's scent offended him, but he was not afraid. Somewhere in the dark a wildcat cried and the mule lifted his head to listen. Next moment he jumped awkwardly aside as a polecat scurried by on a hunt for food.

The mule was growing restive. It was not nervousness — a mule is hardly ever nervous or frightened. When he runs away or pitches or balks it is rarely because something has put fear into him, it is refined cussedness. Any one who ever succeeded in owning a mule longer than a month will tell you that.

Of a sudden Sam sank his head and his powerful teeth met and rasped on the rope that chafed his legs. One of the strands parted and he strained to break the hobble, but too impatient to direct his gnawing to one spot he was unsuccessful and finally desisted.

Was that the call of a horse? It did not come from the direction in which the *remuda* had been driven off, and his ears tingled for a repetition of the sound. Twice he humped himself and struck out with his heels in the fury of impotence, and paused breathlessly with his eyes fixed on the yellow ball above El Toro's summit. He took one step forward and became immovable as his glance fell to the wide lane of light it cast.

Down this silver-shimmering path a horse came proudly. None but a free rover ever trod earth as did he. Sam could see the fiery eyes flashing suspicion, the regal head thrown back, the sensitive nostrils a-quiver to divine danger. He came like a phantom, lightly as one, silently as one, and a dozen yards away he halted, and there in the white light of the moon surveyed the camp, the staked horses, the sleeping men. It was the king of the wild horses. Far back of him a blotch on the hillside shifted with gleam of color.



Far Behind Came the Burro, Led by a Man on Foot

A madness was come upon Sam. From out the night countless voices called to him appealingly; away out there in the silvery sheen must be liberty and delight. His sluggish blood was racing wildly, his body and limbs were a-quake with eagerness to respond to that appeal, to be gone into that alluring gloom. One of the staked animals whinnied and tugged fiercely on his rope.

At once the blare of the buckskin stallion's challenge split the silence, and he was away. The shadows swallowed him up. From over the hill came a rolling thunder, the noise of scores of flying hoofs, and Sam got the hobble between his teeth a second time, gave one ferocious upward rend, and the strands parted and dropped from him. He was free, and the wilderness was calling, calling.

"Ol' Hell-on-Wheels has done gone," observed Dave.

"Done gone?" echoed the wagon boss. "Gone where? He must be round somewheres. He cain't git through the day without bread, Sam cain't."

"He's done run off with them mustangs!" In Dave's tone was depressed conviction. "You hearn 'em las' night the same as me. Nobody seen him go, but look hyar. I jist found his hobble all bit in two."

"An' we've got to move camp this mornin'," raved the wagon boss.

"P'raps he'll come back. I shouldn't think they'd want Sam with 'em, Uncle Henery. He'd smash 'em all up, that bunch, he would!"

"He shore would." Uncle Henry could not suppress a grin of satisfaction.

He dispatched two of the boys to scour the country for Sam, and Dave hitched a two-mule team, falling a prey to melancholy as he moved about them in absolute security. How he missed that ol' son-of-a-gun with his sly nibbles and his kicking and sublime obstinacy. These creatures pull? The cook grew hot with disdain and had two men told off to help haul the wagon with ropes in bad spots. In the days that followed he would often stop in his work and wonder what sense there was in going through life, anyway.

In the meantime, Sam flourished like unto the green bay tree. When the band sped away into the hills the night of his temptation and fall, the mule summoned up unguessed resources of speed and trailed behind. The tumultuous joy of liberty fired him; his muscles responded to this new throbbing life like steel springs, so that Sam not only caught up with the mustangs, but ran well within himself in holding with them. The renegade Pete galloped in rear and, knowing Sam these many years, nickered him breathless welcome.

A recruit to the ranks was not a novelty, and though Sam was a mule they accepted him readily enough, and for several days they roamed the fastnesses of El Toro. Rains had been frequent in this region and they obtained their fill of succulent sage-grass. As is the way of horses, the band paid scant attention to the big mule; he grazed with them, and when any alarm or mere exuberance of spirits prompted a run, he could show his heels to all but the buckskin leader and a bay mare which seemed to carry wings on her feet.

And on the fifth day occasion arose for him to show his prowess. In the band were a score of mares, a dozen colts of various ages and more than thirty horses, all under the undisputed leadership of the buckskin. Now, Sam was a mule of considerable common-sense; he never disputed the sovereignty of the lordly stallion, but at the same time he was fully sensible of his own strength and fighting ability, having proved the same frequently, and had not the remotest intention of allowing any horse on the range, or other quadruped, to take undue liberties.

As they came up from watering at a mountain spring at high noon the mustangs were compelled to thread a narrow defile, and much crowding resulted. A colt ricochetted from the mule and lost his feet, whereupon the mother made at Sam with her teeth. This attack he ignored dexterously by bursting through the press and imposing the bodies of several horses between him and the indignant mare; but when a youthful black stallion took it into his head that Sam was a recreant and could be bullied with impunity, various things happened. By now, they were out in the open. Trumpeting defiance, the black ran at him and Sam swerved and wheeled in one motion and drove his heels with all his strength.

The combat did not last three minutes. It is probable that the mule would have killed his assailant as he lay prone after the third onslaught, had not the leader trotted up in royal wrath to quell the disorder in his following. Should he go for him, too, and reduce him to pulp? Sam's eyes were glittering evilly, and the mulish, enduring rage was alive, but his habitual discretion cooled the impulse and he gave ground, his ears laid back, his retreat reluctant. The stallion wisely let him go.

Soon he attained to a species of leadership in the band, a vice-royalty under the reigning buckskin. For one thing, his caution was tempered by almost human powers of discrimination; for another, he was never subject to the nervous tremors to which even the stallion fell victim and which were the inspiration of many stampedes. Sam could sense peril as far as any and was suspicious, in a calm way, of everything he saw until he had investigated; but sudden noises, or a strange scent brought abruptly to his nostrils, did not send him flying over the country, shrilling warnings to the band. He made reasonably sure of the possibility of danger before giving the alarm. Of his old masters, men, he was peculiarly wary, and twice at night when they passed within a mile of the round-up camp, the mule's nose acquainted him of its proximity, and he led them far to the west.

The wild horses had naught to fear from the beasts that roamed the mountain or hunted the plains for their kill, save only the panther. How could the black bear catch them? As for the coyote, he was the scorn of a grown horse. Even the redoubtable loafer wolf might prowl hungrily about that phalanx, watching for an opening; he dreaded the deadly heels too much to adventure it. On such rare occasions as the lords of the wolf tribe sought horseflesh to stay their hunger, the band closed in, with the colts in the center, and presented only their hindquarters to attack.

With the panther it was different. Dearly the giant cat loved a colt, and the subtlety with which he stalked made him the terror of the mares. Who could always foresee, what prevent, a flashing leap from out the dark as one passed beneath a tree or went down to water beside a ledge of rock?

Darkness had not yet fallen, on a day in late October, and Sam fed idly near a couple of mares at the base of El Toro. Beside one of them frisked a tiny colt. From a pine tree a tawny form shot noiselessly and just in time the colt dodged; the panther fell short and landed with a snarl directly in front of Sam. The mule had never seen a mountain lion and its odor terrified him as much as it did the horses, but rage was mingled with his fear. Blindly he struck out with his forefeet, spurning the creature crouching beneath him, casting back the battered form until his heels sent it lifeless ten feet through the air. Then, consumed with fear, he joined the mares' flight.

A week later, when the outfit had almost completed the round-up, Sam wandered off from the band on a morning's jaunt and came unexpectedly upon the *remuda* as they cropped the curly mesquite grass in a draw. The wrangler espied that unmistakable gait from afar and spurred desperately to catch him, but the mule was fleet as a greyhound and could not be headed. Two of the horses followed the fallen one. They knew Sam and respected him, and what was good enough for him would suit them admirably. Maclovio did not see their departure; madly scurrying from point to point to herd the restless hundreds, he failed to perceive the flight toward the gap, and it was only when the roping began after dinner that the loss was discovered. The Mexican prayed inwardly that Sam would break a leg and die by inches; if he would only break his neck he would buy a dozen candles for the altar at Tucalari.

Old Pete McVey, the manager, sat on the stoop of the bunkhouse at headquarters and made a solemn vow to the skies.

"I'll hunt down every last one of that bunch an' hang Sam's hide to the saddle-shed. We've had two breakdowns with the wagon since he left—that ol' mule we got from Doghole ain't any good, Mit an' now two horses have run off."

"I done told Uncle Henery an' Dave that I felt shore it was Sam or some of them mustangs what stompeded those steers las' week."

"When I get him, the ol' fool!" burst out the manager.

He organized a hunt, and with three men and four staghounds set out cheerily to wipe the wild horses from the face of the earth. The band winded them two miles away and carried the hunt to another range, but at last they crept to within striking distance, and the chase was on.

Sam knew the dogs and had seen them run in sport about headquarters. Therefore, he let himself out and led the band beside the buckskin stallion, and for mile after mile they raced. A laggard was pulled down, the ancient sinner Pete—a hound leaped unerringly for his nose and Pete turned a somersault. McVey himself shot the injured animal, and they camped in the neighborhood and took up the pursuit next morning.

It was a famous hunt. The dogs brought down four animals, and the Lazy L men, tiring in the chase, fired after the fugitives, killing three; but Sam remained ever in the van, unhurt. McVey led his men back, satisfied that the mustangs would seek new haunts, swearing vengefully at Sam and rejoicing in his heart that the big mule had won to safety.

The band wintered in the mountains, and more than once during those terrible months the emaciated Hell-on-Wheels had to paw down through three inches of snow to get at the grass, and he obtained little more than enough to sustain life. Several of the colts succumbed to a three-days' storm, and when spring was ushered in with a soft wind that whispered tender promises to a desolate land, at least a dozen of the horses and mares were sickly. As for Sam, he was only hungry. A mule seems immune from disease, and hunger and thirst cannot wreak the havoc on his iron constitution that they create among the more sensitive horses. The band ranged widely in a quest for good pastures and at last worked down to the Lazy L.

Dave had put in the cold months in dispirited fashion, there being little to do. He moped around headquarters, and whenever the wagon boss ventured to consult him on preparations for the spring round-up, the cook would shake his head in dubious gloom. It would be a bad year, he was sure of that; they needn't expect much of the calf crop. Far be it from him to discourage any man, least of all McVey and Uncle Henry, but he felt in his bones that ill luck would attend them. What could be expected of a wagon team that would let him mire down in Coyote Creek? The round-up would be a farce.

"Them mustangs is back," announced Reb, riding in from a winter camp. "I seen 'em toppin' a butte over near Lone Pine Spring."

"I'll give fifteen dollars a head for 'em," declared the manager slowly, removing the pipe from his lips.

Nearly a score of punchers equipped themselves to earn the reward. Some failed even to get trace of the band; others trailed them for days, but never came in sight; Dick, Bob Saunders and Maclovio crept to within half a mile and with relays of horses applied themselves to capture in a scientific way. They would run those mustangs off their legs. In four days they were back, with their mounts used up and McVey to welcome them.

"That ol' mule kin smell us a mile," reported Dick. "He always give the alarm first. An' run? Jim-in-ee, the way that rascal kin run!"

Dave listened and gloomed and finally took a great resolution. He might just as well be honest with himself—the round-up would never be the same without Sam. The cook had been a cowhand in his time and he hadn't trailed cattle up through the Panhandle to Hays City for nothing. Therefore he would not match his speed against the wild horses.

"Say, Muster McVey, I want to git a month off."

"Where're you going? This isn't another trip to Doghole?"

"I hoped you'd done forgot that," answered Dave severely. "No, sir, I want for to go an' git Hell-on-Wheels."

"How could you catch him? I've tried, all the boys have tried. And you haven't ridden in ten years."

"You let me try an' you'll see." Dave tried to draw in his waist and appear athletic as the manager ran his eye over his two hundred and fourteen pounds.

"You couldn't get that mule in a thousand years. Unless"—as an afterthought—"you spread breadpans all over the range and set traps."

"Thar's whar you're wrong, Mister McVey, sir. I ain't rode much sence I took to cookin', but I'm pretty active. You gimme that month an' you'll see."

"Go ahead. I'd just as soon pay the reward to you as to anybody else—sooner."

Sam was the first of the band to sight the enemy trudging through the rain-soaked sand of the plain toward them. Far behind a burro followed, led by another man on foot. This truly was interesting. The mule advanced for a closer inspection and the others awaited his verdict, having implicit confidence in him as a sentinel. Thus it happened that Dave gained to within three hundred yards before Sam flagged his tail and departed. The wild horses massed swiftly into a compact body and followed him, but they did not run as they would have run from mounted men. Instinctively they knew that this thing on two legs could not catch them, so it was at a swinging trot that they breasted a hill.

On its crest the mustangs slowed down; they dropped to a walk and turned to look back at what followed. There plodded old Dave, apparently paying them no special attention, but nevertheless coming in their direction. Once more Sam waited until the cook got within shouting distance, then, the buckskin blaring the alarm, they cantered off.

So it went all the afternoon. Dave made no attempt to get close up with them, he did not conceal his approach, he did not stalk them, and he was especially cautious not to alarm the band to an extent that would send them fleeing for miles. Instead, he was content merely to keep them in sight. Sometimes he paused to wipe the sweat from his face and neck, but he betrayed no impatience. Far behind a burro followed, led by another man on foot, and when the cook changed his course so did the burro, still maintaining its distance.

Sam was sorely puzzled. That stout figure possessed a peculiar fascination for him. When he had put a considerable tract between himself and it, he could not forbear to stop and watch what it would do. Still it came on, yet it was not threatening; the mule's sense of danger was lulled. And he was not the only perplexed member of the band; curiosity had the stallion in its grip, too. There was not a horse among the free rovers but would slacken gait to ascertain where the foolish pursuer walked now.

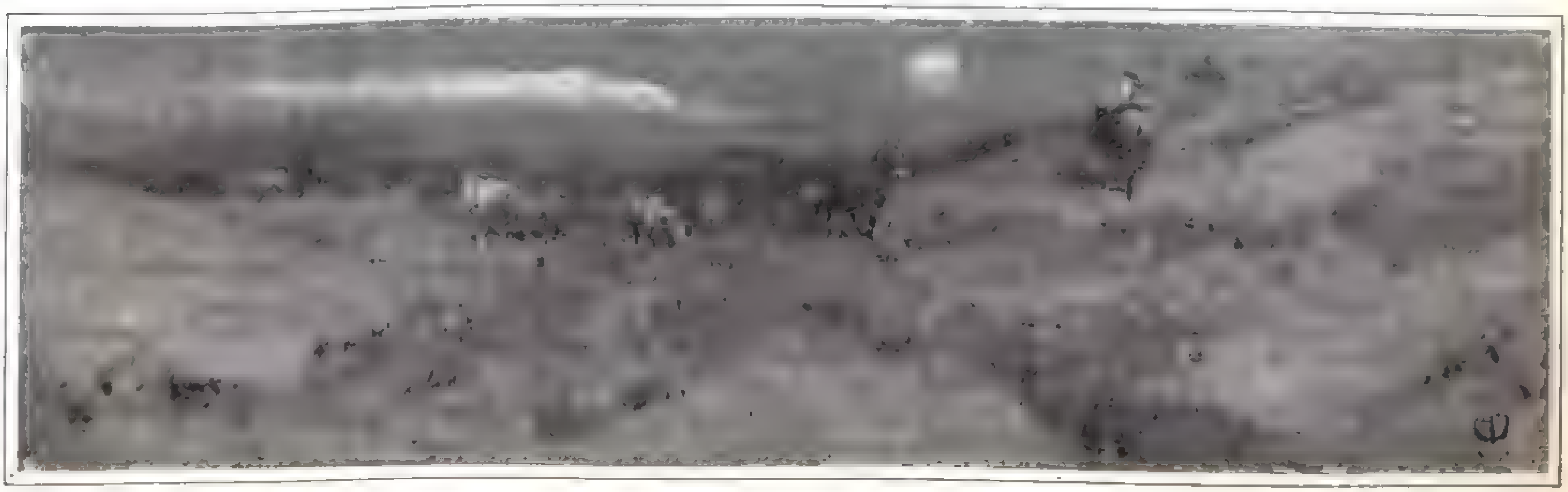
By the time the sun died in a blaze of glory beyond a fringe of hills, Sam and the mustangs were horribly thirsty. They swung around in a wide semicircle and struck for a lake six miles distant. Dave followed. Hardly had they drunk half their fill, standing waist-deep in the cooling water, than the expectant mule warned them of the approach of that shadowing figure. They waded out reluctantly and made off.

The cook arrived two minutes later and stretched out on his back on the edge of the lake and thought with sweet sorrow of the days when he weighed one hundred and sixty. Presently the man with the burro joined him, and they took down their bedding, staked out the tireless pack-animal, built a fire of dried broomweed, and ate.

"They won't go far from hyar tonight. It just happens thar ain't any water nearer than twenty miles. No-oo, I reckon they'll hang round somewheres near," observed Dave, rolling a cigarette.

He divined correctly. Sam and his companions discovered that they were hungry, very hungry. While they did not realize it, they had eaten but little that afternoon, for no sooner would they shake off the pursuer and fall to nibbling nervously at the new, juicy grass than he would reappear, persistent as their own shadows, and they would continue their flight. Now he followed no more, and they must eat. Eat they did to some extent, but a burning curiosity and a vague uneasiness had seized

(Continued on Page 34)

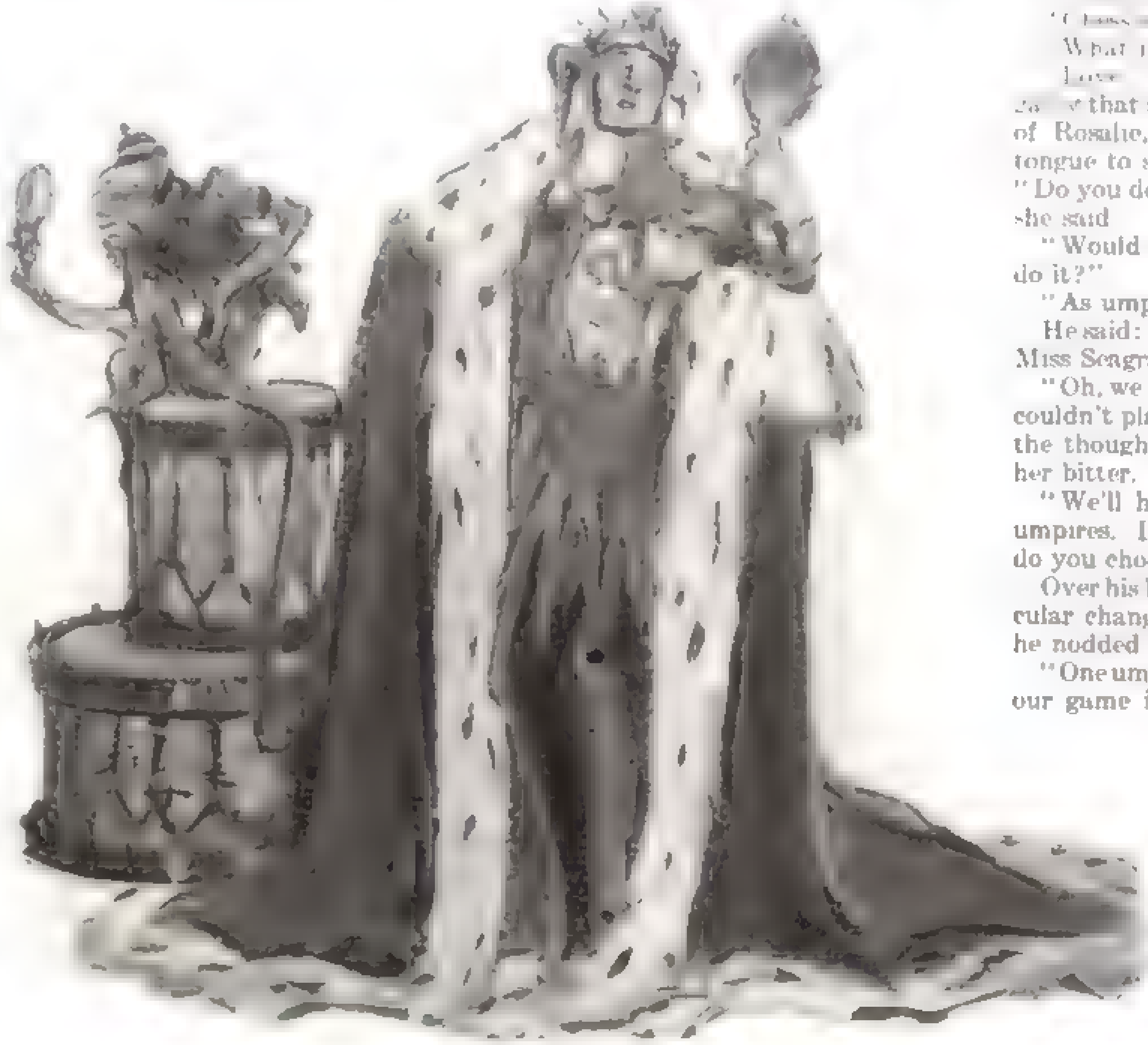


THE DANGER MARK

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE AND THE FIRING LINE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



VII

THERE was nobody in the terrace except Bunbury Gray in a brilliant waistcoat, who sat smoking a very large faience pipe and reading a sporting magazine. He got up with alacrity when he saw Geraldine, fetched her a big wicker chair, evidently inclined to let her entertain him.

"Oh, I'm not going to," she observed, sinking into the cushions. For a moment she felt rather limp, then a quiver passed through her, tightening the relaxed nerves.

"Bunbury," she said, "do you know any men who ever get tired of idleness and clothes?"

"Sure," he said, surprised, "I get tired of those things, all right. I've got enough of this tailor, for example," looking at his trousers. "I'm tired of idleness, too. Shall we do something and forget the cut of my clothes?"

"What do you do when you tire of people and things?"

"Change partners or go away. That's easy."

"You can't change yourself—or go away from yourself."

"But I don't get tired of myself," he explained in naïve astonishment. She regarded him curiously from the depths of her wicker chair.

"Bunbury, do you remember when we were engaged?"

He grinned. "Rather. I wouldn't mind being it again."

"Engaged?"

"Sure thing. Will you take me on again, Geraldine?"

She still regarded him with brown-eyed curiosity.

"Didn't you really tire of it?"

"You did. You said that my tailor was the vital part of me, you know."

She laughed. "Well, you *are* only a carefully-groomed combination of New York good form and good nature, aren't you?"

"I don't know. That's rather rough, isn't it? Or do you really mean it that way?"

"No, Bunny, dear. I only mean that you're like the others. All the men I know are about the same sort. You all wear too many ties and waistcoats; you are, and say, and do too many kinds of fashionable things. You play too much tennis, drink too many pegs, gamble too much, ride and drive too much. You all have too much and too many—if you understand that! You ask too much and you give too little; you say too much which means too little. Is there none among you who knows something that amounts to something, and how to do it and say it?"

"What the deuce are you driving at, Geraldine?" he asked, bewildered.

"I'm just tired and irritable, Bunny, and I'm taking it out on you. . . . Because you were always kind—and even when foolish you were often considerate. . . That's a new waistcoat, isn't it?"

"Well—I don't—know," he began, perplexed and irritated, but she cut him short with a light little laugh and reached out to pat his hand.

"Don't mind me. You know I like you. I'm only bored with your species. What do you do when you don't know what to do, Bunny?"

"Take a peg," he said, brightening up. "Do you—shall I call somebody ——"

"No, please."

She extended her thin limbs and crossed her feet. Lying still there in the sunshine, arms crooked behind her head, she gazed straight out ahead. Light breezes lifted her soft, bright hair; the same zephyrs bore from tennis courts on the east the far laughter and calling of the unseen players.

"Who are they?" she inquired.

"The Pink 'uns, Naida and Jack Dysart. There's ten up on every set," he added, "and I've side obligations with Rosalie and Duane. Take you on if you like; odds are on the Pink 'uns. Or I'll get a lump of sugar and we can play Fly Loo."

"No, thanks."

A few moments later she said:

"Do you know, somehow, recently, the forest world—all this pretty place of lakes and trees"—waving her arm vaguely toward the horizon—"seems to be tarnished with the hard living and empty thinking of the people I have brought into it I include myself. The region is redolent of money and the things it buys. I had a better time before I had any or heard about it."

"Why, you've always had it ——"

"But I didn't know it. I'd like to give mine away and do something for a living."

"Oh, every girl has that notion once in a lifetime."

"Have they?" she asked vaguely.

"Sure. It's hysteria. I had it myself once. But I found I could keep busy enough doing something without presenting my income to the Senegambians and spending life in a Wall Street office. Of course, if I had a pretty fancy for the artistic and useful—as Duane Mallett has—I suppose I'd get busy and paint things and sell 'em by the perspiration of my brow ——"

She said disdainfully: "If you were never any busier than Duane you wouldn't be very busy."

"I don't know. Duane seems to keep at it, even up here, doesn't he?"

She looked up in surprise. "Duane hasn't done any work since he's been here, has he?"

"Didn't you know? What do you suppose he's about every morning?"

"He's about—Rosalie," she said coolly. "I've never seen any color-box or easel in their outfit."

"Oh, he keeps his traps at Hurryon Lodge. He's made a lot of sketches. I saw several at the Lodge. And he's doing a big canvas of Rosalie down there, too."

"At Hurryon Lodge?"

"Yes. Miller lets them have the garret for a studio."

"I didn't know that," she said slowly.

"Didn't you? People are rather catty about it," Bunny said.

"Catty?"

Sheer surprise silenced her for a while, then hurt curiosity drove her to questions; but little Bunbury didn't know much more about the matter, merely shrugging his shoulders and saying, "It's casual, but it's all right."

Later the tennis players, sunburned and perspiring, came swinging up from the courts on their way to the showers. Bunbury began to settle his obligations; Naida and the Pink 'uns went indoors; Jack Dysart, handsome, disheveled, sat down beside Geraldine, fastening his sleeves.

"I lost twice twenty," he observed. "Bunny is in fifty, I believe. Duane and Rosalie lose."

"Is that all you care about the game?" she asked with a faint note of contempt in her voice.

"Oh, it's a good game for one's health," he laughed.

"So is confession, but there's no sport in it. Tell me, Mr. Dysart, don't you play any game for its own sake?"

"Two, mademoiselle," he said politely.

"What two?"

"Chess—one."

"What is the other?"

"Love," he replied, smiling at her so gaily that she laughed. Then she thought of Rosalie, and it was on the tip of her tongue to say something impudent. But, "Do you do that game very well?" was all she said.

"Would you care to judge how well I do it?"

"As umpire? Yes, if you like."

He said: "We will umpire our own game, Miss Seagrave."

"Oh, we couldn't do that, could we? We couldn't play and umpire, too." Suddenly the thought of Duane and Rosalie turned her bitter.

"We'll have two perfectly disinterested umpires. I choose your wife for one. Whom do you choose?"

Over his handsome face the slightest muscular change passed, but far from wincing he nodded coolly.

"One umpire is enough," he said. "When our game is well on you may ask Rosalie to judge how well I've done it—if you care to."

The bright smile she wore changed. Her face was now only a lovely dark-eyed mask, behind which her thoughts had suddenly begun racing—wild little thoughts, all tumult and confusion, all trembling, too, with some scarcely understood hurt lashing them to recklessness.

"We'll have two umpires," she insisted, scarcely knowing what she said. "I'll choose Duane for the second. He and Rosalie ought to be able to agree on the result of our game."

Dysart turned his head away leisurely, then looked around again unsmiling.

"Two umpires? So be it! But that means you consent to play."

"Play?"

"Certainly."

"With you, Mr. Dysart?"

"With me."

"I'll consider it. . . . Do you know we have been talking utter nonsense?"

"That's part of the game."

"Oh, then, do you assume that the—the game has already begun?"

"It usually opens that way, I believe."

"And where does it end, Mr. Dysart?"

"That is for you to say," he replied in a lower voice.

"Oh! And what are the rules?"

"The player who first falls really in love loses. There are no stakes. We play as sportsmen—for the game's sake. It is understood?"

She hesitated, smiling, a little excited, a little interested in the way he put things.

At that same moment, across the lawn, Rosalie and Duane strolled into view. She saw them, and with a nervous movement, almost involuntary, she turned her back on them.

Neither she nor Dysart spoke. She gazed very steadily at the horizon, as though there were sounds beyond the green world's rim. A few seconds later a shadow fell over the terrace at her feet—two shadows intermingled. She saw them on the grass at her feet, then quietly lifted her head.

"We caught no trout," said Rosalie, sitting down on the arm of the chair that Duane drew forward. "I fussed about in that canoe until Duane came along, and then we went in swimming."

"Swimming?" repeated Geraldine.

Rosalie balanced herself serenely on her chair-arm.

"Oh, we often do that."

"Swim—where?"

"Why, across the Gray Water, child!"

Dysart lighted a cigarette and asked pleasantly if the water was agreeable.

"It's magnificent," said Duane; "it was like diving into a lake of iced apollinaris."

Geraldine began to talk very animatedly to Rosalie about several matters of no consequence. Dysart rose, stretched his sunburned arms with overelaborate ease, tossed away his cigarette, picked up his tennis bat and said: "See you at luncheon. Are you coming, Rosalie?"

"In a moment, Jack." She went on talking inconsequences to Geraldine; her husband waited, exchanging a remark or two with Duane in his easy, self-possessed fashion.

"Dear," said Rosalie at last to Geraldine, "I must run away and dry my hair. How did we come out at tennis, Jack?"

"All to the bad," he replied serenely, and nodding to Geraldine and Duane he entered the house, his young wife strolling beside him and twisting up her wet hair.

Duane seated himself and crossed his lank legs, ready for an amiable chat before he retired to dress for luncheon; but Geraldine did not even look toward him.

She was lying deep in the chair, apparently relaxed and limp, but every nerve in her body was at tension, every delicate muscle taut and rigid and in her heart was anger unutterable; and close, very close to the lids, which shadowed with their long fringe the brown eyes, unseen, were tears.

"What have you been up to all the morning?" he asked pleasantly. "Did you try the fishing?"

"Yes."

"Anything doing?"

"No."

"I thought they wouldn't rise. It's too clear and hot. That's why I didn't keep on with Kathleen and Scott. Two are enough on bright water. Don't you think so?"

She said nothing.

"Besides," he added, "I knew you had old Grandcourt running close at heel and that made four rods on Hurryon. So what was the use of my joining in?"

She made no reply.

"You didn't mind, did you?"

"No."

"Oh, all right," he nodded, not feeling much relieved.

The strange blind anger still possessed her. She lay there immobile, expressionless, enduring it. Not trying even to think why yet her anger was rising against him, and it surged, receded helplessly, flushed her veins again till they tingled. But her white lids remained closed; the lashes rested softly on the curve of her cheeks; not a tremor touched her face.

"I am wondering whether you are feeling all right," he ventured very uneasily, aware of some tension between them.

With an evident effort she took command of herself.

"The sun was rather hot. It's a headache; I walked back by the road."

"*With* the faithful one?"

"No," she said, "Mr. Grandcourt remained to fish."

"He went to worship and remained to fish," said Duane, laughing. The girl lifted her face to look at him—a white little face so strange that the humor died out in his eyes.

"He's a good deal of a man," she said. "It's one of my few pleasant memories of this year—Mr. Grandcourt's niceness to me—and to all women."

She set her elbow on the chair's edge and rested her cheek in her hollowed hand. Her gaze had become remote once more.

"I didn't know you took him so seriously," he said in a low voice. "I'm sorry, Geraldine."

All her composure had returned. She lifted her eyes indolently. "Sorry for what?"

"For speaking as I did."

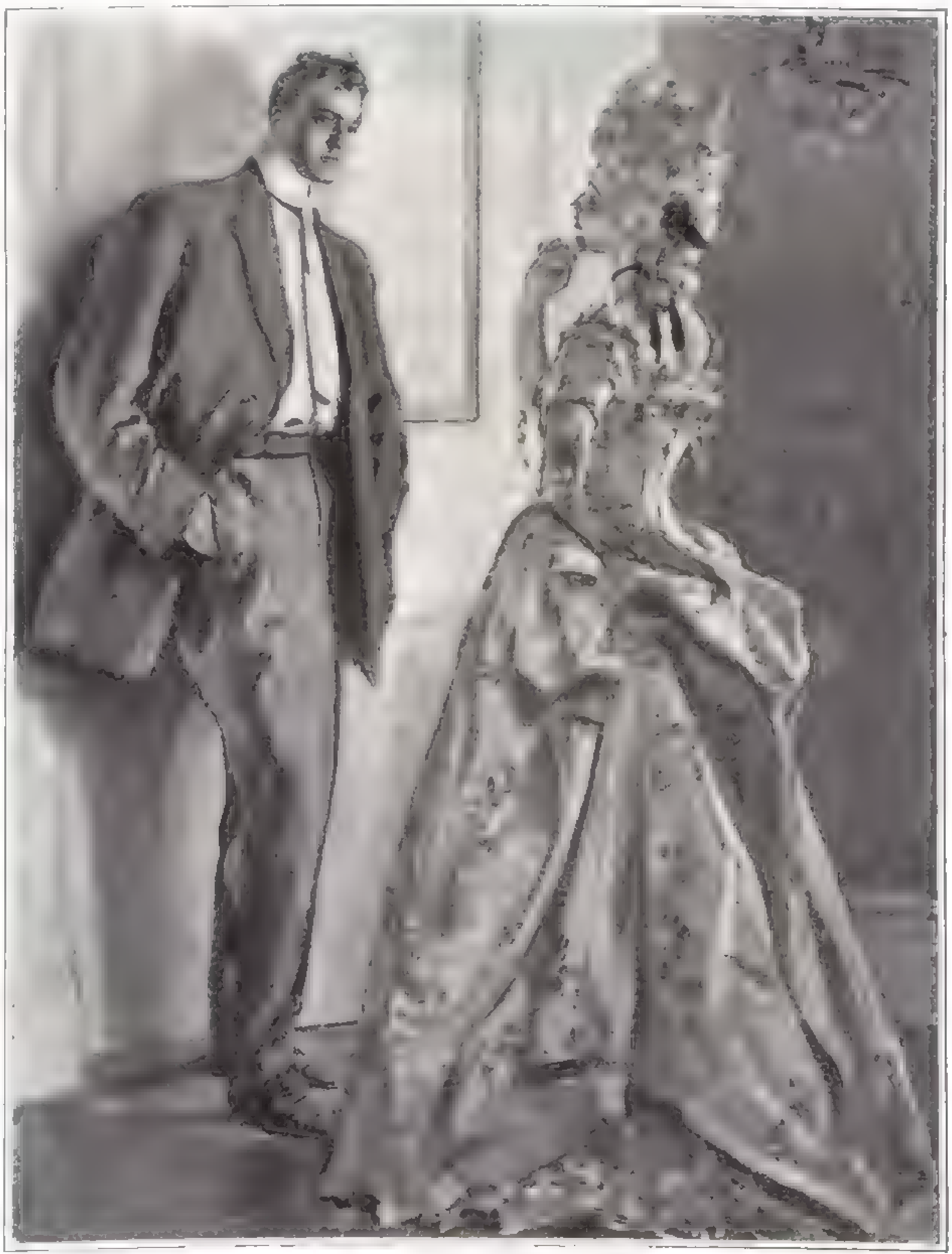
"Oh, I don't mind. I thought you might be sorry for yourself."

"Myself?"

"And your neighbor's wife," she added.

"Well, what about myself and neighbor's wife?"

"I'm not familiar with such matters." Her face did not change, but the hot anger suddenly welled up in her again. "I don't know anything about such affairs, but if you think I ought to I might try to learn." She laughed and leaned back into the depths of her chair. "You and I are such intimate friends, it's a shame I shouldn't understand and sympathize with what most interests you," Geraldine said.



"As a Matter of Fact You Care for Him Still"

He remained silent, gazing down at his shadow on the grass, hands clasped loosely between his knees. She strove to study him calmly; her mind was chaos; only the desire to hurt him persisted, rendered sterile by the confused tumult of her thoughts.

Presently, looking up:

"Do you doubt that things are not right between my neighbor's wife—and me?" he inquired.

"The matter doesn't interest me."

"Doesn't it?"

"No."

"Then I have misunderstood you. What is the matter that does interest you, Geraldine?"

She made no reply.

He said, carelessly good-humored: "I like women. It's curious that they know it instinctively, because when they're bored or lonely they drift toward me. . . . Lonely women are always adrift, Geraldine. There seems to be some current that sets in toward me; it catches them and they drift in, linger, and drift on. I seem to be the first port they anchor in. . . . Then a day comes when they are gone—drifting on through the years."

"Wiser for their experience at Port Mallett?"

"Perhaps. But not sadder, I think."

"A woman adrift has no regrets," she said with contempt.

"Wrong. A woman who is in love has none."

"That is what I mean. The hospitality of Port Mallett ought to leave them with no regrets."

He laughed. "But they are not loved," he said. "They know it. That's why they drift on."

She turned on him, white and tremulous.

"Haven't you even the excuse of caring for her?"

"Who?"

"A neighbor's wife—who comes drifting into your hospitable haven!"

"I don't pretend to love her, if that is what you mean," he said pleasantly.

"Then you make her believe it—and that's dastardly!"

"Oh, no. Women don't love unless made love to. You've only read that in books."

She said a little breathlessly: "You are right. I know men and women only through books. It's time I learned for myself."

VIII

THE end of June and of the house-party at Roya-Neh was now at hand, and both were to close with a moonlight fête and dance in the forest, invitations having been sent to distant neighbors who had been entertaining similar gatherings at Iron Hill and Cloudy Mountain—the Crays, Beekmans, Ellises and Grandcourts.

Silks and satins, shoe-buckles and powdered hair usually mark the high tide of imaginative originality among this sort of people. So it was to be the inevitable Louis XVI fête—or as near to it as attenuated, artistic intelligence could manage—and they altered Duane's very clever and correct sketches to suit themselves, careless of anachronism, and sent the dainty water-color drawings to town in order that those who sweat and sew in the perfumed *ateliers* of Fifth Avenue might use them as models.

"The fun—if there's any in dressing up—ought to lie in making your own costumes," observed Duane. But nobody displayed any inclination to do so. And now, on hurry orders, the sewers in the hot Fifth Avenue *ateliers* sewed; silken and satin costumes, paste jewelry and property small-swords were arriving by express; maids flew about the house at Roya-Neh, trying on, fussing with lace and ribbon, bodice and flowered pannier, altering, retrimming, adjusting. Their mistresses met in one another's bedrooms for mysterious confabs over head-dress and coiffure, lace scarf and petticoat.

As for the men, they surreptitiously tried on their embroidered coats and breeches, admired themselves in secrecy, and let it go at that, returning with embarrassed relief to cards, tennis, and the various forms of amiable idleness to which they were accustomed. Only Englishmen can masquerade seriously. Later, however, the men were compelled to pay some semblance of attention to the general preparations, to assemble their footgear, headgear, stars, orders, sashes, swords, and to try them on for Duane Mallett—to that young man's unconcealed dissatisfaction.

"You certainly resemble a scratch opera chorus," he observed after passing in review the sheepish line-up in his room. "De Lancy, you're the limit as a Black Mousquetaire—and, by the way, there weren't any in the reign of Louis XVI, so perhaps that evens up matters. Dysart is the only man who looks the real thing—or would if he'd shave that object on his upper lip. As for Bunny and the Pink 'un, they ought to be in vaudeville, singing la-la-la."

"That's really a compliment to our legs," observed Reggie Wye to Bunbury Gray, flourishing his property sword and gracefully performing a *pas seul à la Génée*.

Dysart, who had been sullen all day, regarded them morosely.

Scott Seagrave, in his conventional abbé's costume of black and white, excessively bored, stood by the window trying to catch a glimpse of the lake to see whether any decent fish were breaking, while Duane walked around him critically, not much edified by his costume or the way he wore it.

"You're a sad and self-conscious-looking bunch," he concluded. "Scott, I suppose you'll insist on wearing your mustache and eyeglasses."

"You bet," said Scott simply.

"All right. And kindly beat it. I want to try on my own plumage in peace."

So the costumed ones trooped off to their own quarters with the half-ashamed smirk usually worn by the American male who has persuaded himself to frivolity. De Lancy Grandcourt tramped away down the hall banging his big sword, jingling his spurs and flapping his loose boots. The Pink 'un and Bunbury Gray slunk off into obscurity, and Scott, vaguely irritated at himself, wandered back through the long hall until a black-and-red tiger moth attracted his attention, and he forgot his annoying appearance in frantic efforts to capture the brilliant moth.

Dysart, who had been left alone with Duane in the latter's room, contemplated himself sullenly in the mirror, while Duane, seated on the window-sill, waited for him to go.

"You think I ought to eliminate my mustache?" asked Dysart, still inspecting himself.

"Yes, in deference to the conventional prejudice of the times. Nobody wore 'em at that period."

"You seem to be a stickler for convention—of the Louis-XVI sort more than for the twentieth-century variety," remarked Dysart with a sneer.

Duane looked up from his bored contemplation of the rug.

"You think I'm unconventional?" he asked with a smile.

"I believe I suggested something of the sort to my wife the other day."

"Ah," said Duane blandly, "does she agree with you, Dysart?"

"No doubt she does, because your tendencies toward the unconventional have been the subject of unpleasant remark recently."

"You mustn't believe all they tell you."

"My own eyes and ears are competent witnesses. Do you understand me now?"

"No. Neither do you. Don't rely on such witnesses, Dysart; they lack character to corroborate them. Ask your wife to confirm me—if you ever find time enough to ask her anything."

"That's an impudent thing to say," returned Dysart, staring at him. A dull red stained his face, then faded.

Duane's eyebrows went up, just a shade, yet so insolently that the other stepped forward, the corners of his mouth white and twitching.

"I can speak more plainly," he said. "If you can't appreciate a pleasant hint I can easily accommodate you with the alternative."

There was silence for a moment.

"Dysart," said Duane, "what chance do you think you'd have in landing the—alternative?"

"That concerns me," said Dysart; and the pinched muscles around the mouth grew whiter and the man looked suddenly older. Duane had never before noticed how gray his temples were growing.

He said in a voice under perfect control: "You're right: the chances you care to take with me concern yourself. As for your ill-humor, I suppose I have earned it by being attentive to your wife. What is it you wish: that my hitherto very harmless attentions should cease?"

"Yes," said Dysart, very low, and his square jaw quivered.

"Well, they won't. It takes the sort of man you are to strike classical attitudes. And, absurd as the paradox appears, I do believe, Dysart, that deep inside of you somewhere there is enough latent decency to have inspired this resentment toward me—a resentment perfectly natural in any man who acts squarely toward his wife, but rather far-fetched in your case."

Dysart, pallid, menacing, laid his hand on a chair.

The other laughed.

"As bad as that?" he asked contemptuously. "Don't do it, Dysart; it isn't in your line. You're only a good-looking, popular, dancing man; all your deviltry is in your legs, and I'd be obliged if they'd presently waft you out of my room."

"I suppose," said Dysart unsteadily, "that you would make yourself noisily ridiculous if I knocked your blackguard head off."

"It's only in novels that people are knocked down successfully and artistically," admitted the other. "In every-day life they resent it. Yes—if you do anything hysterical there will be some sort of a disgraceful noise, I suppose. It's shoot or suit in these unromantic days, Dysart, otherwise the newspapers laugh at you."

Dysart's well-shaped fists relaxed, the chair dropped, but even when he let it go murder danced in his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "it's shoot or a suit in these days; you're perfectly right, Mallett. And we'll let it go at that for the present."

He stood a moment, straight, handsome, his clearly stenciled eyebrows knitted, watching Duane. Whatever in the man's face and figure was usually colorless, unaccented, irresolute, disappeared as he glared rigidly at the other.

There is no resentment like the resentment of the neglectful, no jealousy like the jealousy of the faithless. His eyes narrowed.

"To resume, in plain English," he said, "keep away from my wife, Mallett. You comprehend that, don't you?"

"Perfectly. Now, get out!"

Dysart hesitated for the fraction of a second longer, as though perhaps expecting further reply, then turned on his heel and walked out.

Later, while Duane was examining his own irreproachable costume preparatory to trying it on, Scott Seagrave's spectacled and freckled visage protruded into the room. He knocked as an afterthought.

"Rosalie sent me. She's dressed in all her gimcracks and wants your expert opinion. I've got to go ——"

"Where is she?"

"In her room. I'm going out to the hatchery with Kathleen ——"

"Come and see Rosalie with me, first," said Duane, passing his arm through Scott's and steering him down the sunny corridor.

When they knocked, Mrs. Dysart admitted them, revealing herself in full costume, painted and powdered, the blinds pulled down, and the electric lights burning behind their rosy shades.

"It's my final dress rehearsal," she explained. "Mr. Mallett, is my hair sufficiently *à la Lamballe* to suit you?"

"Yes, it is. You're a perfect little porcelain figurette! There's not an anachronism in you or your make-up. How did you do it?"

"I merely stuck like grim death to your sketches," she said demurely.

Scott eyed her without particular interest. "Very corking," he said vaguely; "but I've got to go down to the hatchery with Kathleen, so you won't mind if I leave ——"

He closed the door behind him before anybody could speak. Duane moved toward the door.

"It's a charming costume," he said, "and most charmingly worn; your hair is exactly right—not too much powder, you know ——"

"Where shall I put my patch? Here?"

"Higher."

"Here?"

He came back to the center of the room where she stood.

"And my rings—do you think that my fingers are overloaded?" She held out her fascinating smooth little hands. He examined the gems critically.

They talked for a few moments about the rings, then: "Thank you so much," she said with a carelessly friendly pressure. "How about my shoes? Are the buckles of the period?"

"Shoes and buckles are all right," he said; "faultless, true to the period—very fascinating. . . . I've got to go—one or two things to do ——"

They examined the shoes for some time in silence; still bending over she turned her dainty head and looked around and up at him. There was a moment's pause, then he kissed her.

"I was afraid you'd do that—some day," she said, straightening up and stepping back one pace, so that their linked hands now hung pendent between them.

"I was sure of it, too," he said. "Now I think I'd better go—as all things are *en règle*, even the kiss, which was classical—pure—Louis XVI. . . . Besides, Scott was idiot enough to shut the door. That's Louis XVI, too, but too much realism is never artistic."

"We could open the door again—if that's why you're running away from me."

"What's the use?"

She glanced at the door and then calmly seated herself.

"Do you think that we are together too much?" she asked.

"Hasn't your husband made similar observations?" he replied, laughing.

"It isn't for him to make them."

"Hasn't he objected?"

"He has suddenly and unaccountably become disagreeable enough to make me wish he had some real grounds for his excitement!" she said coolly, and closed her teeth with a little click. She added, between them: "I'm inclined to give him something real to howl about."

He said. "You're adrift. Do you know it?"

"Certainly I know it. Are you prepared to offer salvage? I'm past the need of a pilot."

He smiled. "You haven't drifted very far yet—only as far as Mallett harbor. That's usually the first port—for derelicts. Anchors are dropped rather frequently there—but, Rosalie, there's no safe mooring except in the home port."

Her pretty, flushed face grew very serious as she looked up questioningly.

"Isn't there an anchorage near you, Duane? Are you quite sure?"

"Why, no, dear, I'm not sure. But let me tell you something: it isn't in me to love again. And that isn't square to you."

After a silence she repeated: "Again? Have you been in love?"

"Yes."

"Are you embittered? I thought only callow fledglings moped."

"If I were I'd offer free anchorage to all comers. That's the fledgling idea—when blighted—be a 'deevil among the weemin,'" he said, laughing.

"You have that hospitable reputation now," she persisted, unsmiling.

"Have I? Judge for yourself, then, because no woman I ever knew cares anything for me now."

"You mean that if any of them had anything intimate to remember they'd never remain indifferent?"

"Well—yes."

"They'd either hate you or remember you with a certain tenderness."

"Is that what happens?" he asked, amused.

"I think so," she said thoughtfully. . . . "As for what you said, you are right, Duane; I am adrift."

He laughed, dropped her fingers, stepped back to the door, and, laying his hand on the knob, said evenly:

"That husband of yours is not the sort of man I particularly take to, but I believe he's about the average if you'd care to make him so."

She colored with surprise. Then something in her scornful eyes inspired him with sudden intuition.

"As a matter of fact," he said lightly, "you care for him still."

"I can very easily prove the contrary," she said, walking slowly up to him, close, closer, until the slight tremor of contact halted her and her soft, irregular breath touched his face.

"I don't know whose fault it is," he went on. "I don't know whether he still really cares for you in spite of his weak peregrinations to other shrines; but you still care for him. And it's up to you to make him what he can be—the average husband. There are only two kinds, Rosalie, the average and the bad."

She looked straight into his eyes, but the deep, mantling color belied her audacity.

"I am—very much alone. You see, I have already become capable of saying anything."

"Do you think," she continued unevenly, "that I'm going on all my life like this?"

"No, I think something is bound to happen, Rosalie. May I suggest what ought to happen?"

She nodded thoughtfully; only the quiver of her lower lip betrayed the tension of self-control.

"Take him back," he said.

"I no longer care for him."

"You are mistaken."

After a moment she said: "I don't think so; truly I don't. All consideration for him has died in me. His conduct doesn't matter—doesn't hurt me any more ——"

"Yes, it does. He's just a plain ass—an average ass—ownerless, and, like all asses, convinced that he can take care of himself. Go and put the halter on him again."

"Go—and—what do you mean?"

"Tether him. You did once. It's up to you; it's usually up to a woman when a man wanders untethered. What one woman, or a dozen, can do with a man his wife can do in the same fashion! What won him in the beginning always holds good until he thinks he has won you. Then the average man flourishes his heels. He is doing it. What won him was not you alone, or love alone; it was his uncertainty of both that fascinated him. That's what charms him in others: uncertainty. Many men are that way. It's a sporting streak in us. If you care for him now—if you could ever care for him—take him as you took him first. . . . Do you want him again?"

AND JUST THEN

By J. W. Foley

Don't you remember when the ship, the pirate ship, that flew
The black flag with the gleaming skull, in the fierce gale that blew,
Went on the rocks? I think it was upon the Spanish Main;
The sails were torn to tatters and there fell a driving rain,
The air was pierced with cries of fear, shocks followed upon shocks.
"Come, man the lifeboats," called the mate; "the ship is on the rocks!"
And just when lightnings rent the air and all the sky was red,
Your mother said, "You've read enough, my boy! It's time for bed!"

Don't you remember when the score stood six to six, until
The very ending of the game and every heart stood still?
The Red Sox pitcher took his place, while not a watcher stirred,
A hit, a pass, an error and a runner got to third.
Don't you remember, as you read, you almost heard the crack
As bat met ball and you could feel cold chills go down your back?
And just as you had but a page to find which players led
Your mother said, "You've read enough, my boy! It's time for bed!"

Don't you remember when Wild Bill and Deadshot Dick, the scout,
Were prisoned in the rocky cave with redskins all about,
With all their ammunition gone, nor food to eat, as they
Had been a thousand times before, but always got away?
The warwhoops rang out fierce and shrill. Said Dick, "I have a plan;
We will escape or sell our lives as dearly as we can."
And just as you turned o'er the page to see what plans they'd lay,
The clock struck nine—your mother came and took the book away.

Oh, Captain Kidd, it seemed to me when you went on the rock
You always timed the hour of it to be at nine o'clock!
And Dick, the scout, the redskins came and fell on you with rage
Just when my boyhood bedtime came and I turned down the page!
And Spike, the wizard of the slab, who mowed the batsmen down
Like blades of grass, the hero of the little country town,
You seemed to time the crisis of your fiercest game, someway,
At nine o'clock, when mother came and took the book away!

She stood leaning against the door, looking down Much of her color had died out.

"I don't know," she said.

"I do."

"Well—*do* I?"

"Yes.

"You think so? Why?"

"Because he's adrift, too. And he's rather weak, rather handsome, easily influenced—unjust, selfish, vain, wayward—just the average husband. And every wife ought to be able to manage these lords of creation, and keep them out of harm. . . . And keep them in love, Rosalie. And the way to do it is the way you did it first. . . . Try it." He kissed her gayly, thinking he owed that much to himself.

And through the door which had swung gently ajar Geraldine Seagrave saw them, and Rosalie saw her.

For a moment the girl halted, pale and rigid, and her heart seemed to cease beating; then, as she passed with averted head, Rosalie caught Duane's wrists in her jeweled grasp and released herself with a wrench.

"You've given me enough to think over," she said. "If you want me to love you, stay. If you don't—you had better go at once, Duane." She clasped her hands behind her back, laughing nervously.

"It's like the old child's game—'open your mouth and close your eyes.' Good-by, my altruistic friend and thank you for your twentieth-century advice and your Louis-XVI assistance."

"Good-by," he returned smilingly, and sauntered back toward his room, where his own untried finery awaited him.

Ahead, far down the corridor, he caught sight of Geraldine and called to her, but perhaps she did not hear him, for he had to put on considerable speed to overtake her.

"In these last few days," he said laughingly, "I seldom catch a glimpse of you except when you are vanishing into doorways or down corridors."

She said nothing, did not even turn her head or halt; and, keeping pace with her, he chatted on amiably about nothing in particular until she stopped abruptly and looked at him.

"I am in a hurry. What is it you want, Duane?"

"Why—nothing," he said in surprise.

"That is less than you ask of—others." And she turned to continue her way.

"Is there anything wrong, Geraldine?" he asked, detaining her.

"Is there?" she replied, shaking off his hand from her arm.

"Not so far as I'm concerned."

"Can't you even tell the truth?" she said with a desperate attempt to laugh.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Evidently something has gone all wrong ——"

"Several things, my solicitous friend; I for one, you for another. Count the rest for yourself."

"What has happened to you, Geraldine?"

"What has always threatened."

"Will you tell me?"

"No, I will not. So don't try to look concerned and interested in a matter that regards me alone."

"But what is it that has always threatened you?" he insisted gently, coming nearer—too near to suit her, for she backed away toward the high latticed window through which the sun poured over the geraniums on the sill. There was a seat under it. Suddenly her knees threatened to give way under her; she swayed slightly as she seated herself; a wave of angry pain swept through her, setting lids and lips trembling.

"Now I want you to tell me what it is that you believe has always threatened you."

"Do you think I'd tell you?" she managed to say. Then her self-possession returned in a hot flash of exasperation, but she controlled that, too, and laughed defiantly, confronting him with pretty, insolent face uptilted.

"What do you want to know about me? That I'm in the way of being ultimately damned like all the rest of you?" she said. "Well, I am. I'm taking chances. Some people take their chances in one way—like you and Rosalie; some take them in another—as I do. . . . Once I was afraid to take any; now I'm not. Who was it said that self-control is only immorality afraid?"

"Will you tell me what is worrying you?" he persisted.

"No, but I'll tell you what annoys me, if you like."

"What?"

"Fear of notoriety."

"Notoriety!"

"Certainly—not for myself—for my house."

"Is anybody likely to make it notorious?" he demanded, coloring up.

"Ask yourself. . . . I haven't the slightest interest in your personal conduct"—there was a catch in her voice—"except when it threatens to besmirch my own home."

The painful color gathered and settled under his cheekbones.

"Do you wish me to leave?"

"Yes, I do. But you can't without others knowing how and why."

"Oh, yes, I can —— "

"You are mistaken. I tell you *others* will know. Some do know already. And I don't propose to figure with a flaming sword. Kindly remain in your Eden until it's time to leave—with Eve."

"Just as you wish," he said, smiling; and that infuriated her.

"It ought to be as I wish! That much is due me, I think. Have you anything further to ask, or is your curiosity satisfied?"

"Not yet. You say that you think something threatens you? What is it?"

"Not what threatens *you*," she said in contempt.

"That is no answer," he smiled.

"It is enough for you to know."

He looked her hard in the eyes. "Perhaps," he said in a low voice, "I know more about you than you imagine I do, Geraldine—*since last April.*"

A dull, cold fear settled over her. She felt the blood leave her face, the tension crisping her muscles; she sat up very straight and slender among the cushions and defied him.

"What do you—think you know?" she tried to sneer, but her voice shook and failed

He said: "I'll tell you. For one thing, you're playing fast and loose with Dysart. He's a safe enough proposition—but what is that sort of thing going to arouse in you?"

"What do you mean?" Her voice cleared with an immense relief. He noted it.

"It's making you tolerant," he said quietly, "familiar with subtleties, contemptuous of standards. It's rubbing the bloom off you. You let a man who is married come too close to you—you betray enough curiosity concerning him to do it. A drifting woman does that sort of thing, but why do you cut your cables? Good Lord, Geraldine, it's a fool business—permitting a man an intimacy ——"

"More harmless than his wife permits you!" she retorted.

"That is not true."

"You are supposed to lie about such things, aren't you?" she said, reddening to the temples "Oh, I am learning your rotten code, you see—the code of all these amiable people about me. You've done your part to instruct me that promiscuous caresses are men's distraction from ennui; Rosalie evidently is in sympathy with that form of amusement—many men and women among whom I live in town seem to be quite as casual as you are. . . . I did have standards once, scarcely knowing what they meant; I clung to them out of instinct. And then I went out into the world and found nobody paying any attention to them."

"You are wrong."

"No, I'm not. I go among people and see every standard I set up ignored. I go the theater and see plays that embody everything I supposed was unthinkable, let alone unutterable. But the actors utter everything, and the audience thinks everything—and sometimes laughs. I can't do that—yet. But I'm progressing."

"Geraldine ——

"Wait! . . . My friends have taught me a great deal during this last year—by word, precept and example. Things I had in horror nobody notices enough to condone. Take treachery, for example. The marital variety is all around me. Who cares, or is even curious after an hour's gossip has made it stale news? A divorce here, a divorce there—some slight curiosity to see who the victims may marry next time—that curiosity satisfied—and so is everybody. And they go back to their business of money-getting and money-spending—and that's what my friends have taught me. Can you wonder that my familiarity with it all breeds contempt enough to seek almost any amusement in sheer desperation—as you do?"

"I have only one amusement," he said.

"What?"

"Painting."

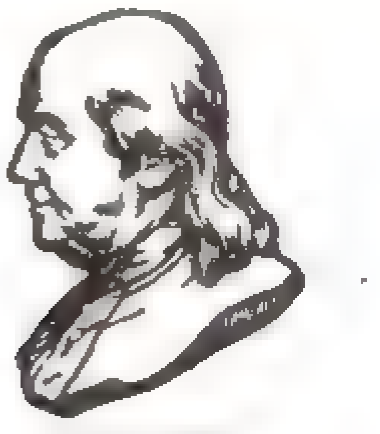
"And your model," she nodded with a short laugh. "Don't forget her. Your pretenses are becoming tiresome, Duane. Your pretty model, Mrs. Dysart, poses less than you do."

Another wave of heart-sickness and anger swept over her; she felt the tears burning close to her lids and turned sharply on him:

"It's all rotten, I tell you—the whole personnel and routine—these people, and their petty vices and their

(Continued on Page 25)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada — By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents
Foreign Subscriptions For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2 75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 14, 1909

How About That Vacation?

A DISTINGUISHED psychologist has argued that everybody possesses a well, or reservoir, of reserve energy which he can tap at will. The operation to which he refers is familiar to the unlearned under the name of "second wind." You peg along until it seems that you are completely out of pegs, or pegged out, and couldn't possibly go another hole. Then, by a determined act of will, you create as many more pegs as you need to finish the row. Anybody can do it. But anybody can do a great many things that may be highly injudicious.

The subject is peculiarly interesting just now, for in midsummer more than at any other season this question of tapping the well, or of borrowing a handful of pegs from yourself, becomes crucially important to many people. It is the time when a great many are trying to decide whether they will take a vacation, which their bodily interest seems to demand and their business interest to forbid.

The question, we think, should always be considered in view of the fact that any one else can look after your business while there is nobody but yourself to look after your body. One of the scientific congresses scheduled to meet in the United States next year will especially consider this subject of fatigue, or overstrain, and try to indicate in how far it breeds disease, permanent loss of efficiency and so on. But we doubt whether an intelligent man who has a good, well-developed specimen of fatigue in his own possession needs a congress to instruct him what to do with it

There *are cases* in which a man actually cannot afford to take a vacation; but there are many more in which he cannot afford not to. We have never yet known any one who regretted taking the vacation; but we have known many who regretted not taking it, and with good cause.

The Case Against Shakspere

THREE hundred years of posthumous trouble for Shakspere grew out of a single line in Ben Jonson's eulogy. In the seventeenth century scholarly criticism tended to regard the Sweet Swan of Avon as a kind of inspired idiot who produced remarkable results in art without knowing in the least what he was about. Milton mentions that his easy-flowing numbers "shame slow-endeavoring art"; calls him "Fancy's child, warbling his native wood-notes wild." Another generously commends him as a "plebeian imp." Even Dryden felt obliged to contend that, while uneducated, he was "naturally learned."

Long before that Aristotle had laid down the rules for writing a play; but Shakspere departed widely from them. At nearly the same time, in another intellectual field, Bacon was departing widely from Aristotle. But every one knew that, as Bacon had spent three years at Cambridge, his departure must be the result of knowledge. Shakspere had no college education, so his departure must be the result of ignorance. As the departure was eminently successful, the ignorance seemed of a miraculous kind — much as though a Hottentot had happened to discover the law of gravitation.

In the course of time — namely, in about two hundred years — the learned world gradually discovered that Aristotle was as wrong, or as limited, in regard to drama as he was in regard to science. Everybody departed from his rules. Hence it appeared that Shakspere had really known how to write a play better than Aristotle did. This left the world with the following staggering conundrum:

"How could a man without a college education know so much?"

One answer immediately presented itself, namely:

"He didn't; Bacon wrote the plays."

If Jonson, instead of writing, "Thou hadst small Latin and less Greek," had written, "Thou wast a corking classical scholar," no question of his authorship of the plays would ever have arisen

The "State Interest" Fake

PRESIDENT TAFT'S first tariff statement began, "Mr. Young, of Michigan, opposed free ore" — on the ground, of course, that iron mining was an important industry of that state. Many valuable iron mines are located in Michigan, and most of them are owned by the Steel Trust. Mr. Oliver, who secured some of these mines for the Trust, said that, in the best of them, the labor cost amounted to five cents a ton.

From its Michigan mines the Trust extracted last year fifteen million tons of ore which it shipped to Pennsylvania and Illinois, there to be converted into products that were sold back to the people of Michigan at the monopolistic price which the tariff enabled the Trust to maintain.

Michigan contains two and a half million people. Only a small portion of them are engaged in iron mining. To those that are so engaged a duty on ore is of no benefit It adds not a penny to their wages. But all of the two and a half millions use iron and steel in some form. Everything they use, from a nail, a tin pan or a pound of barbed wire up to a steam engine, pays tribute to the Trust on account of the tariff

In the swapping of Congressional votes one duty hangs upon another. So, according to Mr. Young's philosophy, the people of Michigan ought to pay unnecessarily high prices, not only for pans and wire, but also for shoes and lumber, in order that the Steel Trust may make an agreeable profit out of its Michigan mines.

Doubtless this philosophy sounds good to the Trust. How does it sound to the people of Michigan?

Grandpa Up to Date

TO THE German, said Heine, Liberty is even as his grandmother in all vicissitudes he will keep a snug place for her at his chimney-corner.

Probably the thought that grandparents and chimney-corners go together is as old as time. For quite a while it has been notorious that hardly anybody had a chimney-corner. There is no room for one in a flat. But everybody still has grandparents. An obvious association of ideas led a sociological person into an investigation which enabled him to announce the discovery of a modern improvement far more significant than our wireless telegrams or fireless cookers — namely, our chimneyless grandparents

Evicted from their traditional niche, what has become of the grandparents? They have gone traveling, answers the investigator. In winter they swarm to Florida and California. In summer they hive all along the seashore. Every outbound ocean liner is laden with them. Whoever travels for pleasure must at once realize that this is true. His fellow-passengers are either young or gray, with the gray predominating. The modern child would as soon think of looking for Santa Claus up the chimney as for his grandparents beside it. He looks, instead, for a consignment of picture postcards sent by grandpa from Palm Beach, Rome or Pekin.

The total social effect of this condition must eventually be enormous. The enchimneyed grandparent was the grand repository of tradition and conservatism. He taught that the golden age of the world had happened about sixty years before — in the extreme northeast corner of Willimantic Township, Piscataquis County, Maine. The traveled grandparent has his doubts as to whether fifty years of the stony farm behind the big hill are really better than a cycle of Cathay, with trolley cars, electric lights and hot and cold water in every room

It is very possible, indeed, that this new-fangled stirring about on grandpa's part really accounts for the enormous difficulty which Mr. Kipling encounters in trying to make the world stay hitched

Century One of Democracy

ABOUT the time that Champlain discovered the lake which bears his name England and France were producing greater examples of literary art than either has produced since.

It is not impossible that men who had seen Shakspere and Molière on the stage took a hand in the cheerful butcheries which marked the early relations between the two races on this soil. The art seems very near to us; but the throat-cutting seems quite remote. To read Hamlet and Tartuffe makes the seventeenth century appear as yesterday. To read Parkman's account of Indians set on to assassinate helpless settlers makes it appear as the stone age. That time was about the top-notch of aristocracy.

We refer to Shakspere and Parkman merely for the purpose of indicating what sort of world aristocracy, at its very best, produced — a few great works of art and a large collection of vulgar corpses. Whether it had, in any material way, improved upon the Grecian model of two thousand years before is debatable

A suggestion that Canada and the United States should join in celebrating the approaching hundredth year of unbroken peace between them is already going around. A full century of peace between two countries that border each other along thousands of miles of unguarded boundary and have many commercial rivalries is certainly noteworthy. The fact illustrates the century itself — in which, without doubt, the mass of mankind advanced more than in many preceding centuries. Whoever contemplates that great advance should remember that it was accomplished in Century One of Democracy. We hope that idea will be prominent in the peace celebration.

A Government Exhibit

THAT opposition in the House to appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars for the President's traveling expenses was factious and foolish. As a matter of fact, the appropriation should be ten times as large, and include not only the President but the two other great branches of government. In spite of what the railroads and hotel-keepers say, only a very small fraction of the population of the United States ever goes to Washington. A vast majority have only the vaguest idea of what their government really looks like. Hence arises misconception and uncharitableness

They may occasionally catch a glimpse of the President at the state fair, urbanely smiling amidst huzzaing thousands, and unless some one is by to remind them of Cromwell's cheerful remark concerning himself in like circumstances — that twice as many would turn out to see him hanged — they may get an erroneous impression that the concern at Washington consists of a Chief Executive and numerous attendants whose only function is to cheer at frequent intervals.

Every state fair should have a look at the other branches — at the Supreme Court in its black robes, gravely reading pamphlets while an attorney gravely argues his case; at the Senate in session, and at the House — which might possibly be sufficiently represented by a collection of empty chairs and one member to address them

This would tend, we believe, to promote a truer understanding of government and a kindlier, more indulgent feeling toward it. Many people are exasperated now and then because the concern at Washington does not come up to their expectations. After looking it over personally there would be less probability of their being disappointed in that way.

The Value of the Open Door

A SIGNAL triumph of diplomacy was announced at Washington the other day. China proposes borrowing twenty-seven million dollars to build a railroad. After vast agitation among the Powers it was arranged that some New York bankers should be permitted to subscribe to the loan. Later dispatches intimate that Russia is deeply chagrined over this victory; but that the Czar will go the length of retaliating by lending Venezuela or Colombia some money right under our noses is deemed improbable.

A layman may not grasp the importance of inducing China to borrow a few millions from Kuhn, Loeb & Co. of New York rather than from their valued correspondents, Bleichroder & Co. of Berlin; or from the American house of J. P. Morgan & Co. rather than from the French house of Morgan, Harjes & Co. To him it may seem of no importance whether the loan is subscribed to by Speyer & Co. of New York or by Speyer & Co. of London. The significance lies in the fact that American participation in this loan insures the Open Door in China — by some mysterious law governing that most mysterious Oriental aperture.

For a dozen years, by one victory after another, American diplomacy has been holding that door open — and last year we managed to sell China twenty-two million dollars worth of goods, or considerably less than we sold her six years before. The Flowery Kingdom is a great importer of cotton cloth. For forty years we have been exporting, in the raw, two-thirds of our cotton crop — largely to England, which makes it into cloth and yarn and sells the same to China and the rest of the world. Our own sales of cotton cloth to China last year amounted to only three million dollars. The value of the Open Door, when we have nothing worth mentioning to sell China at a price she will pay, is a diplomatic secret.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He is Just the Jolliest Old Kentucky Gentleman You Ever Met

A Kentucky Solon

WHEN things are dull in Washington, with not a leaf stirring, and editors are howling for copy just the same, a favorite space-killer is a learned discussion of the probable retirement of John Marshall Harlan, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. You see, Mr. Justice Harlan has been eligible for retirement since June first, 1903, at full pay and with no worry about the constitutionality of anything.

Washington people have various local emotions, superinduced by their environment and some other things, and one is a fixed idea that any man who works when he doesn't have to work is odd, to say the least. Hence the majestic spectacle of John Marshall Harlan, aged seventy-six, working every day, when he might have been resting for the past six years, rather dazes Washington. Nobody understands it, except Mr. Harlan himself. When he is asked about it, asked why he doesn't retire and have a good time, he chuckles and remarks that the only way they will get him off the bench will be to take him off feet first.

Retire? Not so. Why should he retire? He is only seventy-six and just getting good. He can go out to the Chevy Chase links and whale a lot of youngsters along about fifty and sixty who think they know a bit about the game, and, if he feels like it, he can walk them off their feet, going and coming. One of these days he will take on President Taft, and then there will be something to write about, for it is a mighty tidy game of golf that Mr. Justice Harlan puts up.

He was talking once about the recurrent story that he would retire. "Now and then," he said, "the thought comes to me that I should retire in order that I may do certain work which I cannot well do while on the bench; but when I get close to the determination of the question the thought comes to me that my life would be shortened and, perhaps, become dreary if I should quit the work to which I have become accustomed, and in the doing of which I am most happy. So, I am undecided in the matter. It may be that my judicial work may end only with my life, unless in the meantime I am informed by those near me, and who have the right to advise me, that my duty is to give way to a younger man."

So, that settles that, for it would be a brave person who would advise this spry and sturdy citizen that he is too old to remain on the bench. He will never be too old. When a visitor goes into the little Supreme Court chamber in Washington and looks at the black-gowned and dignified justices sitting behind their bench, the first question, nine times out of ten, is, "Who is that one?" and the finger points to Mr. Justice Harlan. He looks like a Supreme Court Justice, like a man eminently fitted to interpret the highest law of the land. Taking a long chance, and ever mindful of the dignity and power of that institution, it may be said that occasionally—only occasionally—a black silk gown enfolds a Justice of the Supreme Court who does not exactly look the part.

In the Court of Last Resort

WHEN you come to think it over, the Supreme Court of the United States is a pretty hefty institution. There was that haughty citizen a time ago who strolled into the courtroom when an argument was being heard, and took a seat in the inclosure reserved for lawyers. After he had been there a few minutes an attendant came over and asked him: "Are you a member of the bar?"

The haughty person wasn't, but he took out a card with a flourish and handed it to the attendant.

The attendant received the card gravely, carried it to the clerk, who glanced at it and gave some instructions.

A moment later the haughty citizen was touched on the shoulder and asked to retire.

"Why?" he asked. "I sent up my card. It usually secures for me a seat in any court in the land."

"Certainly," said the attendant, "but please retire."

The haughty citizen did retire. When he got out in the corridor he fumed and fussed a bit.

"Sir," admonished the aged negro at the door, who has been there for many years, "think it over. Don't do no persiflagin' 'bout that co't. If you should git in contempt of them you ain't got nobody to appeal to but God."

He is a great old man, is Mr. Justice Harlan, and for more than thirty years he has been sitting on that bench, determining questions of the gravest importance to the nation. He is two inches more than six feet tall, straight as a youth, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with a massive head sparsely covered with white hair. His forehead juts out over his eyes, eyes that are blue and kindly, except when they are bent on a judicial problem. When he is acting as a judge he looks a judge, but when he is off the bench the blue eyes twinkle and the firm mouth softens to a kindly smile, and he is just the jolliest old Kentucky gentleman you ever met.

He is an active Presbyterian, and was vice-moderator of the General Assembly in 1905. Every Sunday he goes twice to the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, and he is very prominent in the affairs of the church at large. Like every Kentuckian, he is fond of what Kentucky produces. A friend who knew this sent him one day a jug of the best Bourbon obtainable. A few weeks later this friend happened in Washington and went, on a Sunday, to Justice Harlan's church. As the Justice came out, sedate and dignified, he spied this friend.

Instantly his face relaxed into a broad and genial smile. "Say," half shouted the Justice, waving his hand at his friend, "that was fine." Then, as he remembered where he was, he added hastily, "the sermon, I mean."

Mr. Justice Harlan has been on the Supreme Bench so long that his earlier activities are not generally known, and it is a general impression he was born an associate justice. He was a county judge in Kentucky as long ago as 1858, was the Whig candidate for Congress in 1859 in the Ashland district, and was a Presidential elector on the Bell and Everett ticket. He raised the Tenth Kentucky Infantry, serving in General Thomas' division. His father died in 1863 and, owing to family affairs, he resigned from the army, although his name was then before the Senate for confirmation as a brigadier. He was attorney-general of Kentucky from 1863 to 1867 and was the Republican candidate for governor in 1871. His name was presented for Vice-President with Grant in 1872, and in 1875 he was again an unsuccessful candidate for governor.

In 1876 he was chairman of his state delegation to the Republican National Convention. It is probable that he was most influential in securing the nomination of Hayes. At the crucial moment Harlan, acting as chairman of the Kentucky delegation, switched his delegation from Bristow to Hayes, after causing Bristow's name to be withdrawn, and thus defeated Blaine and nominated Hayes. It was the intention of President Hayes to make Harlan attorney-general, but politics interfered and Hayes offered Harlan a diplomatic post, which he declined. Harlan went to Washington, served on the Louisiana commission, and, in 1877, was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, where he is to this day much the oldest member in point of service.

Nobody in Washington can tell Kentucky stories so well as Justice Harlan, nobody likes so well to vary hard work with social intercourse, and no guest is more welcome. He laughs like a boy; jokes, jollies and yarns.

Some day when you are in the Supreme Court you may see the solemn justices sitting somnolently while a lawyer drones through his argument. Presently, Mr. Justice Harlan will stir to activity, and beckon to an attendant. The attendant comes, listens respectfully to his whispered instructions. Then he tiptoes over to Mr. Justice White, whose massive head is bowed on his breast. He touches Mr. Justice White on the shoulder, whispers something in his ear, and the great Louisiana jurist nods sagely, and reaches down into his trousers pocket, pulling his silk robe away much as a woman sweeps aside her skirt. He looks across to Mr. Justice Harlan, who is watching him, nods again and smiles a suspicion of a smile. The attendant tiptoes back to Mr. Justice Harlan and hands him something.

The great Kentucky jurist reaches into his own pocket, takes out a knife and cuts off a piece of the object Mr. Justice White has sent him, beams his thanks across at the great Louisiana jurist and, bending over, puts his hand rapidly to his mouth, sighs a great sigh of satisfaction and leans back in his chair again.

The attendant tiptoes back to Mr. Justice White, hands him the something he sent to Mr. Justice Harlan. Mr. Justice White looks surprised that any of it came back, but stows away what he has left in his pocket, and his head sinks again. Not a sound can be heard but the droning of the lawyer. Mr. Justice Harlan has borrowed a chew of plug from Mr. Justice White.

Very Dry Ground

A YOUNG man who lived in Chicago was drinking more than was good for him. His friends tried to stop him, but were unsuccessful.

Finally, one of them took him to Peoria, Illinois, where there are many great distilleries. They arrived about eight o'clock one evening and walked around.

"Now, look here, Jim," said the good Samaritan friend, "all these big buildings you see here are distilleries. I just brought you down here to show you that your idea you can drink all the whisky they make is foolish. You can't beat them. You can't consume what they make and you'd better quit."

"Maybe I can't consume all they make," the young man replied, "but," he added with much pride, "I'll have you notice I've got them working nights."

Back to the Home Roost

A TRAVELER in Arkansas came to a cabin and heard a terrifying series of groans and yells. It sounded as if murder was being committed.

He rushed in and found a gigantic negro woman beating a wizened little old man with a club, while he cried for mercy.

"Here, woman!" shouted the traveler, "what do you mean by beating that man?"

"He's mah husban', an' I'll beat him all I likes," she replied, giving the man a few more cracks by way of emphasis.

"No matter if he is your husband, you have no right to murder him."

"Go 'long, white man, and luf me alone. I'll suah beat him some moah."

"What has he done?"

"Wha's he done? Why, this triflin' no-'count nigger done lef' de door of my chicken-house open and all mah chickens done gone out."

"Pshaw, that's nothing. They will come back."

"Come back? No, suh, they'll go back."

What He Got

A GOOD many years ago, in the State of Iowa, there was a small boy hoeing potatoes in a farm lot by the roadside. A man came along in a fine buggy and driving a fine horse. He looked over the fence, stopped and said: "Bub, what do you get for hoeing those potatoes?"

"Nothin' ef I do," said the boy, "and hell ef I don't."

Two Hits to Spare

THE late Colonel Rossington, of beloved memory, used to tell a story of a baseball game played in Topeka once between the married men and the bachelors.

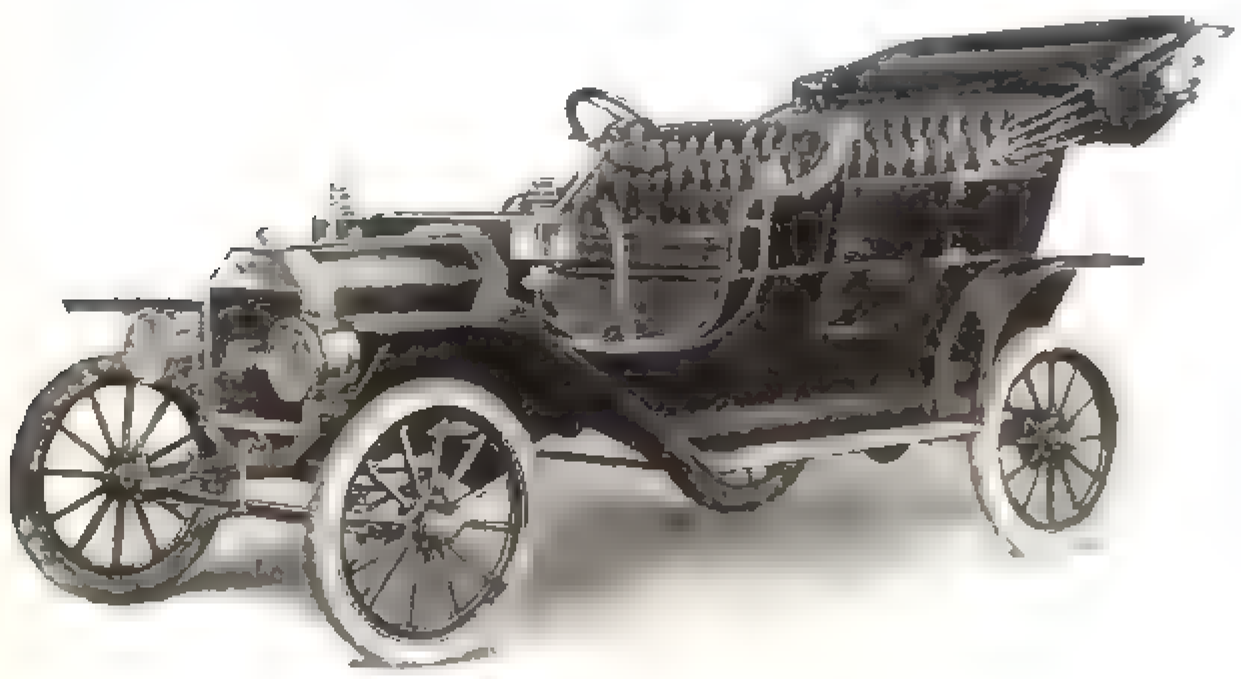
A man named Flood came to bat. The pitcher put over a straight one and Flood knocked the ball over the fence.

Instead of starting for the first base Flood braced himself and stood stock still.

"Run, you idiot!" screamed the spectators. "Run! Why in blazes don't you run?"

"Run?" calmly queried Flood. "What would I run for? I've got two more clouts at it."

FORD MODEL T CARS FOR 1910

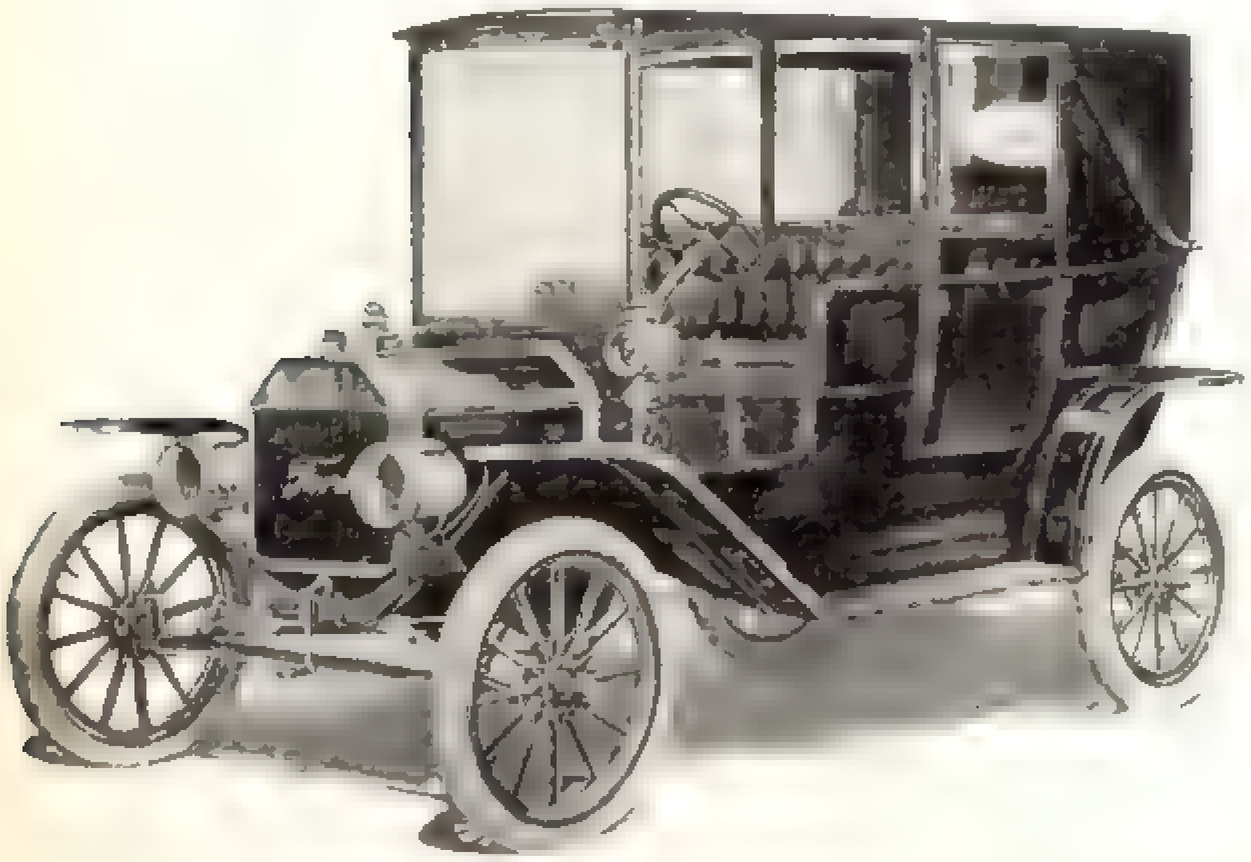


5-Passenger Touring Car — $850.00

High priced quality in a low priced car

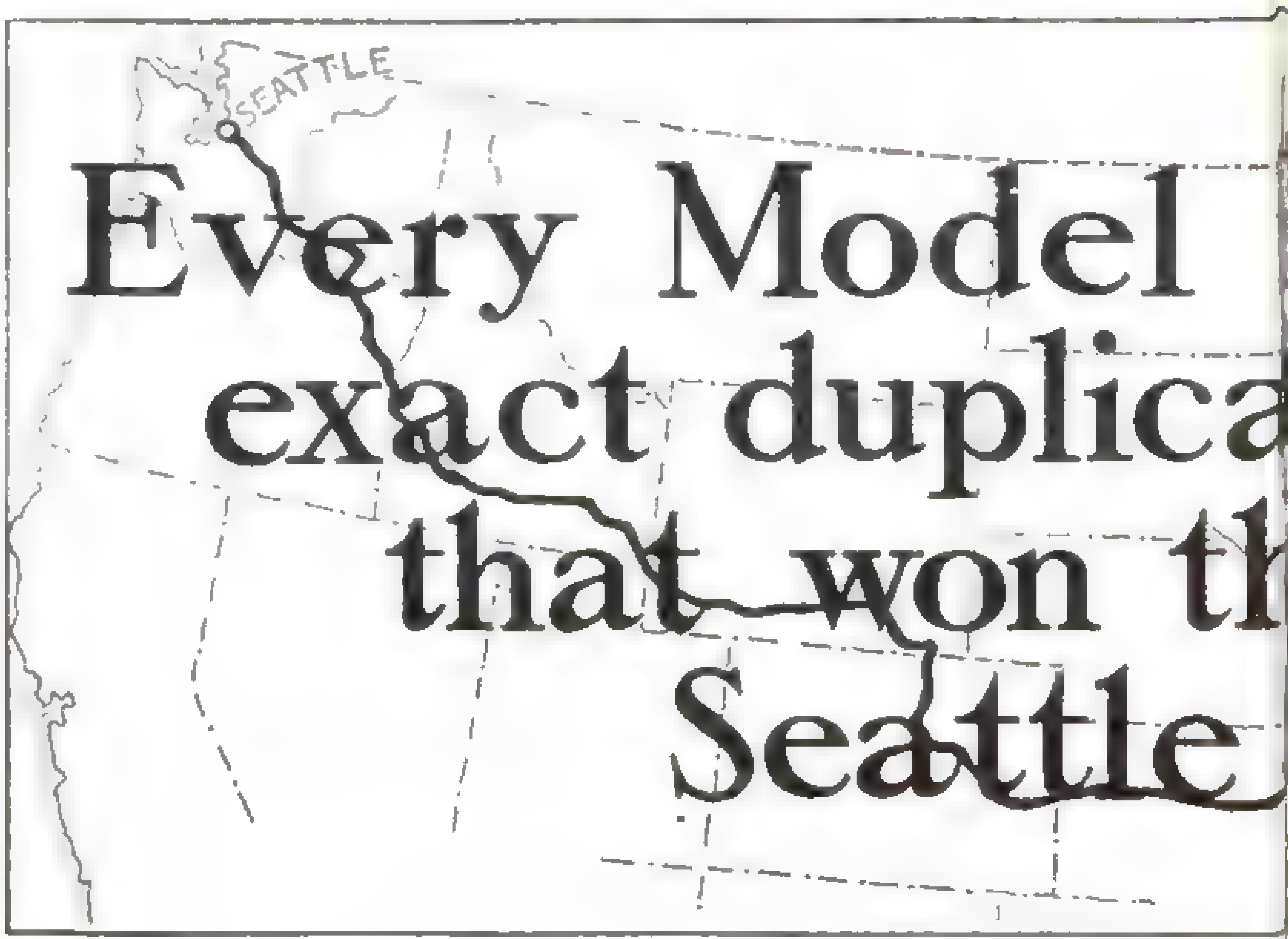
Roadster — $825.00 Showing top and curtains in use

Roomy, accessible, comfortable and nifty in appearance



Town Car — $1000.00

Is replacing $5000.00 cars in many private garages



Every Model exact duplica that won th Seattle

The New York to Seattle Race was won by a Ford Model "T" car taken from stock. This car won the hardest, longest race ever run, beating cars of from 45 to 60 h. p., selling for from $4,500 to $6,000. In this race from Ocean to Ocean, this Ford car established a new record for the trip, made the record in open competition, and not only arrived first in Seattle, thereby winning the Guggenheim Trophy, but was first at 27 out of a total of 30 checking stations.

The Same Car Went the Entire Trip, complied with all the rules and arrived in Seattle, after making the 4,100 miles in 20 days and 52 minutes, without having had to make a replacement of any of its parts, all parts bearing the marks of identification with which they were stamped at New York. The Shawmut entry arrived the following day, the Acme one week later, the foreign representative, Itala, gave up at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and the Stearns did not get out of New York State.

The Practicability of the Car for every conceivable road condition was thereby unqualifiedly proven. You cannot go back on such facts as this race brought out. Do you want a boulevard car? The Model "T" Ford easily held its own on the macadamized roads of New York and Ohio. It ran from Buffalo to Cleveland, 196 miles in 7¼ hours. Must your car run well on roads deep with mud? The Ford leaving Cleveland in the pouring rain, and at the same time as all other cars, traveled 125 miles in the mud and arrived in Toledo four hours ahead of its nearest competitor.

Do You Want a Car for the Hills? The winner crossed four mountain ranges, Catskill, Rocky, Blue and Cascade and had no difficulty making better time than its heavier competitors. It was pre-eminently superior in this mountainous country as well as in sand, and had there been sleeping arrangements on the car as was the case with competitive cars, the Ford could have easily increased its lead one or more days.

Additional Reasons for Preferring Ford cars are presented in its maintenance figures. On average roads, the winning car made 22 to 25 miles on a gallon of gasoline. It arrived in Seattle with the original wind in both front tires while the rear tires were changed only because of wear caused by constant use of chains. Ford owners—there are now nearly 30,000, 10,000 of them having Model "T" cars—have shown by actual figures that the replacement and repair item is very small and as all parts are standardized and 1,500 dealers carry repairs, any part can be quickly obtained anywhere in the world and at a minimum price, for that is fixed by the Ford Motor Company and is based on the cost of the complete car.

"The Story of the Race" describing the Ocea

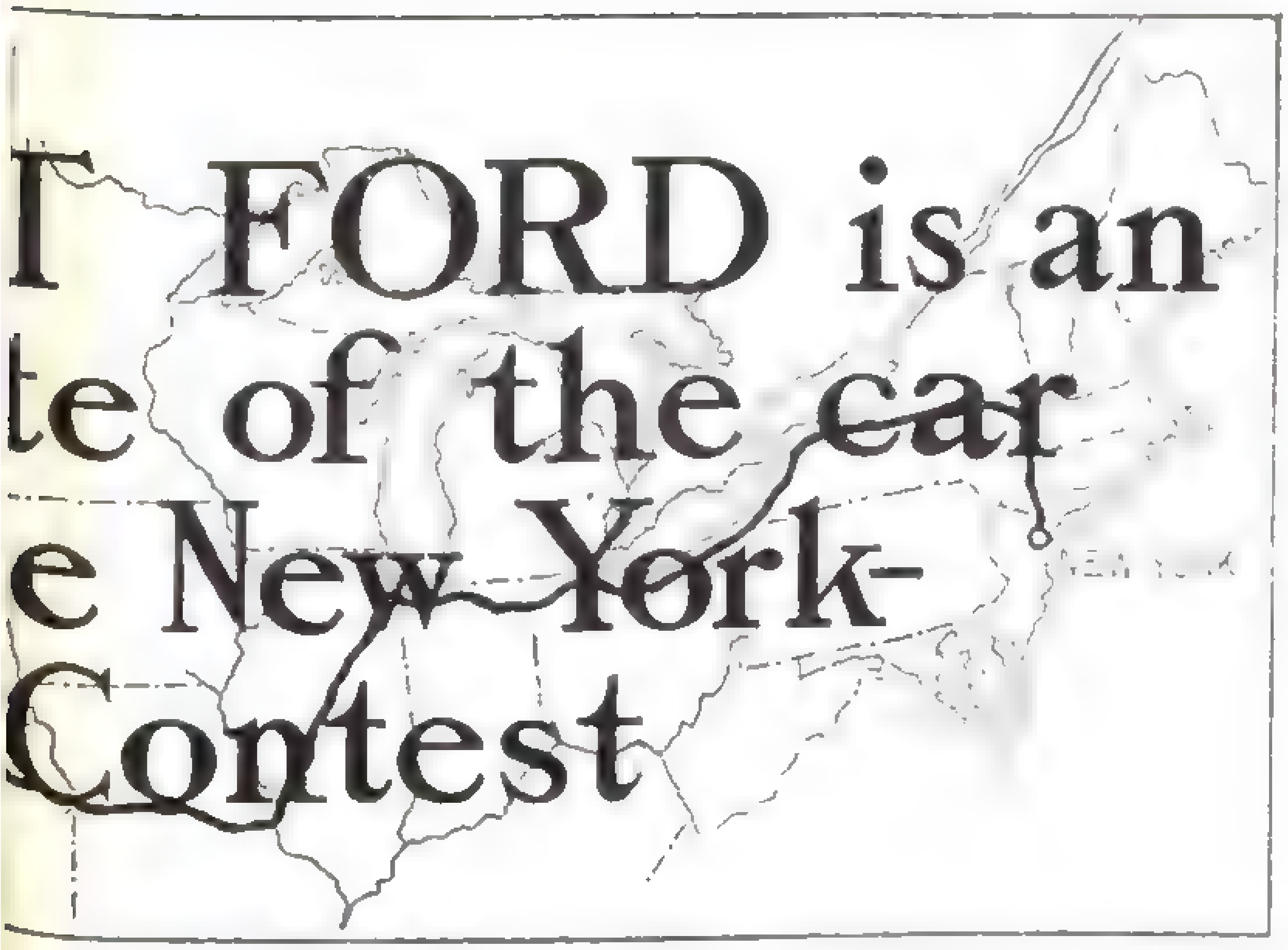
BRANCHES IN

Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.
Cleveland, O.
Denver, Col.
Detroit, Mich.
Kansas City, Mo.
New York, N. Y.
Philadelphia, Pa.
St. Louis, Mo.
Seattle, Wash.
Paris, France
London, England

Ford Motor

Standard Manufact

266 Piquette Aven



T FORD is an
te of the car
e New York-
Contest

We Can Deliver You a Car immediately—Select the style desired, go to the nearest dealer or branch—you will find one or the other in almost every city—and put in an order. If the dealer has no car on hand, pay him the one hundred dollar deposit, have him wire in the order, instructing that we have the car ready to ship immediately upon receipt of confirmation. We are shipping from 400 to 500 cars every week—that's one reason for the low price—and can take care of all orders very promptly.

Two Cars for the Price of One—or rather for less—for a touring car bought today or a tourabout or roadster can in less than an hour be converted into a coupe, landaulet or town car for cold weather service. Buy an open car now and when the season changes, buy a closed body. The expense is small, just the cost of the body (send for price list) and the labor as noted.

SPECIFICATIONS IN BRIEF

Engine—4-cylinder, 20 H. P.

Cylinders—Cast in one block, top removable, affording easy access to all parts of engine.

Transmission—Ford Spur Planetary, new design. No internal gears, smooth, easy acting and quiet.

Ignition—Ford Low Tension magneto generator—built integral with motor direct driven by engine shaft. No batteries. No gears, belts, brushes or contact points to give trouble.

Wheels—30", with 3" tires in front, 3½" rear. Highest grade pneumatic tires, the makes decided upon by popular vote of 1,500 Ford dealers. Wheel base, one hundred inches. Tread 56", or if so ordered 60".

Steel—Ford Vanadium, heat-treated throughout. We defy anyone to break a Ford Vanadium spring, axle, shaft, gear or other part with any test less than 50% more severe than required to break any other type.

Fuel Capacity—10 gallons of gasoline; sufficient to run the car from 200 to 225 miles with a load of four persons.

Weight—1200 pounds; plenty of weight for every practical purpose, no dead weight.

Standard Equipment—Side oil lamps, tail lamp, tube horn and gas lamp brackets. Touring Car, Tourabout and Roadster ironed for top.

Price—Touring Car, $850.00; Tourabout, $850.00; Roadster, $825.00; Coupe, $1000.00; Landaulet, $1100.00; Town Car, $1000.00, F. O. B. Detroit.

Ocean Contest, will be mailed upon request

Company

s—A. M. C. M. A.

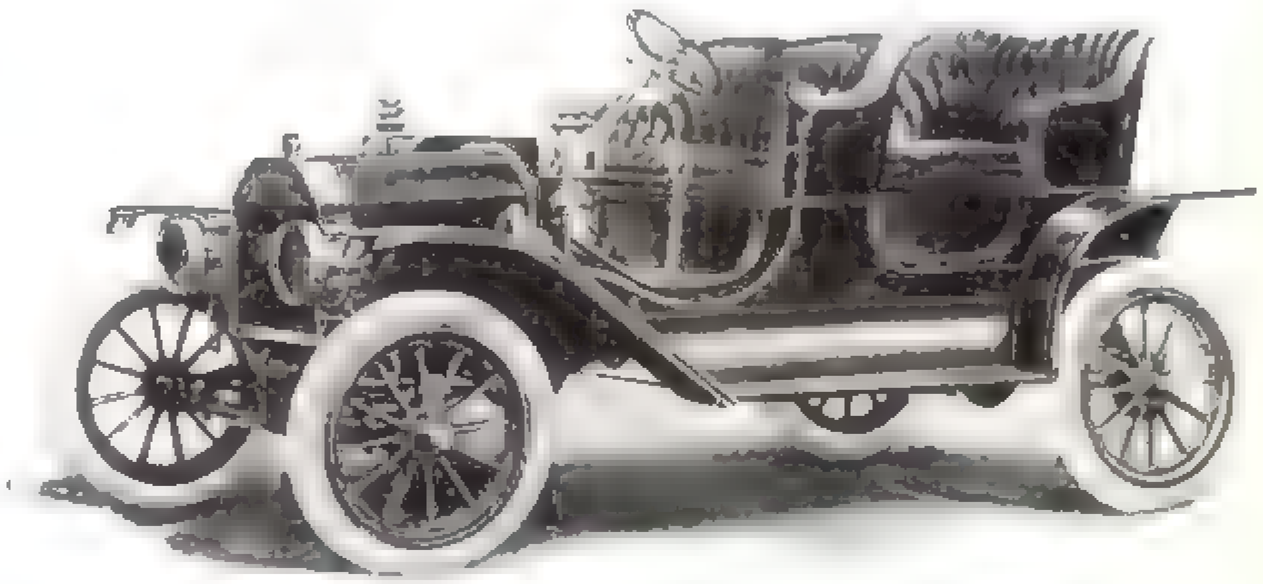
, Detroit, U. S. A.

Canadian trade supplied
by
THE FORD MOTOR
CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
Walkerville, Ont.
Branch: Toronto, Ont.

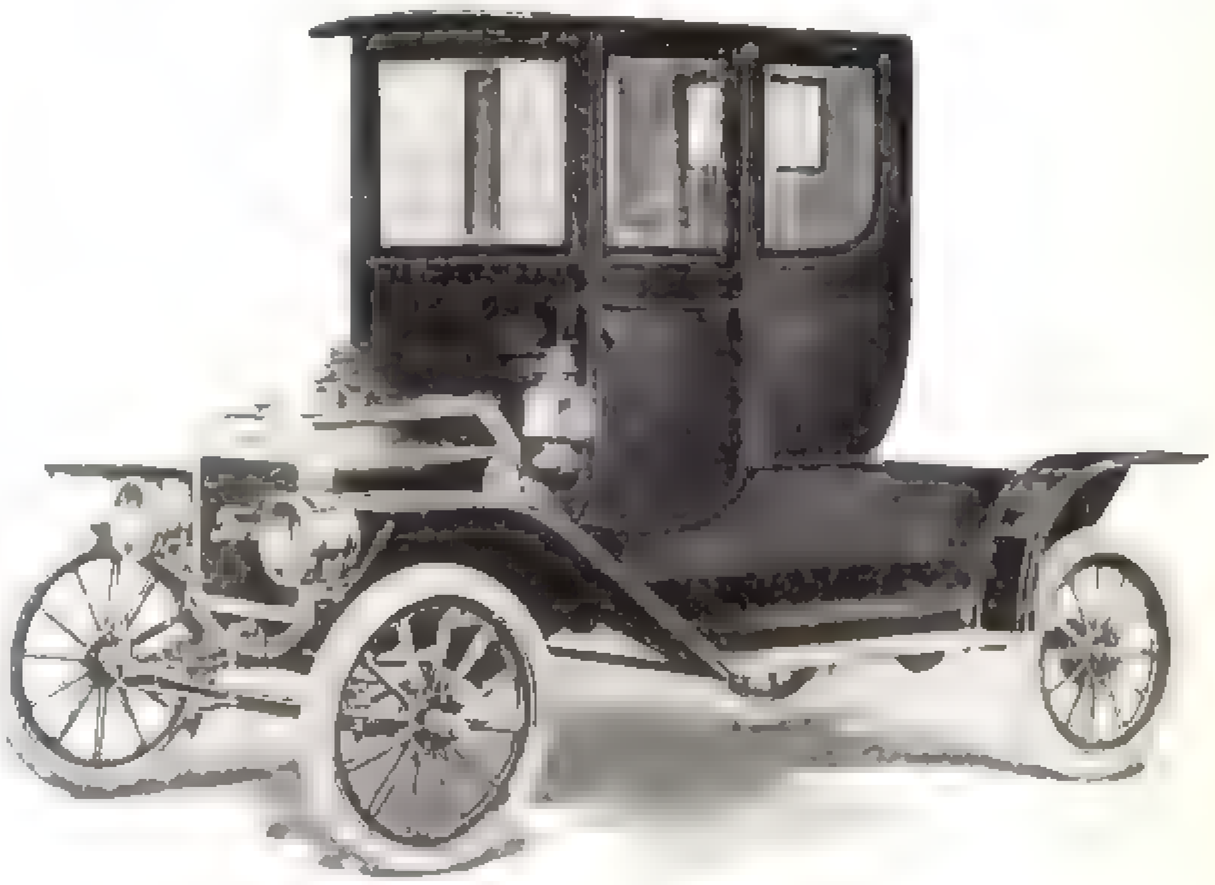
Dealers in all principal
towns and cities of
the world

WRITE FOR
CATALOG

ALL FORD BODIES INTERCHANGEABLE

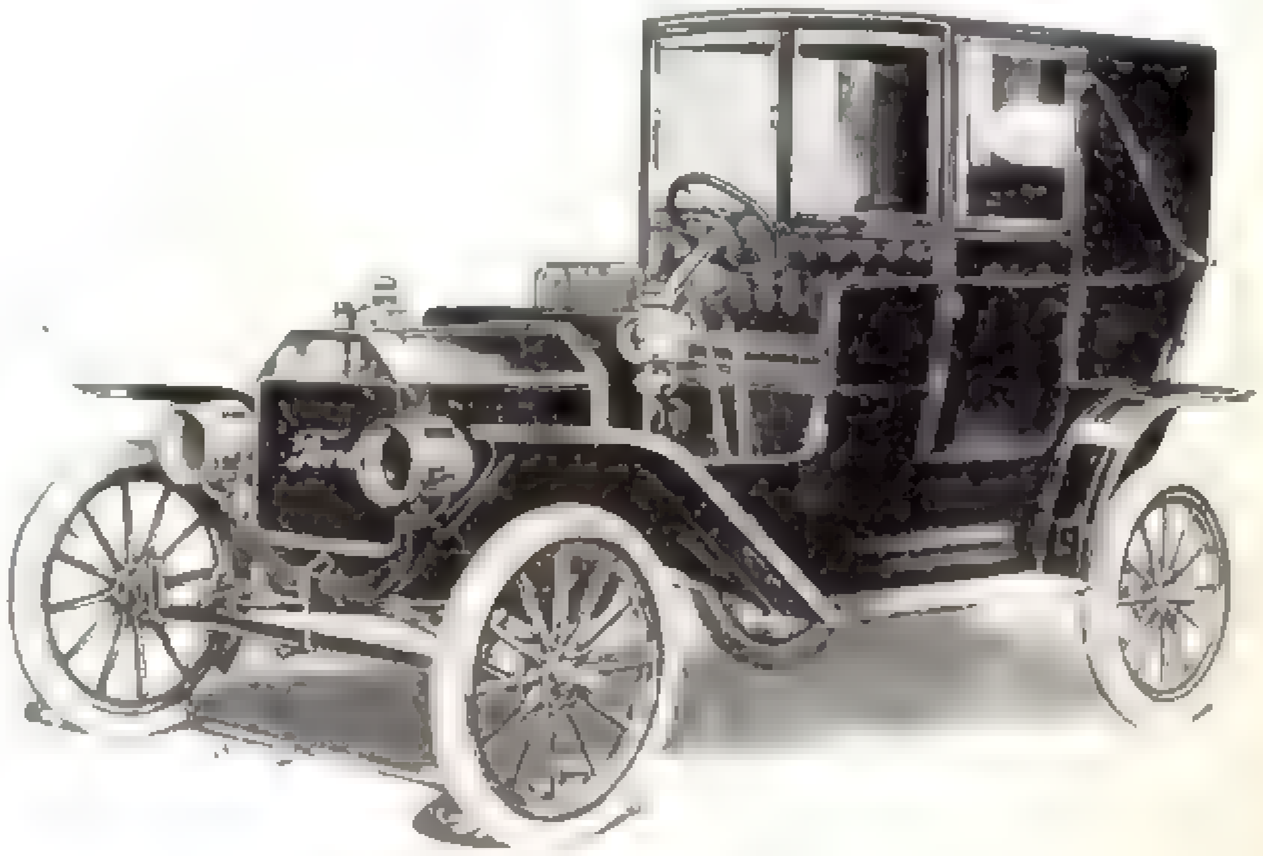


Tourabout—$850.00



Coupe—$1000.00

The ideal Doctor's car and at a reasonable price



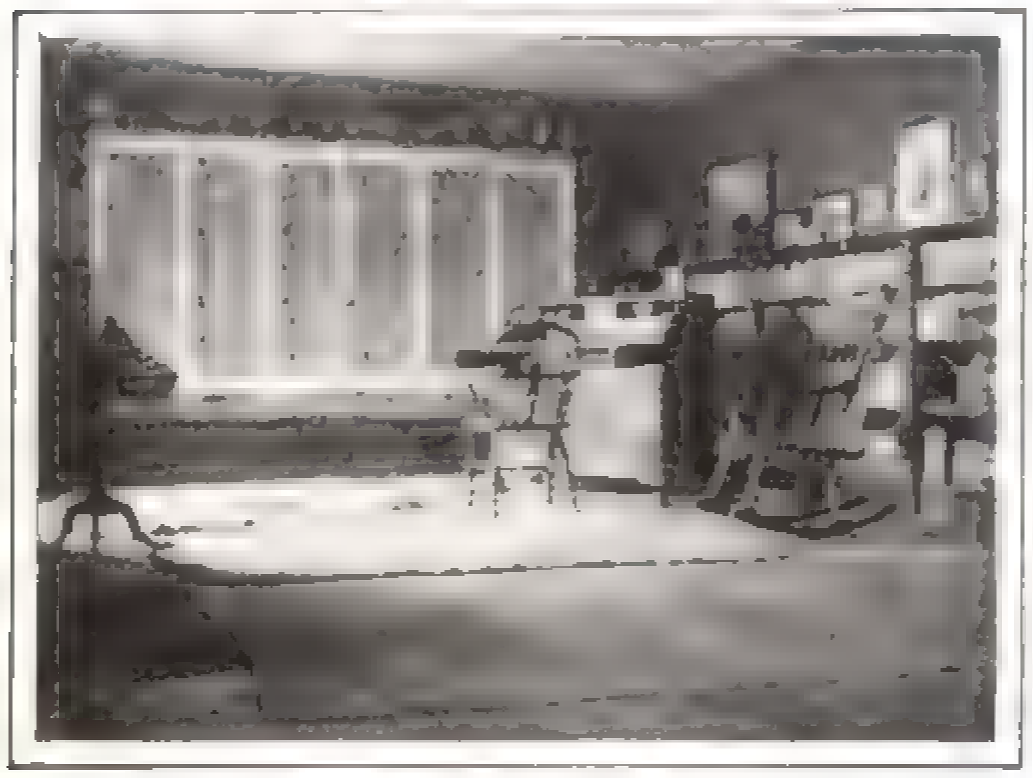
Landaulet—$1100.00

A taxicab that gives the owner a chance to make some money

Adventures in Home-Making

Beginning With the Library

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton



Of Small Panes Nothing Carries More Attractiveness Than the Diamond Shape

IT WAS the library with which we began; and, looking back on it all, it seems as if the two primary ideas we had in mind were that a library should look like a library and that a long room ought to be of practically equal importance at either end.

A library should have shelves and books, or, at least, there should be a place for shelves, and there should be the intention to get the books. There are so-called libraries whose wall-space is so taken up with doors and windows and fireplaces and heavy furniture as to leave no room for shelves. Such rooms may be very attractive, but they should not be called libraries. David Copperfield's home at Blunderstone had a rookery without rooks, a pigeon-house without pigeons, and a great dog-kennel without any dog. It needed only a library without books.

The presence of books presupposed, they should be in view. In the early days of books, when each copy represented lavish cost, and when many books were in precious illuminated manuscript, they were kept in covered chests or closed cases, like other costly treasure; and precious rarity is excuse sufficient for such a library of today as that of the Vatican, which keeps its books out of sight. But the usual library ought to show its books freely.

Nor should it be overlooked that the appearance of the books themselves, in row after row of soft greens or reds or buckram, is an important factor in the decorative appearance of the room and should add much to the attractiveness. Serried rows of books are such a delight to the eye that one almost finds it in his heart to pardon the men who merely order sufficient well-bound volumes to fill spaces, without regard to titles.

The appearance of a library is much the best when there is no glass in front of the books. It is hard to make a room look well with case after case glass-fronted. And, too, the absence of doors and glass gives a delightful air of accessibility.

How to Treat Long Rooms

The idea that every long room should have its two ends equally inviting, equally interesting, equally engaging, involves the taking up of a different problem with every room. And yet, broadly speaking, the ways are three: to have a window, or cluster of windows, at each end, with a fireplace midway along the side, as we have seen delightfully done in a new home in the outskirts of Philadelphia; to have a fireplace at each end, for twin blazes to flicker at each other, as in the banquet-room of Independence Hall, and as we remember seeing in one of the charming homes of the Eastern Shore; or to have a fireplace at one end and attractive windows at the other, which was our own choice under our own circumstances. And this gave admirable advantages. The front end, opening in the ideal direction of southeast, would have a cluster of windows and a window-seat; and the other end, facing the bleakest direction, northwest, would have neither door nor window but only the chimney-wall and the fireplace. In addition, there would be light from each side.

This was all very well; but, at the time we planned it, the wing that was to hold the library showed no indication of the intended future. There was no room of fit size or shape, no fireplace where it was needed, no bank of windows, no proper places for shelves. And with this absence of what was needed there went a surplusage of what we had to discard.

Had it been necessary to build a wing, a good way would have been to have one of steel framework and concrete: an admirable method of putting up a fireproof wing with no unreasonable cost. But fortunately, we had the wing. And that it needed partitions and stairs removed, a chimney altered, a fireplace built, windows and doors shifted, is merely mentioned to show that one should not be discouraged or deterred by seeming formidable obstacles. To make such changes was a matter of far less expense than it would have been to build.

The lower floor of the wing we found cut up into two rooms, with a hall between, from which one stair led up and another down. It was a situation without possible good treatment or good use as it stood.

The partitions were torn down, that being a very brief task. It was good fortune that the beams in the ceiling ran crosswise of the rooms. Had they run the long way and rested on the partitions, support would have been necessary when the partitions were removed. Probably a heavy and visible square timber would have been set across, to carry the weight, and in that case the entire ceiling would have been continued similarly to give a complete timbered effect; but all the timbers excepting the supporting one would have been hollow boxes so as to give the desired appearance without adding great weight. The obvious expedient of putting in supporting pillars we would not have adopted, for they would have broken the lines of the room.

The removal of the two staircases was another thing that gave big-seeming results from small work, and then came the necessary plastering and flooring repairs to fill the spaces. And we realized that if there had to be a repair in hardwood flooring, it was well that it came, as did this in the center of the room, because a rug would be sure to be there when it came to the furnishing.

Well, we had now attained to unattractive chaos: apparent chaos and certain unattractiveness. We had a bare, unsightly, hopeless, disconsolate room, thirty feet by fifteen, by eight feet nine in height, with fragments of three kinds of wall-paper staring from the sides and with ceiling and floor both prominently patched.

At the front end of the room was a meager-looking door and an inadequate window, opening upon a splendid view of miles of valley and hill. The opposite end showed only a smudged stovepipe hole up near the ceiling to suggest the fireplace and hearth of our dreams.

It was now a room with six doors and four windows, and the ridiculous redundance of doors was at once reduced by taking out four useless ones and lathing and plastering flush with the wall where they had stood. In a multitude of doorways is unwisdom.

That the floor level of the wing was a little higher than that of the rest of the house, thus making the library reachable by a rise of a couple of steps, was a distinct aid in giving to the room an air of seclusion and retirement. Had this difference in floor level been between other rooms—say, between bedroom and hall, or kitchen and dining-room—it would have been a defect, a drawback, a fault; but here, taking advantage of it to set apart the library, it was a pleasurable benefit.

The Diamond-Pane Windows

The door of approach, one of the two doors that were allowed to remain, opened from the parlor; the other, opposite, upon a little outside portico. But this portico door was needlessly insignificant and, therefore, was replaced by an old "Dutch" door, heavy and broad, swinging massively in its disjoined halves. So heavy a door deserved a heavy knocker, and the great, black, iron one put upon it had been secured years before in an opportune moment, when the chance of seeing it and the offering of twenty-five cents for it saved it from being tossed away as rubbish.

In the portico we set an old time-eaten chest of oak, piratically iron-banded and strong, and contrived the double debt to pay of wood-box and bench.

It is admirable for a library to have small window-panes, as an aid in maintaining the sense of privacy, rather than great panes of glass that seem to bring in the distractions of all outdoors. But small panes do not mean small or insufficient windows. That fascinating library of Romola's father, long and dusky and dim and small-windowed, would have been the better for plenty of light, and the old scholar's eyes would not have failed him so soon.

Of small panes nothing carries more attractiveness than the diamond shape,

Giving an Air of Seclusion and Retirement

The Prize Edition of "New York's Leading Fashion Catalogue"
Ready August 26 – Write for it to-day
A Copy is FREE
[illegible] this Prize Edition. [illegible] described
Tailored Suits, Coats, Dresses
$8.00 to $100.00
Skirts, Costumes, Waists, Furs, Underwear, Hats, Corsets, Etc.
Everything to wear for Women, Misses and Children at the lowest prices ever quoted
New York Styles Show Radical Changes

Here is a sample of Simpson-Crawford values. A Tailored Suit Fine Quality all wool Broadcloth. Black, Navy, Brown, Gray or Dark Green, Our Special Price
$11.50 Express Prepaid
Suit No. S 25
$11.50 Express prepaid
The Coat [illegible] inches long [illegible] the new [illegible] New York [illegible] hands [illegible] buttons [illegible] effectively employed to [illegible] the seams are slashed. [illegible] with good [illegible] guaranteed to wear for two seasons.
The Skirt [illegible] made with nine gores [illegible]
Sizes [illegible] Skirts are about [illegible] and are finished with [illegible] Order by bust measure only
Our Special Price, $11.50 Express Prepaid
POSITIVELY $18.00 VALUE
OUR GUARANTEE
If you are not perfectly satisfied with anything we send you—we want you to return it to us immediately, and we will promptly and cheerfully refund your money.
YOU TAKE NO RISK
For Over 30 years Recognized Leaders of New York Fashions
[illegible] Style Quality and Prices [illegible] we pay postage and express charges enabling YOU to shop in New York's Foremost Fashion Store [illegible]
Write TO-DAY for FREE copy of Prize Catalogue
Address Dept. S
Simpson Crawford Co.
SIXTH AV 19TH TO 20TH STREET NEW YORK
Founded 1865

GRAVIES
test the ability of a cook.
To insure success use

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and Salad Dressings are greatly improved by its use.

Try it!

The leading chefs and cooks throughout the world know the value of Lea & Perrins Sauce as the "final touch" to many a dish.

Unequalled as a Digestive.

John Duncan's Sons,
Agts., New York

TRY THIS SELF-HEATING IRON FREE.

Use the Ideal Self-Heating Sad Iron free for 10 days — iron two big washings with it — use it every day on the fine things you do up yourself — in the sewing room for pressing — iron everything from the heaviest bedspreads to the baby's lace cap.

Iron in Comfort

Away from the hot kitchen — without taking an extra step — at a cost of less than One cent a day.

The Ideal Self-Heating Sad Iron is absolutely safe — we guarantee it. It is simple — nothing to get out of order. [illegible] You can regulate its heat instantly — something not possible in an electric iron. It is invaluable in [illegible] tilted for use. It does not spill.

The Ideal Self-Heating Sad Iron comes in three sizes. The Housewife's size 6 lbs., the 9 lb. for Dressmakers' use and the Tailor's goose 14 lbs.

Write us today — we will send you our free trial offer.

THE IDEAL SAD IRON MFG. CO.
Dept. 39, Cleveland, Ohio.
DEALERS: WRITE FOR AGENCY AT ONCE.

300% PROFIT

[illegible] No tru[illegible] ners make big mone[illegible]

O I C COMPANY 1334 Unity Bldg. Chicago

STANLEY HALL (A School For Girls) Certificate to leading Women's Colleges and Universities. Prepares for Bryn Mawr examinations. [illegible] the leading Conservatory of Music of the North. [illegible] OLIVE A. EVERS, Prin., Minneapolis, Minn.

and for the window end of our own library we knew that the diamond panes were what we wanted. And Fortune was very good to us. In the loft of the barn were eight diamond-pane windows, thrown away and forgotten. They had never been used in this house. No one knew how long they had lain there, or who had gathered them, or where and they thus strangely came to us from unknown hands out of the shadowy past.

They were sadly shabby and shattered, but a mechanic of the old school was found, an old German, careful, patient, skillful, painstaking, and his eyes lighted with pleasure as the work was shown to him.

Two were hopelessly broken; but that was all right, because the wall had room for only six.

He spread the latticed sash out and worked over them with a sort of eager and patient devotion, and, giving the two worst broken to the needs of the others, he transferred panes of glass and tiny criss-cross bars till six were complete. There were fifty-eight pieces of glass in each sash, in panes and marginal half-panes — three hundred and forty-eight for the six — and it is a literal fact that the two windows too far gone for repair yielded precisely enough glass to repair the others! — precisely enough, to a pane, with no piece to buy and none to spare.

The Comfortable Window-Seat

A long window-seat came naturally. For a room like this one thinks at once of such a usable window-seat as that in the studio of Trilby's friends, which "spread itself in width and length and delightful thickness." Many window-seats are too narrow for sitting and too short for lying and too impracticable for anything else.

The seat was given just the length of the windowed space, and a comfortable two feet of width. A six-foot stretch in the center is covered with a woven-wire spring, but each end is boarded over. A three-inch thick mattress upholstered in heavy woolen cloth is over the entire length, and in measuring for cloth for this or a similar purpose the upholsterer's rule should be remembered: that one-seventh must be added to each dimension for tufting, for otherwise there will be provoking scantiness.

On this long window-bench eight people may coincidently sit, three may coincidently lounge, and one alone may lie or lounge or sit, and read in the best of lights or look off at a long-distance view.

Above the diamond-pane windows was placed a broad shelf running from side to side of the room. Now, such a shelf would be the reverse of desirable, it would be a distinct mistake, if there were not befitting things to place upon it. If it were to remain empty it would be a blemish, and if covered with a medley of knickknacks, an even worse blemish. We put up this shelf to hold a collection of old pewter. The great advantage of old pewter as a decoration is its soft glow of color and its fine simplicity, while its close connection with the daily and intimate life of the past gives it a touch of peculiar fascination.

Now, what should the bookshelves themselves be? This was an important matter indeed.

It usually looks best and costs least to have shelves made for the particular room and built into it. It is the American custom of frequent changes of home that makes people hesitate to build in bookcases which cannot be carried away with them — though, oddly enough, the same people will not hesitate to lay hardwood floors and build porches without considering that they, likewise, cannot be moved.

This new room of ours had thirty-five feet and a half to be devoted to shelving, this taking in all of the wall-length except the chimney-corners, and seeming to put shelves all around the room. Of course, we hoped to have cases of good design, and they were, at the same time, to be fittingly inconspicuous, as cases are primarily but a support and a background for the most important feature of a library — the books.

We decided to have low-set cases, because they hold and display the books while, at the same time, they do so without so encroaching on the wall surface as to prevent the free and effective hanging of pictures.

The plan was presented to the contracting carpenter, with all the various measurements and with sketches showing the desired design of the proposed pilasters and the ample cornicing.

There were to be five separate cases besides small return cases filling the short space between the diamond-paned windows and the side wall and giving a marked sense of completeness to the plan.

The height of the cases was to be four feet and a half, thus making it convenient to open a book upon the top, and permitting the hanging of pictures at the ideal height of the eye-line.

There were to be four shelves, at graduated heights, in each case, and the lowest was to be six inches above the floor, to make it more convenient to reach the books and read the titles on that lowest shelf and at the same time to establish for the books a protection from feet and brooms.

It is customary, for some unexplainable reason, to have a corrugated and projecting moulding below the bottom shelf of low bookcases, whereas there ought to be a plain and vertical board, set back a trifle from the shelf line to minimize toe-stub marks.

At intervals there were to be plain pilasters to mask the narrow edges of shelf-supporting boards which, unmasked, would give an effect of crude boxiness. These pilasters were to be four inches wide at the floor, diminishing to three at the top, and were to have narrow capitals of small moulding, which itself was on the same height with a line of similar moulding running under the length of the flat tops of the cases. The design for this moulding was taken from the simple moulding of the mantelpiece already chosen for this room.

Pilasters were equally needful at the ends as at these intervals of support, and with the end pilasters a puzzling problem presented itself, for the outside edges needed to be vertical. With much doubt, for we feared some queer result, the carpenter was told to run the outside edge of each terminal pilaster straight up and down, and the inside edge on the tapering line. And this turned out so well that not only is the needful terminal straightness preserved, but the eye fails to detect that there is any variation in the taperings.

Ideal Built-in Bookcases

The shelves were to be ten inches wide, and the top twelve inches. We had been warned against any greater length of unsupported shelf than thirty-six inches, but, thinking that a repetition of such short sections would not look well, involving, as it would, so many pilastered breaks, we risked fifty-four inches for several of them; and, the wood being well-seasoned and good, have had no reason to repent it, while, at the same time, finding the long, unbroken rows of books far more attractive than shorter ones would be. And if, at any time, a shelf should warp, it will simply need to be turned over, to straighten it.

There was to be neither woodwork nor wall-paper behind the books, and the wall there was merely to be painted an inconspicuous reddish brown.

For the cases and shelves the bid was only $61.25, and they were all to be fitted in place; this last being an important point, especially in building in cases in an old house, as a great deal of what carpenters call "scribing" would be necessary — that is, cutting to fit to a somewhat irregular wall surface.

The bid was accepted, but there was, after all, a good deal of risk, for there was no certainty as to what the mill, with which the carpenter placed the order, would bring forth. But the results were in every particular admirable, each detail being seen to just as we hoped for.

And there was one detail that came with humorous unexpectedness. As there would be quite a difference in cost between fixed shelves and shelves arranged to adjust in height at will, the adjustable seemed really an unnecessary expense, in view of the many other things to be done about the new home, and so the carpenter was given definite measures for the spacing, and no mention at all was made of making the shelves movable.

But when they came they were found to be adjustable, after all! And the carpenter said, apologetically: "I got some of those measures mixed, and I was afraid they'd be wrong, and so I just had all the shelves made for adjustable heights. You like them just as well, don't you?" he added, a little anxiously.

We did.

Editor's Note — This is the third paper by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton upon the making of a home.

Vacation air all Winter

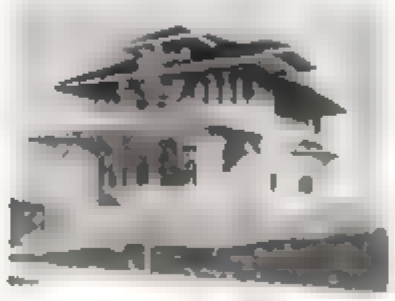
You spend much time and money all Summer seeking to keep yourself and family in the outside air. The air of Winter is, if anything, purer. The reason many a family does not get the benefit of pure, fresh air all the year round is because they stick to stuffy, ashy, gas-laden, old-fashioned heating methods.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

warm the air as fast as it comes in and just where it comes in. The Hot Water or the Low-Pressure Steam is gently but surely piped to the AMERICAN Radiators that warm the cold air as it flows under, through, over and around them. The force or direction of wind, or intensity of the cold, does not matter. There is Summer warmth throughout the whole house on the most tempestuous of Winter days.

IDEAL Boilers do not merely "burn coal" — they develop its full heating energy — and distribute all the available heat of the fuel through the AMERICAN Radiators to the rooms to be warmed.

Whether your cottage, house, store, building, church, etc., is OLD or new, farm or city, do not delay investigating this best investment feature of any building. Saves fuel, labor, repairs — gives greatest comfort, protects the health and insures household cleanliness, safety and durability. Just the season to get the services of the most skilled fitters — now, before winter; not then, when it's here.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 600 ft. of 38-in AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $255, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

A No. 2-[illegible] IDEAL Boiler and 240 ft. of 38-in AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $115, were used to Hot Water heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods [illegible] competent Fitter. This [illegible] pipe, valves, freight, etc. [illegible] varies according to climatic and other conditions.

You will enjoy reading our free book, which tells lots of things about heating economies it will pay you well to know. Write for it to-day, describing kind of building you wish to heat.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Write Dept. 38, CHICAGO
[illegible]

The Facts About 6% Irrigation Bonds

We are the largest sellers of Irrigation Bonds. And these bonds are, by far, our most popular securities with investors who know them.

Our experience with Reclamation Bonds covers 15 years. It covers the sale of many entire issues from 11 separate states. So we know the facts.

These bonds are farm liens of the most conservative class. Some are Municipal obligations. The interest rate—six per cent—is larger than one can now obtain on any large class of equal security. The bonds are issued in serial maturities, and in denominations as low as $100.

For the information of our customers—present and prospective—we have issued a book called "The World's Greatest Industry." It is interesting, unbiased, clear and illustrated. It tells the facts about this most attractive form of investment. Please write us a postal or send us this coupon for it.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.
Established 1893)
Municipal and Corporation Bonds
First National Bank Bldg CHICAGO
50 Congress Street BOSTON
First National Bank Bldg., SAN FRANCISCO

Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

Name ______
Town ______
State ______ 115

INVEST
YOUR SAVINGS
SAFELY

Put them where you are absolutely certain that your principal is safe your interest sure, and your investment readily convertible into cash at any time. The safest of all known investments are

City, County and School Bonds
%—4—5—6—%
Sold for Cash or on Easy Monthly Payments

Whether you have large or small amounts to invest, write us. Booklet etc., FREE

THE NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Dept. H. Columbus, Ohio

"The Weekly Financial Review" of J. S. Bache & Co. is written with great care and conservatism. It gives a well-considered review of financial conditions and the business outlook. It is read by thousands of investors every week.
—*Leslie's Weekly.*

(Sent on application.)

J. S. Bache & Co., Bankers,
42 Broadway.
Advice to individual investors given on request

YOUR SAVINGS

Fractional Lots for Small Investors

TEN years ago, when the average man with savings wanted to buy five or ten shares of a standard railroad or industrial stock through a New York Stock Exchange broker, he was either discouraged or rebuffed. "We have no time to fool with small orders," said the broker, who maintained that the bookkeeping for ten shares was more complicated and expensive than for one hundred shares. If the average man did buy a small block he had to pay a considerable premium over the prevailing market price.

Today the average man can buy one share of stock through any one of many big New York Stock Exchange houses and they are glad to fill the order. The small stockholder's business is not only welcomed but the houses go after it. So large has become the odd-lot trading that the small purchaser can get his stock at very little above the market price for large lots. The odd-lot public is now a trading force to be reckoned with. This sort of stock buying represents one way by which savings may be employed.

The unit of trade on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange is one hundred shares of stock. All board transactions are reported in terms of one hundred shares or multiples of this amount. No amount of stock under one hundred shares can be cleared through the Exchange Clearing House. Any block of stock under the board unit is called a fractional or odd lot. It may be one share or it may be fifty shares. Since an odd lot cannot be cleared through the official channels, it follows that special ways and means had to be devised to permit the small trader to avail himself of the Exchange facilities and prices

In order to take care of the odd-lot business certain firms became what might be called wholesalers or jobbers in stocks. They do business mainly with other brokers who have orders for fractional lots. But as no order under one hundred shares can be put through on the floor of the Stock Exchange, how is the odd lot purchased? Here is the way it is done. Let us assume that an investor wants to buy ten shares of United States Steel preferred The order reaches a Stock Exchange house and it is sent over to the floor to one of the wholesalers or "specialists," as they are sometimes called. It may happen, however, that, at the same time, a good many other small buyers are wanting odd blocks of United States Steel preferred. Some may want five shares; others may want twenty. It is very easy, therefore, for the wholesaler to make up a pool of small orders that aggregate one hundred shares. Then he buys a unit of one hundred shares. It often happens that there is such a rush of odd-lot orders for certain standard stocks that the wholesaler can dispose of three or four hundred shares in one day. Having bought his wholesale lot in floor units, he then parcels out the shares in the various odd lots ordered. The customer who ordered ten shares gets his ten, the one who ordered twenty gets his fraction, and so on. In short, the whole process of obtaining odd lots consists of lumping a number of small orders so that a unit of trade is reached. Then the unit order is put through.

Stocks at Retail Slightly Higher

Of course the price of the odd lot of stock is a very important consideration. Usually there is a difference of about one-eighth in the price. In the case of the ten shares of United States Steel preferred, if the last recorded price happened to be 128, then the odd-lot buyer would pay 128⅛. In most cases the wholesaler got the stock at 128 and the one-eighth represents his profit. It is the same on a sale of an odd lot, the seller usually getting one-eighth less than the last recorded selling price.

The one-eighth difference is only true of so-called "active" stocks—that is, the stocks that are standard and being constantly traded in. On stocks that are inactive, the premium that the odd-lot buyer pays is larger, being sometimes as high as one point.

This naturally leads to the question of commission on odd lots. The usual commission charged by New York Stock Exchange houses is one-eighth of one per cent, which is twelve dollars and fifty cents on each hundred shares. The commission, therefore, on ten shares would be one dollar and twenty-five cents. On one share it would be trifling. For this reason, houses that deal in odd lots have established minimum commissions that range from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents. This means that if you buy one share of stock you would have to pay the same commission as on ten shares. They regard this as only fair because the bookkeeping and general clerical work for one share are as considerable as for a larger amount.

Odd-lot buying can be either outright for cash or on margin. It is an interesting and significant commentary on the good sense of the fractional-lot buyer that, taking the records of the leading specialists in this business as a basis, the outright buyer outnumbers the margin trader. In one big New York house more than sixty per cent of the purchasers bought for cash.

While margin trading is hazardous—it is simply gambling—in any way and in any quantity, the odd-lot man who buys on margin has a double handicap, because if he is dealing in very small lots the comparatively high commission that he is required to pay makes it harder for him to hold his own.

The Rush for Bargains in 1907

There was no better example of the wisdom of buying odd lots of standard stocks outright than the panic of 1907. Thanks to the educational investment articles which had been printed up to that upheaval, the average man had come to realize that the wildcat mining and industrial stock promotions were simply baits for foolish money, and that the only way to buy stock was to buy the best and standard shares for cash outright, and salt them down. As everybody remembers, all prices crumbled during the panic, and it was a great bargain feast for the investor. Then it was that the New York Stock Exchange houses realized to what extent the odd-lot business had grown. From savings-banks and from stockings came the dollars that purchased small blocks of the well-known stocks. On some days the odd-lot buying reached one hundred thousand shares. Giving each share of stock an average value of fifty dollars this would mean an odd-lot business of five million dollars daily. Most of the stock bought then at panic bargain prices has risen to much higher figures, and the odd-lot buyer, in many instances, has already seen a profit of from thirty to forty points on each share. It is further typical of the wisdom of the odd-lot buyer that only a very small per cent of the stock bought at bargain prices in 1907 has gone back into the market. This means that the stock was really and truly bought for investment, has been put away, and is being used for income purposes only. This should be the intent of all stock buying by the average man. Only the rich can afford to speculate.

There is this interesting fact about a standard stock that sells in odd lots: it means the stock is in demand and has a broad market. This, in turn, means that the holder of it experiences no difficulty in disposing of it, or using it as collateral for loans should an emergency arise. A highly-speculative stock that was just being launched would have no fractional-lot demand to speak of.

Behind the tremendous growth of the odd-lot business is a very striking feature of interest and importance to every person who has money to invest. Summed up, it proves that the time-worn adage in Wall Street that "the public buys when stocks are highest and sells when stocks are lowest" is beginning to be false. The heavy odd-lot buying during the panic of 1907 was the first convincing evidence of it, and ever since the small buyer has, in many instances, only come into the market when he got bargains. There is no better proof of this than the conditions at the time this article is written. There has been what is known as a bull market—that is, a condition when stocks have been going up steadily. All stocks now are high. The result is that the trading is

First Mortgage Sinking Fund Railroad Bonds
To Net 5⅜%

These bonds are in $1,000 denomination and are secured by an absolute First Mortgage on all the property of a Steam Railway, operating in one of the richest sections of the Northwest, including 101 miles of Main Line (51 miles of which are in actual operation), together with [illegible] and Freight Rolling Stock, [illegible] Terminals, etc., now actually in [illegible] and practically sufficient for [illegible]

[illegible] investors are

First—The stockholders have [illegible] cash investment behind [illegible]

Second—The construction and equipment of the Railroad are of the very [illegible] order

Third—The property has already demonstrated its ability to [illegible] bonds

Fourth—The Railroad occupies a position of unique strategic importance and controls absolutely the traffic [illegible]

Fifth—[illegible] controlling interests [illegible] Railroad have invested large [illegible] in industries along its lines

Sixth—[illegible] advance in price within a reasonable time.

Application will be made to list these bonds on the New York Stock Exchange.

Write for Circular No. 661 U, describing these bonds in full.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
Established 1865 181 La Salle St., CHICAGO

Well-Known Stocks

Our Circular No. 29 gives valuable information regarding *eighty-one issues* of [illegible] industrial stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange [illegible] annual dividend rate, percentage earned for the last year, high and low prices [illegible] the circular is almost certain to prove to be of value to you

Write for Circular No. 29

Spencer Trask & Co.
William & Pine Sts. New York
Branch offices Albany, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Boston, Mass

A Good 5% Investment

Investing your savings with this Company is the [illegible] taking a mortgage on good real [illegible] have no trouble or expense and you [illegible] the entire resources of the Company of over $ [illegible]

Industrial Savings & Loan Co.
1 Times Bldg., Broadway and 42nd St., New York

CHEAPER THAN HORSES

[illegible]

McINTYRE
MOTOR VEHICLES

W H McIntyre Co., Auburn, Ind. [illegible]

Financing An Enterprise

A practical book by Francis Cooper, telling how money is secured for enterprises. Capitalization, prospectus writing, methods of presenting, etc., discussed fully. The only successful work on promotion. Endorsed by best business men. 540 pages. Buckram binding, prepaid $4. Send for pamphlet and list of business books.

The Ronald Press, Rooms 29-31, 229 Broadway, N.Y.

6% Eastern Oklahoma Farm Mortgages, carefully selected, for sale. Have been selling mortgages for over 18 years. Eastern and Western references.
Write for particulars. ALBERT E. ROSS, Chandler, Okla.

The Largest Selling Toilet Soap

Palmolive Soap has the largest sale of all toilet soaps selling at 10c a cake or more. Think how good this soap must be to have outsold all other soaps at that price.

Don't you want to try the soap that so many women have chosen as best?

Palmolive is used in thousands of homes in the baby's bath. It is so pure and so soothing that it delights the most delicate skin.

We get the palm and olive oils, from which it is made, in the Orient and by our special process, get our perfect blend.

Try Palmolive in hard, soft, hot or cold water—it will lather freely in any.

Send 4c in stamps for [illegible] sample cake and the free book, "*The Easy Way to Beauty.*"

See what this soap means to you. Compare it with other soaps. Price 15c a cake at your dealer's.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
352 Fowler Street Milwaukee, Wis.

TORREY
RAZORS
Hold the Keenest Edge

This is our "No. 136," a perfect razor for any beard or face. Price $2.50 post paid, if not at dealers. Other styles from $1.50 up—all fully guaranteed.

Ask for Torrey Razors and Strops and insist on getting them.

Send for our Catalogue
Tells how to shave and how to care for a razor. Contains many good points that every shaver should know.

The J. R. Torrey Razor Co.,
Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.
Established 1880 and now largest makers of razors in the world

Print Your Own
Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Save money. Print for others, big [illegible]
[illegible] press, catalog, type, paper [illegible]
THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Connecticut

"professional." This means that the traders are the rich men and the big operators. The public is out, and the demand for odd lots has fallen off considerably.

The odd-lot stock business is so well organized that its facilities are practically at the front door of the man with savings. Much of this business is done by mail. One big New York house that makes a specialty of such investment has customers in every state in the Union and in some foreign countries. In this kind of stock buying, as with the purchase of bonds, the investor should deal only with a house of established reputation and proved integrity.

The best and safest rule for the odd-lot buyer is this: When you have decided to buy stock be sure in your own mind that it is not only a steady dividend payer but also that it has a good earning record behind it. Then buy for cash outright, put it away and regard it as an income-producer only. Do not buy on margin.

Long before fractional buying became a part of the legitimate activities of regular New York Stock Exchange houses the curb brokers did a big business in it. The stock of the Standard Oil Company, which today sells at six hundred and eighty-eight dollars a share, is dealt in only on the curb. Many transactions in this stock are for one or two shares.

In buying odd lots on the curb, however, the investor must be careful to avoid the hundreds of mining stocks which sell at from two to ten cents a share. These are purely speculative and are hawked about on the so-called Mining Exchanges that are to be found in many cities. Some of these stocks have increased considerably in value, but at best they are a man's purchase, and then are only for a man who is willing to take chances.

The largest houses dealing on the New York curb make a minimum commission charge of fifty cents. This would be the commission on a share of Standard Oil.

The curb, too, has its units of trading. The unit on stock that sells under five cents a share is one thousand shares, on stock that sells from five to fifty cents a share, it is five hundred shares; above fifty cents a share, the unit is one hundred shares.

There is still another field for odd-lot trading. On the floor of the Consolidated Stock Exchange in New York the unit of trading is ten shares. It is not limited to ten shares, however, and there have been transactions there in thousand-share lots. On this board all the stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange are bought and sold, and some others which have been investigated by the Consolidated.

The commission charged by the Consolidated brokers on lots ranging from ten shares to forty shares is the same as on the New York Stock Exchange—that is, one-eighth of one per cent. On lots of fifty shares and upward it is one-sixteenth of one per cent. Thus the commission on one hundred shares on the Consolidated would only be six dollars and twenty-five cents.

THRIFT

Boys Who Made Good

A BOY of seventeen worked for a Massachusetts dairy farmer, driving a milk wagon. His wages were only ten dollars a month and board, but he realized that something ought to be saved and resolved to put one dollar into the bank weekly. For over a year he kept this up, accumulating sixty-one dollars. Experience on the farm had taught him the points of a good cow. When he heard of one for sale at sixty dollars he bought her, selling the animal again for seventy-five dollars a few days later. All the money went back into the bank. One month later he was offered a run-down horse for forty dollars and bought it, keeping the animal on his employer's farm, where it did enough light work to earn its feed. In two months this horse had been brought to such good condition by proper feeding and care that he sold it for eighty dollars, doubling his money. Next he bought a carriage for eighteen dollars, and after painting it and re-covering the cushions at a cost of four dollars, sold it for thirty-eight dollars. Before he was nineteen years old he had one hundred and eighty-five dollars in the bank, savings and profit on trading. At that point a local newspaper printed an account of the boy's enterprise in getting a start in life, and a position was offered him by the proprietor of a chain of dairy lunchrooms, who had himself started out in the world under much the same circumstances and near the same town. The boy now has a fine opportunity to advance in a growing business.

Money in Newspaper Routes

Another boy was only thirteen when his father died, leaving two hundred dollars insurance, a widow and four younger children. The insurance money was loaned out to a neighbor at six per cent, as a sort of reserve fund, and while the widow did plain sewing, the boy carried newspapers morning and evening. After three months' experience with this work he borrowed twenty-five dollars and purchased the smallest newspaper route in town. Vigorous canvassing for new customers made that route so productive that in six months he paid back the loan. The lender offered another loan of fifty dollars, which the boy took, buying two more routes. These were covered by boys hired to do the work, however, because he felt that all his energy must go into the original route, so that he would at least be certain of good returns from that. Principles of management learned by this plan made him so successful that in less than five years he owned every newspaper route in his town. His mother's two hundred dollars was still intact, and his brothers and sisters going to school. A legacy of two hundred dollars fell to the family. This, with the original two hundred dollars and another hundred the boy had saved, was paid on a home costing twenty-eight hundred dollars, the balance to be cleared off at the rate of twenty-five dollars a month. Three furnished rooms were rented at a total of about twenty-two dollars monthly, and this money, it was agreed, should never be spent. Newspaper routes, odd jobs and the mother's contributions kept the family and paid the installments. In four years the income from furnished rooms, put away in the bank, grew to more than one thousand dollars. The mortgage was finally cleared off, and the boy, now nearly twenty-one years old, started to get an education at the high school.

From Cornfield to College

At twenty-five he graduated with the ambition to take an electrical course at college. Selling out all his newspaper routes but one, for six hundred dollars, he took a place in the postoffice paying fifty dollars a month. It did not take long to earn the necessary money. But just when he had enough his mother fell sick, and his savings went to pay for an operation. His college course had to be given up. During the next five years he kept the postoffice job and one newspaper route. Younger children were now at work, and as they owned their home it was possible for him to save four hundred dollars a year, and sometimes more, at the same time studying electrical work in an evening school. Some years ago he and his brother bought an electrical equipment business. Today it nets them between five and seven thousand dollars a year.

A Nebraska boy, born on a farm, wanted to go to college, but his father objected. Then he asked for ten acres of land, to plant in his own fashion, and got it and put in corn. Seed selection and hard work yielded him four hundred dollars that season, whereas his father's crop was a failure in comparison. That led to a quarrel, and the boy left home, going to the University of Nebraska. His money was divided in halves, two hundred dollars being left in the bank at home, and the rest taken with him. One hundred and fifty dollars carried him through the first

INFALLIBLE

SMOKELESS

The only DENSE powder made in America

ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF

Always the same under all conditions. Not affected by heat or moisture. As good ten years hence as today.

Any dealer can supply you with shells loaded with

"INFALLIBLE" SMOKELESS

Send 12 cents in stamps for a set of six Pictures illustrating "A Day's Hunt." Address Dept. [illegible]

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.
Wilmington, Del., U. S. A.

Up-To-Date Men
are not suited with out-of-date office equipment. The Derby Desk Company for over thirty years has led the world in meeting business requirements.

Derby Desks
and office furniture are distinctively superior in design, workmanship, finish and durability. It pays to invest in **Derby Quality** furniture which is guaranteed not to shrink, warp, crack or split.

Specialty, choice mahogany, but our full lines meet every taste and purse. Agencies in principal cities. Catalog 2903 and name of nearest dealer on request.

DERBY DESK COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

Investigate
The Heat Question!

You know Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam to be the most healthful, most satisfactory and most sanitary home heating. Science [illegible]

But several such heating systems are advertised to [illegible] How can you know which is the best

Investigate! You [illegible] heating apparatus to la[illegible] Know what you are ge[illegible] to get the boiler [illegible] boiler is **the vital part of your heating system.**

[illegible]

any fuel, owing [illegible]

CAPITOL BOILERS AND RADIATORS

(Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam)

Mean more heat from **any** fuel—[illegible] heat from **less** fuel—a cut in your fuel bills [illegible] **The Capitol Solar Boiler,** above [illegible] surface [illegible] permits plenty of air circulation at the fire edges. No half-burned fuel is shaken down with the ashes.

[illegible] **absorb every possible heat unit** [illegible]

Two vertical water passages of ample size provide for rapid upward [illegible] through the sections. An [illegible] rising water. **Thus perfect circulation is always maintained in a Capitol.**

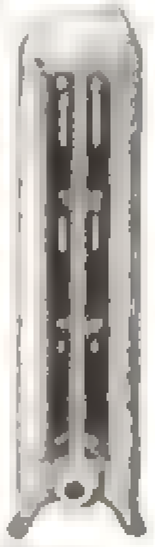
These are only a few of the sp[illegible] So simple and [illegible]

[illegible] be used in Capitol [illegible] are made in [illegible] the square, the latter to meet the requirements of large residences, churches, [illegible] buildings, apartments, etc.

[illegible]

Write today

United States Heater Company
Dept. S. P., Detroit, Mich.
BRANCH OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES



GUARANTEED MADE OF
THE
Suskuna
SILKS
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

THIS LABEL on Men's and Boys' Silk Neckwear assures you of the newest range of colors and designs and more than your money's worth.

Ask your haberdasher if this isn't so
On sale everywhere

SUSQUEHANNA SILK MILLS
18 West 18th Street New York

3 Bolt
3 Piece

909 MODEL
Ithaca Gun

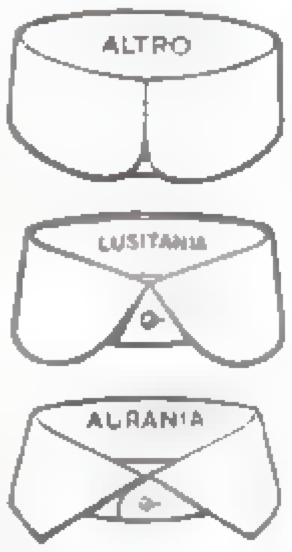
Simplest, fastest [illegible] bars or push rods—co[illegible] mer. Hammer operates in [illegible] ing only ¾ in. compared with [illegible]
Catalog FREE—18 grades $17.75 net [illegible] member we make dandy little 20 gauge [illegible]
ITHACA GUN CO., Dept. A, ITHACA, N. Y.

year. Instead of sending home for more money he did canvassing that netted more than one hundred dollars, and got through the second year. Fifteen months' heavy work in the Black Hills mining country yielded three hundred and fifty dollars, after which he tramped to San Francisco, saved two hundred dollars from wages of fifteen dollars a week as shipping clerk, tramped to Seattle and earned money as an insurance agent, tramped into Alaska and worked on a railroad, and finally went back to Seattle with about four hundred dollars and a lot of valuable experience. Taking up insurance again, he made it pay expenses while he studied surveying. In three years he was recommended by the principal of the school for a place with a party that spent two years surveying in the mountains and his work was of such high character that they paid him five thousand dollars when the whole job was done. Nearly half of this was thereupon invested in land in which he believed, and permitted to lie. Today this land is worth twenty-five thousand dollars and he has a fine surveying practice. The original two hundred dollars left back home in Nebraska, his first earnings, is there yet; he has never touched it.

An Uphill Fight

A Canadian boy's thrift began when at fifteen years of age he quit work and left his part of the country. At first he worked for a blacksmith for board and clothes to learn the trade. In three years the blacksmith offered him half of what he earned in the shop, which brought him seven to ten dollars a week. In a year he saved one hundred and sixty dollars, and opened a shop for himself in a near-by town. But in five years there he managed to save only four hundred dollars. So he got a place in a factory where wages could be increased by overtime. Here he put by five dollars a week regularly. When he had fourteen hundred dollars he went to Nebraska, deposited thirteen hundred dollars in a bank, and began working at odd jobs. One day he heard that a gunshop was for sale. Twelve hundred dollars would buy it. The land it stood on was valuable. He bought it and started in business. In two years he had set aside almost two thousand dollars. This was put into a home. Then his gun-shop burned, and he was left with nothing but his customers, having carried no insurance. Digging some tools out of the ashes, he began all over in his barn, added an exchange business in bicycles, and was soon making twelve to fifteen dollars a week again. Then he married. Today he is prospering.

A Pennsylvania boy began at thirteen delivering newspapers every morning for two dollars and a half a week, getting up at half-past three, and working as an office boy for five dollars through the day. Then a dealer in charcoal gave him forty dollars a month and board. He was active in finding new customers, and his wages were raised to fifty dollars. Out of this he sent money home to his parents, yet saved enough in two years to go West and take up one hundred and sixty acres of Government land. All the money he could get hold of for a couple of years was spent in tree-planting, fencing, ditching and other improvements. He borrowed two hundred dollars from his old employer, worked during the winters on railroad construction, and wound up with a loan of five hundred dollars from a money-lender. Eventually this place was sold at a price that netted him forty-five hundred dollars. Looking round, he found a smaller farm with comfortable cottage and a tiny greenhouse attached, which he bought for four thousand dollars. Gradually, as he learned horticulture, a good business was established, and he hired others to work for him, giving the preference to ambitious young men who wished to learn this business rather than to work for mere wages. Profits were invested, as they accumulated, in adjoining pieces of land, or land was acquired in exchange for the labor of his growing force. Today, after twenty years' work, he has eleven hundred acres of choice land, a greenhouse business employing fifty men, and is rated at seventy-five thousand dollars.



AN
ARROW COLLAR
because of its specially woven shrunk fabric and its graduated cut-out interlinings, NEITHER SHRINKS NOR CRACKS. *15c. each—2 for 25c.*

Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers, 459 River Street, Troy, N. Y. Booklet on request
Arrow Cuffs, 25c. a pair. In Canada, 35c. Collars, 3 for 50c. in Canada

Bull Dog SUSPENDERS 50¢

There Is Style and Character In
Bull Dog Suspenders
That is appreciated by men who desire to be well dressed.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT LISLE BULL DOG
is particularly adapted for hot weather wear—cool and comfortable—and as
THEY CONTAIN MORE AND BETTER RUBBER
which is the life of a suspender, they are perspiration proof and will
POSITIVELY OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS

You may be extra tall or wear hip trousers and require extra long Suspenders—if so ask your dealer, he has them at same price and every pair is plainly marked "Extra Long."

50 CENTS AT YOUR DEALER
or by Mail, Postpaid, if he will not supply you.

The genuine have "Bull Dog" on buckle and are the best Suspender made

Hewes & Potter
Dept. 6, 87 Lincoln Street Boston, Mass.
Largest Makers of Suspenders in the World

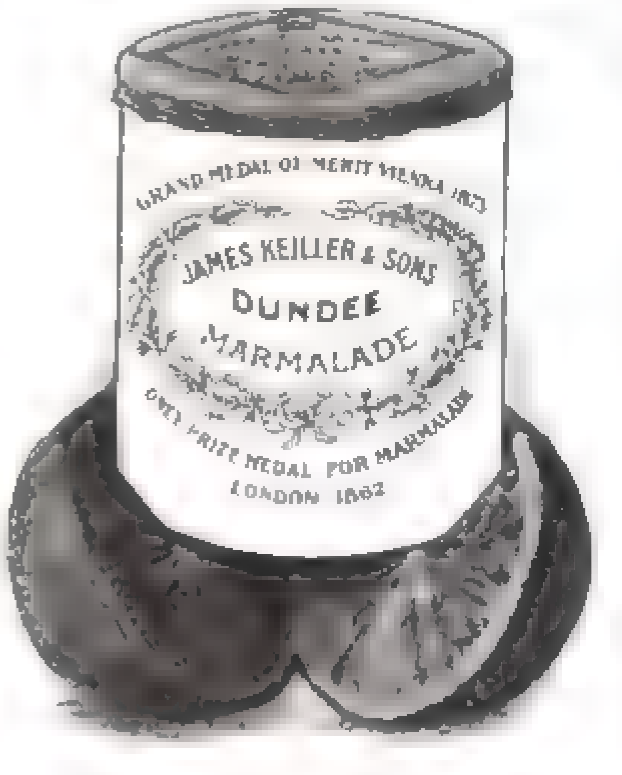
LUNCHEON

Keiller's Marmalade has the bitter-sweet flavor which stimulates the appetite, making a delightful addition to luncheon, breakfast or tea. It is delicious in a sweet omelet, tarts and sandwiches, and on crackers and cakes.

KEILLER'S
DUNDEE
Orange Marmalade

has been used for more than a century. It is easy to keep on hand and easy to serve. For sale at grocers.

Insist on Keiller's Marmalade.


GRAND MEDAL OF MERIT VIENNA 1873
JAMES KEILLER & SONS
DUNDEE
MARMALADE
ONLY PRIZE MEDAL FOR MARMALADE
LONDON 1862

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N.Y.

You Ought to Know

the difference between the "SWAN" and the ord[illegible] [illegible] on the vital points – *the Gold Pen and the Feed*

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

The "SWAN" Fountain Pen is made by the [illegible] makers of [illegible] Pens in America. It has the [illegible] [illegible] Feed. Don't be satisfied with [illegible] the best—it's far cheaper [illegible] "SWAN" is made in many [illegible]

MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. P
Established 1843
17 Maiden Lane, New York 149 Dearborn St. Chicago
London Paris Brussels Manchester
The Long short Style [illegible]

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

[illegible]

Send for Sample Panel

[illegible]

"Shows Only the Reflection"

Ask your dealer for "61." [illegible] Booklet on request

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
VARNISH MAKERS 60 YEARS
[illegible] TONAWANDA ST. BUFFALO N.Y.
FACTORIES IN [illegible] CITIES

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 8 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C., Estab. 1869

THE DANGER MARK

(Continued from Page 15)

idleness and their money! I—I do want to keep myself above it—clean of it—but what am I to do? One can't live without friends. If I don't gamble I'm left alone; if I don't flirt I'm isolated. If one stands aloof from everything one's friends go elsewhere. What can I do?"

"Make decent friends. I'm going to."

He bent forward and struck his knee with his closed fist.

"I'm going to," he repeated. "I've waited as long as I can for you to stand by me. I could have even remained among these harmless simians if you had cared for me. You're all the friend I need. But you've become one of them. It isn't in you to take an intelligent interest in me or in what I care for. I've stood this sort of existence long enough. Now I'm all through with it."

She stared. Anger, astonishment, exasperation moved her in turn. Bitterness unlocked her lips.

"Are you expecting to take Mrs. Dysart with you to your intellectual solitude?"

"I would if I—if we cared for each other," he said, calmly seating himself.

She said, revolted: "Can't you even admit that you are in love with her? Must I confess that I could not avoid seeing you with her in her own room half an hour since? Will *that* wring the truth out of you?"

"Oh, is that what you mean?" he said wearily. "I believe the door was open. . . . Well, Geraldine, whatever you saw won't harm anybody. So come to your own conclusions. . . . But I wish you were out of all this with your fine insight and your clear intelligence and your sweetness—oh, the chances for happiness you and I might have had!"

"A slim chance with you!" she said.

"Every chance; perhaps the only chance we'll ever have. And we've missed it."

"We've missed nothing." A sudden and curious tremor set her heart and pulses beating heavily. "I tell you, Duane, it doesn't matter whom people of our sort marry, because we'll always sicken of our bargain. What chance for happiness would I run with such a man as you? Or you with a girl like me?"

She lay back among the cushions, with a tired little laugh. "We are like the others of our rotten sort, only less aged, less experienced. But we have, each of us, our own heritage, our own secret depravity." She hesitated, reddening, caught his eye, stammered her sentence to a finish and flinched, crimsoning to the roots of her hair.

He stood up, paced the room for a few moments, came and stood beside her.

"Once," he said very low, "you admitted that you dare go anywhere with me. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"Those are your rooms, I believe?" pointing to a closed door far down the south corridor.

"Yes."

"Take me there now."

"I—cannot do that——"

"Yes, you can. You must."

"Now?—Duane."

"Yes, now—*now*! I tell you our time is now if it ever is to be at all. Don't waste words."

"What do you want to say to me that cannot be said here?" she asked in rising consternation.

He made no answer, but she found herself on her feet and moving slowly along beside him, his hand just touching her arm as guide.

"What is it, Duane?" she asked fearfully, as she laid her hand on the knob and turned to look at his strangely altered face.

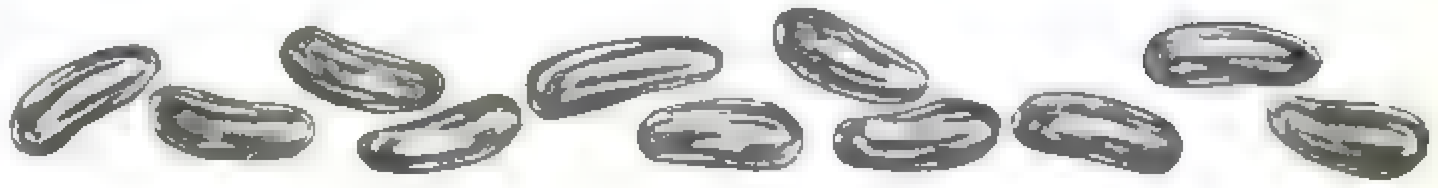
He made no answer. She hesitated, shivered, opened the door, hesitated again, slowly crossed the threshold, turned and admitted him.

The western sun flooded the silent chamber of rose and gray; a breeze moved the curtains, noiselessly; the scent of flowers freshened the silence.

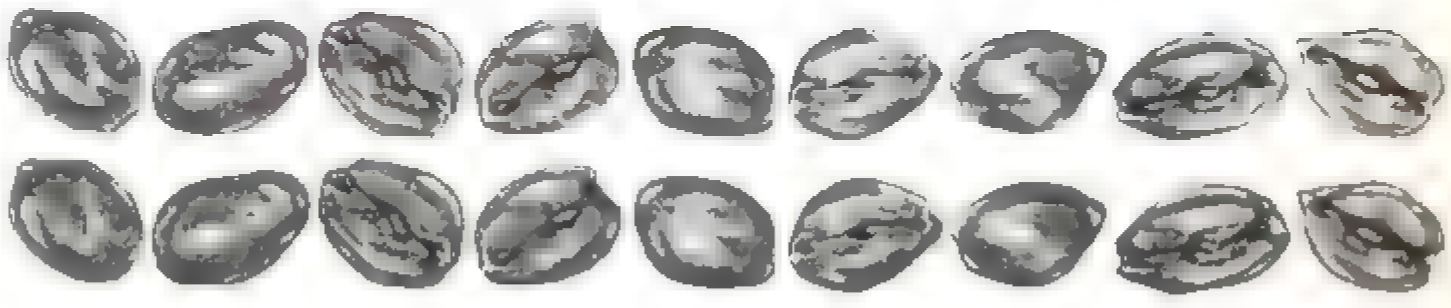
There was a divan piled with silken cushions; he placed several for her; she stood irresolute for a moment, then, with a swift, unquiet side glance at him, seated herself.

"What is it?" she asked, looking up, her lovely face beginning to reflect the grave concern in his.

Puffed Rice—15c



These Foods Are in Fashion This Summer



Puffed Wheat—10c

Cereal foods, as you all know, are subject to fads and fashions. The favorites today are the foods shot from guns—the crisp, unique, delightful foods invented by Prof. Anderson.

We have to tease people to try these foods because they are new and queer.

But wait till you try them. The folks at your table will do the teasing then.

For these are delightful foods. There never was anything like them.

Mammoth crisp grains, with their coats unbroken—so porous that they melt in your mouth.

Hearty foods, yet they don't tax the stomach. Every starch granule has been blasted to pieces, so the digestive juices act instantly.

Whatever you seek, healthiness, heartiness or taste—no other cereals compare with them.

Prof. Anderson's Foods

You owe these foods to Prof. A. P. Anderson. And he owes them largely to accident.

He was seeking a way to break up starch granules so the digestive juices could get to them.

In cooking, baking or toasting, only part of the granules are broken. The aim of food experts has been to break all.

Prof. Anderson's idea was to explode them by steam. And the result, as expected, was to blast every granule to pieces.

But he did not expect that this steam explosion would leave crisp and unbroken grains.

Exploded by Steam

In this curious process, the whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes terrific.

Then the guns are unsealed—the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. They are delightful, digestible foods.

A Package Will Tell

One ten-cent package of the Puffed Wheat will tell you how much these foods mean to you.

Order it now, and submit it to a vote of your table.

If the children say, "We want these foods always," let them have what they want. For never were cereal foods created so good for them as these.

Sold by grocers everywhere.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

GOOD FOR 5 CENTS

[illegible] for you, Madam, for 5 cents on the price of one FYNE-LYTE [illegible]. Any retail store [illegible] 5 cents in part payment for one FYNE-LYTE [illegible].

If your dealer does not handle the FYNE-LYTE broom send us his name and we will see that [illegible] are supplied and your coupon honored.

LEE BROOM & DUSTER COMPANY
Boston, Mass.; Davenport, Ia.; Lincoln, Neb.

Cut Out This Coupon and Use It At Your Dealer's

TO WHOLESALE & RETAIL MERCHANTS

[illegible] FYNE-LYTE brooms [illegible]

[illegible] dealer giving you

Finest in Quality — THE LEE BROOM — Light in Weight

FYNE-LYTE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

[illegible]

As Good As Cash
on the price of one of our FYNE-LYTE brooms
Remember

I GUARANTEE TO YOU

[illegible] THE LEE BROOM FYNE-LYTE [illegible] the finest broom made [illegible]

[illegible] address below and we will tell you where FYNE-LYTE is sold.

LEE BROOM & DUSTER COMPANY
Largest Independent Broom Mfrs.
[illegible]
Boston, Mass.; Davenport, Ia.; Lincoln, Neb.

USE THE LEE BROOM
TRADE MARK

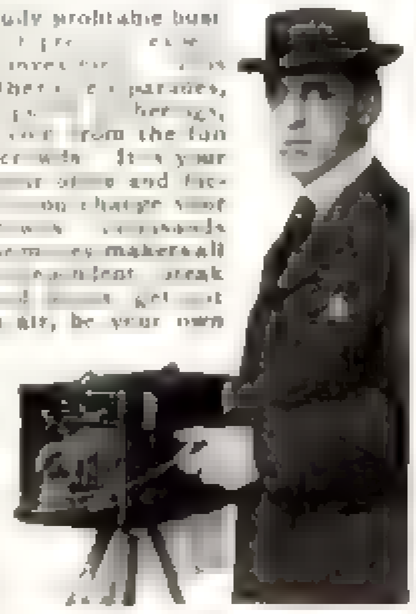
Start a Business of Your Own and Make A Good Income

You can start a wonderfully profitable business [illegible] at fairs, parks [illegible] a steady stream of coin from the fun loving money spending crowds. It's your camera and dark room [illegible] and factory. You pay no rent [illegible] Hundreds of men are operating these money makers all over the country. Be independent, break away from your desk [illegible] get out into the healthful open air, be your own boss and take with you

The Daydark Postcard Machine

It takes, develops and prints — all without [illegible] postal cards [illegible] in 10 minutes [illegible] piece of mechanism [illegible] It becomes the center of an interested crowd wherever shown [illegible] an adept. Write for information today. Let us explain to you how it works and [illegible] other operators [illegible] now. Don't delay [illegible] Send us a postal [illegible]

Daydark Specialty Co.
505 B Temple Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



LADIES

Write *to day* for a FREE sample of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Relieves Corns, Bunions, Aching Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Callous, Sore and Sweating Feet. Allen's Foot-Ease keeps the feet cool and comfortable. 30,000 testimonials. All Druggists sell it, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* Address for sample, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"I want you to marry me, Geraldine."

"Is—is *that* what

"Partly. I want you to love me too. But I'll attend to that if you'll marry me. I'll guarantee that. I—I will guarantee more than that."

She was still looking up searching his somber face. She saw the muscles tighten along the jaw, saw the grave lines deepening. A sort of bewildered fear possessed her.

"I—am not in love with you, Duane." She added hastily, "I don't trust you, either. How could I

"Yes, you do trust me."

"After what Rosalie

"You know that all is square there. Say so!"

She gazed at the floor, convinced, but not answering.

"Do you believe I love you?"

She shook her head, eyes still on the floor.

"Tell me the truth! Look at me!"

She said with an effort: "You think you care for me. . . . You believe you do, I suppose——"

"And *you* believe it too! Give me my chance—take your own!"

"*My* chance?"—with a flash of anger.

"Yes; take it, and give me mine. I tell you, Geraldine, we are going to need each other desperately some day. I need you now; tomorrow you'll need me more, and the day after, and after that in perilous days to follow our need will be the greater for these hours wasted—can't you understand by this time that we've nothing to hold us steady through the sort of life we're born to except—each other——"

His voice suddenly broke; he dropped down on the couch beside her, imprisoning her clasped hands on her knees. His emotion, the break in his voice, excited them both.

"Are you trying to frighten me and take me by storm?" she demanded, forcing a smile. "What is the matter, Duane? What do you mean by peril? . . . You are scaring me——"

"Little Geraldine—my little comrade! Can't you understand? It isn't only my selfish desire for you—it isn't all for myself!—I care more for you than that. I love you more deeply than a mere lover! Must I say more to you? Must I even hurt you? Must I tell you what I know—of you?"

"W-what?" she asked, startled.

He looked at her miserably. In his eyes she read a meaning that terrified her.

"Duane—I don't—understand," she faltered.

"Yes, you do. Let's face it now!"

"F-face what?" Her voice was only a whisper.

"I can tell you if you'll love me. Will you?"

"I don't understand," she repeated in white-lipped distress. "Why do you look at me so strangely? And you tell me that I—know. . . . What is it that I know? Couldn't you tell me? I am——" Her voice failed.

"Dear—do you remember—once—last April that you were—ill? . . . And you awoke to find yourself on your own bed?"

"Duane!" It was a cry of terror.

"Dearest! Dearest! Do you think I have not known—since then—what has troubled you—here——"

She stared at him in crimsoned horror for an instant, then, with a dry sob, bowed her head and covered her face with desperate little hands. For a moment her whole body quivered, then she collapsed. On his knees beside her he bent and touched with trembling lips her arms, her knees, the slim ankles desperately interlocked, the tips of her white shoes.

"Dearest," he whispered brokenly, "I know—I know—believe me. I have fought through worse, and won out. You said once that something had died out in me—while I was abroad. It did not die of itself, dear. But it left its mark. . . . You say self-control is only depravity afraid. . . . That is true; but I have made my depravity fear me. I can do what I please with it now; I can tempt it, laugh at it, silence it. But it cost me something to make a slave of it—what you saw in my face is the claw-mark it left fighting me to the death."

Very straight on his knees beside her he bent again, pressing her rigid knees with his lips.

"I need you, Geraldine—I need all that is best in you; you must love me—take

Blackberry Chartreuse

A Dainty Summer Dessert

What could be more pleasing for summer luncheon or dinner than this dainty dessert made from fresh berries? The cool, appetizing quality and appearance of the fruit is made all the more inviting when prepared with

COX'S
Instant Powdered
Gelatine

Try this recipe. Learn how Cox's Gelatine settles the vexing question of desserts for summer—why it is superior to all other gelatines.

BLACKBERRY CHARTREUSE — 7 or 8 Persons

[illegible] heaping tablespoonfuls Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine, juice 1 lemon [illegible]

This is but one of a countless variety of easily prepared, delicious jellies, puddings, fruit desserts, blanc manges, etc., made possible with Cox's Gelatine.

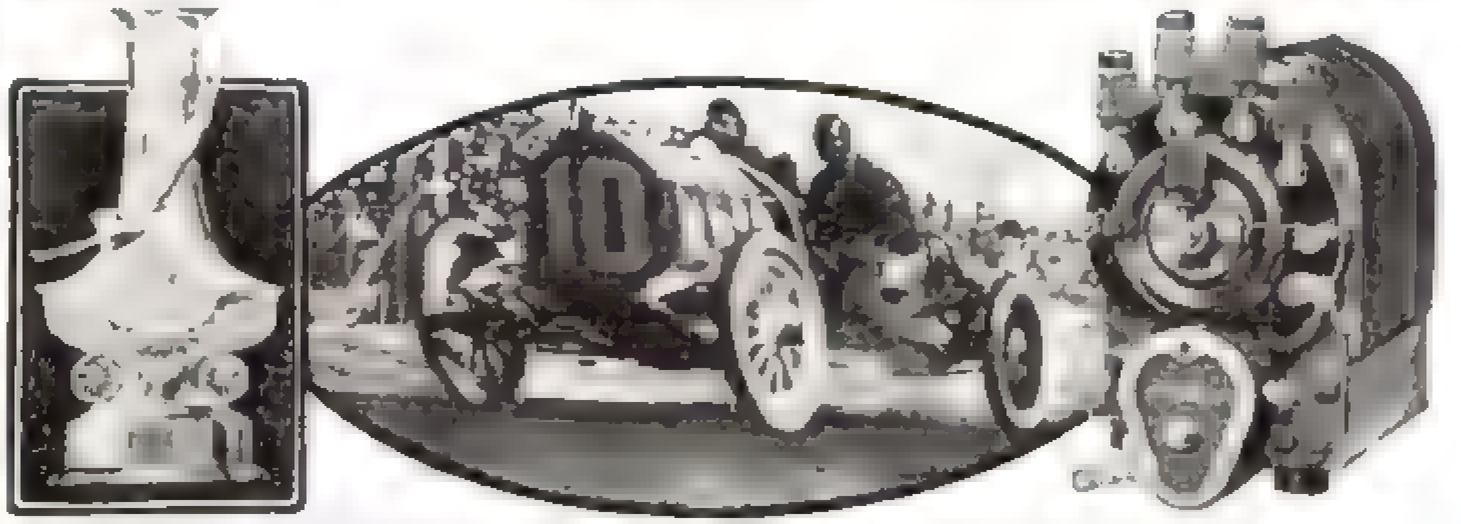
Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery

describes over 200 desserts. Write for a copy. It's free

Cox's has been the world's standard gelatine for over 60 years—standard in uniformity, purity and wholesomeness. Dissolves instantly in boiling water. Sold everywhere in red, white and blue Checkerboard boxes. Two sizes. Identical with the former Cox's Refined Sparkling Gelatine.

The Cox Gelatine Company, Dept. A, 109 Hudson St., New York

U. S. Distributors for J. & G. Cox (Ltd.), Edinburgh, Scotland.



Chevrolet Winning the Cobe Trophy in Car Equipped with Remy Magneto

Remy

"The Best Magneto Made"

Says Louis Chevrolet

Winner of Western Vanderbilt, in Remy-Equipped Car, writes:

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, Detroit, Mich., June 24, 1909.
Anderson, Indiana,

Gentlemen—I feel that you are to be congratulated on the excellent work of your Magneto. In the recent Cobe Trophy Race my car was equipped with your Magneto. I was offered a good premium if I would put on another make, but my past experience convinced me you have the best Magneto made; therefore I stuck to it and won the race.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) LOUIS CHEVROLET.

The Remy Magneto is the Choice of Those Who Demand the Best
Built in the World's Largest Magneto Factory — 70,000 Sold for Season of 1910

Remy Electric Company
Dept. 17, Anderson, Ind.

BRANCH SELLING OFFICES:
New York City, Automobile Bldg., 64th and Broadway
Chicago, Ill., 1400-1402 Michigan Avenue
Detroit, Mich., 471 Woodward Avenue

Fremont
TRADE MARK
GRAPE JUICE

DOUBTLESS you have alw[illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] good [illegible]

[illegible] mented grape juice.

[illegible] and delightful [illegible] Fremont Grape Juice.

[illegible] Fremont Grape Juice [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] your dealer [illegible] and ask for Fremont Grape Juice. He probably has it, but if he hasn't, we will send you, express paid, a case of

Ten Baby Bottles for $1

and his name.

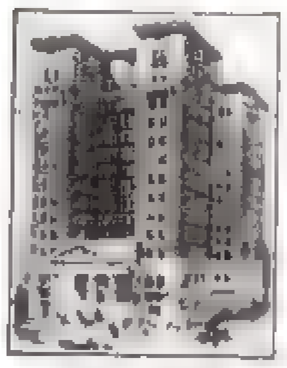
[illegible] Baby Bottles [illegible]

The Fremont Grape Juice Company
Fremont, Ohio

SALESMANSHIP by word of mouth appeals to all the senses. Printed salesmanship — **Advertising** — plays upon but one, the sense of sight. Therefore you must take advantage of every point and illustrate your advertising literature, whether catalog, booklet, magazine or newspaper advertisements, with clever, convincing **illustrations** and **engravings** that show your goods to the best advantage. Our cuts sell goods amounting to millions of dollars yearly. Let us show you how.

Day and Night Service

Barnes-Crosby Company
E. W. HOUSER, President
Artists : Engravers : Catalog Makers
215 Madison Street, Chicago
Branch Offices in 15 principal cities.



OUR BUILDING

OVER 5 MILLION DOLLARS INCREASE IN DEPOSITS
EST. 1868

During the past year our deposits have increased over

Five Million Dollars

evidencing the confidence of the people in this large, safe bank. We will gladly send you our booklet, explaining the safety and convenience of "Banking By Mail" at

4% INTEREST
Ask for Booklet "M."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, O.

me as an ally, dear, against all that is worst in you. I'll love you so confidently that we'll kill it—you and I together—my strength and yours, my bitter and deep understanding and your own sweet contempt for weakness wherever it may be, even in yourself."

He touched her; and she shuddered under the light caress, still bent almost double, and covering her face with both hands. He bent over her, one knee on the divan

"Let us pull ourselves together and talk sense, Geraldine," he said with an effort at lightness

"Don't you remember that bully little girl who swung her fists in single combat and upper-cut her brother and me whenever her sense of fairness was outraged? The time has come when you, who were so fair to others, are going to be fair to yourself by marrying me——"

She dropped both hands and stared at him out of wide, tear-wet eyes.

"Fair to myself at your expense, Duane?"

"What do you mean? I love you."

"Am I to let you—you marry me—knowing—what you know? Is that what you call my sense of fairness?" And, as he attempted to speak:

"Oh, I have thought about it already!—I must have been conscious that this would happen some day—that—that I was capable of caring for you—and it alarmed me——"

"Are you capable of loving me?"

"Duane, you must not ask me that!"

"Tell me!"

But she pushed him back, and they faced each other, her hands remaining on his shoulders She strove piteously to endure his gaze, flinched, strove to push him from her again but the slender hands lay limply against him. So they remained, her hands at intervals nervously tightening and relaxing on his shoulders, her tearful breath coming faster, the dark eyes closing, opening, turning from him, toward him, searching, now in his soul, now in her own, her self-command slipping from her

"It is cowardly in me—if I do it," she said in the ghost of a voice.

"Do what?"

"Let you risk—what I m-might become."

"You little saint!"

"Some saints *were* depraved at first—weren't they?" she said without a smile. "Oh, Duane, Duane, to think I could ever be here speaking to you about—about the horror that has happened to me—looking into your face and giving up my dreadful secret to you—laying my very soul naked before you! How can I look at you——"

"Because I love you. Now give me the right to your lips and heart!"

There was a long silence. Then she tried to smile.

"My—my lips? I—thought you took such things lightly——"

She hesitated, glanced up at him, then began to tremble.

"Duane—if you are in earnest about our—about an engagement—promise me that I may be released if I—think best——"

"Why?"

"I—I might fail——"

"The more need of me. But you can't fail——"

"Yes, but if I should, dear. Will you release me? I cannot—I will not engage myself to you—unless you promise to let me go if I think it best. You know what my word means. Give it back to me if matters go—wrong with me. Will you?"

"But I am going to marry you now!" he said with a short, excited laugh.

"Now?" she repeated, appalled.

"Certainly, to make sure of you. We don't need a license in this state. There's a parson at West Gate Village. . . . I intend to make sure of you now. You can keep it a secret if you like. When you return to town we can have everything *en règle*—engagement announced, cards, church wedding, and all that. Meanwhile, I'm going to be sure of you."

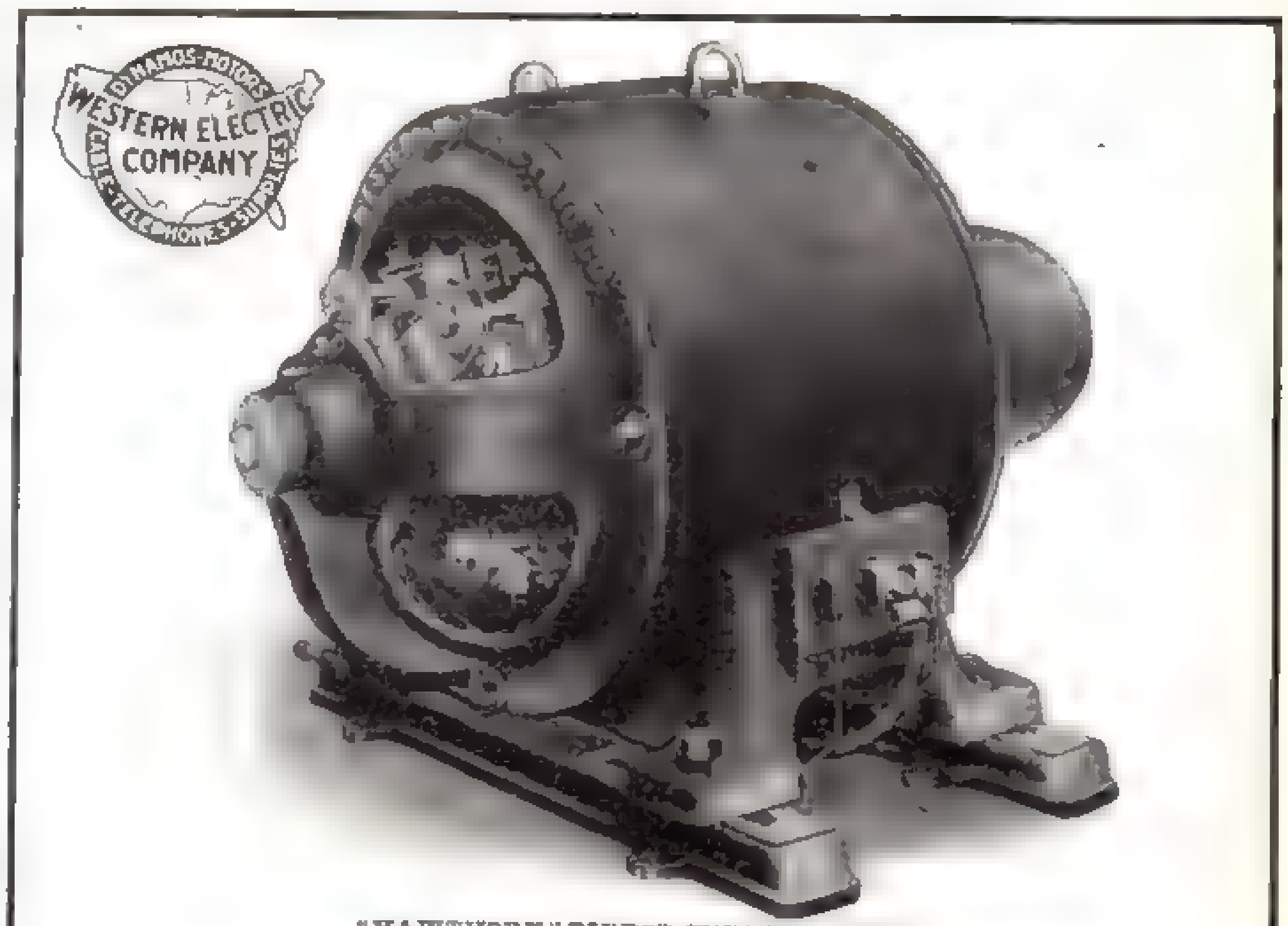
"W-when?"

"This afternoon."

His excitement thrilled her; a vivid color surged over neck and brow

"Duane, I did not dream that you cared so much, so truly—— Oh, I—I do love you, then!—I love you, Duane! I love you!"

He drew her suddenly into his arms, close, closer; she lifted her face; he kissed her; and she gave him her heart with a little sob.



"HAWTHORN" DIRECT CURRENT MOTOR

The Business-Like Whirl

of a rotating shaft gives a pleasant sound to the ear and an inspiration to those who work near by.

Hawthorn
TRADE MARK
Motors
Are Expense Reducers

and will drive any machine with a whirl of business and a turn of profit.

In the trades Hawthorn Motors can easily be adapted to any machine in the manufacturing or operating industries.

In the office or in the home Hawthorn Motors will drive all small machines in a surprisingly satisfactory manner. The convenience and cleanliness of these power units are only appreciated by a proper trial.

If you have any wheels to turn let us show you how they can be turned more easily, cheaply and satisfactorily. Send for booklet No. 8205.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York
Philadelphia
Boston
[illegible]
Atlanta

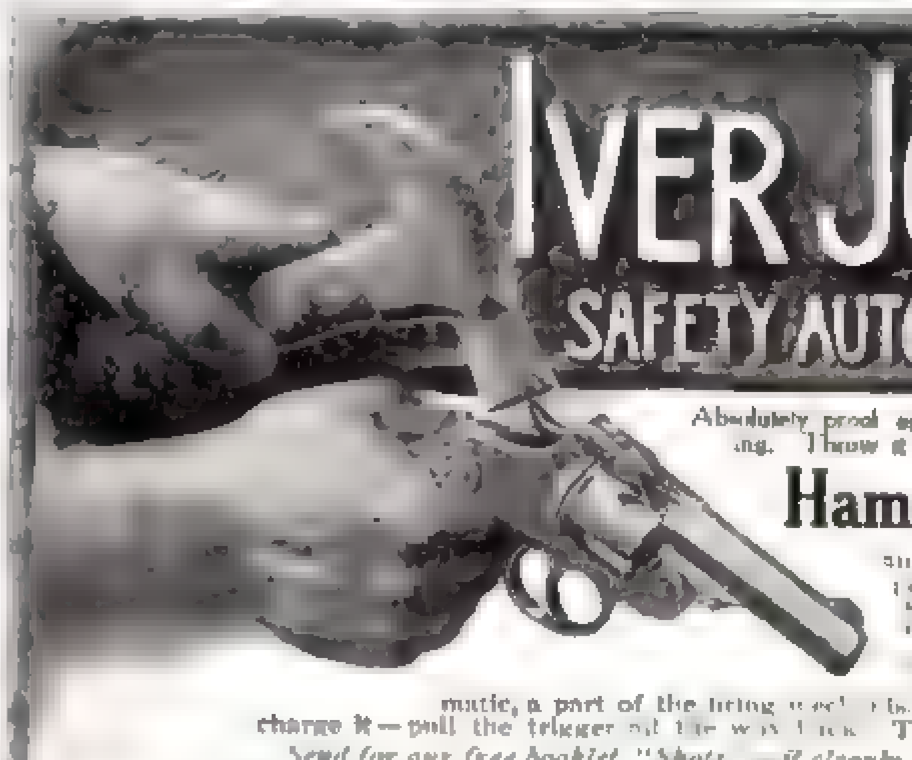
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Minneapolis

WRITE
OUR NEAREST
HOUSE

St. Louis,
Kansas City,
Denver
Dallas
Omaha

San Francisco
Los Angeles
Seattle
Salt Lake City

Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Ltd. Montreal and Winnipeg



Absolutely proof against carelessness, or accidental shooting. Throw it down stairs, let it fall to the floor — or

Hammer the Hammer

any test you make will prove the [illegible] safety of an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver. No "knack," no "lever," no device for you to "work" [illegible] feature is entirely automatic, a part of the firing mechanism. There is only one way to discharge it — pull the trigger all the way back. Then it shoots true and hits hard.

Send for our free booklet "Shots" — it clearly explains this positive safety

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver $6
[illegible]

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver $7
Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center fire, 3 inch barrel, or 38 calibre centre-fire 3¼ inch barrel . . .

Extra length barrel [illegible]

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere [illegible] if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip [illegible]

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York, 99 Chambers Street — Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4
San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street
Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles

"Daemo" Fasteners

FOR MEN and WOMEN. Nickel or Gold plated. DRAWER SUPPORTERS, two, 20c; 30c. TIE CLAMP, 5c, 10c. SOCK SUPPORTERS, two, 10c; 20c. SHIELD CLAMPS for WOMEN, four, 15c; 25c. All snap on or off instantly, never slip, let go, or weaken, and won't rust. At your dealer's, or postpaid, on receipt of his name and price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded at end of 30 days' trial. Circular free.

Agents wanted. D. S. CLAMP CO., Mol. Bldg., New York City

Can You Furnish a Bond?

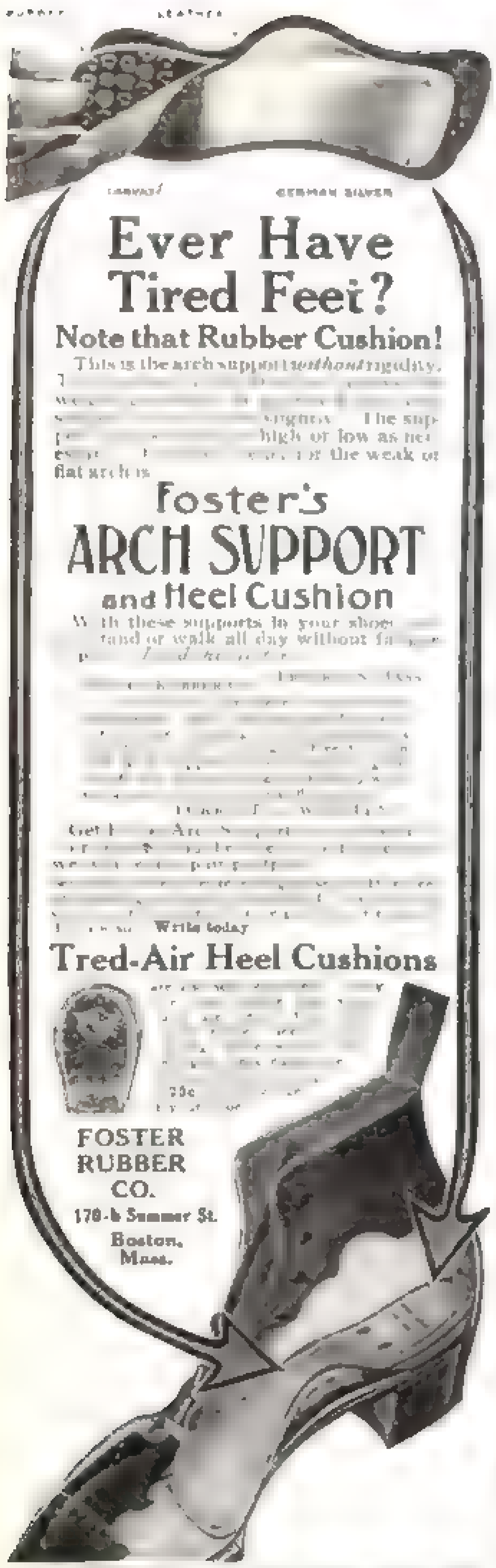
If you can, we have a steady job for you, delivering goods and collecting money for us. You need no experience and risk nothing. We furnish everything and teach you the portrait and frame business. Don't pass up this chance. Write today for particulars.

CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT & FRAME CO.
290-153 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

LEARN PLUMBING

One of the best paid of all trades. Plumbers are in demand everywhere at good wages. They have short hours. Write for free catalog.

ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL, 4443 Olive St., ST. LOUIS, MO



Ever Have Tired Feet?
Note that Rubber Cushion!
This is the arch support *without* rigidity.
Foster's ARCH SUPPORT and Heel Cushion
Write today
Tred-Air Heel Cushions
FOSTER RUBBER CO.
170-b Summer St.
Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN RUGBY
ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY
EPISCOPAL
Address
St. John's Military Academy (File AA)
Delafield Waukesha Co Wis
CHICAGO OFFICE 1515 Masonic Temple.

Bordentown Military Institute
Bordentown-on-the-Delaware N J

Chicago Kent College of LAW
Evening Course; Degree LL.B. in 3 years. Largest evening law school in the world. Thousands of successful Alumni. We find positions in Law Offices for many students. Send for Free Catalog. Address
GUY GUERNSEY, Sec., Suite 11 Z, The Temple, Chicago

"You will wait for m-me, won't you she stammered, striving to keep her reason through the delicious tumult that swept her senses. "Before I m-marry you, I must be quite certain that you take no risk——"

She looked up into his steady eyes; a passion of tenderness overwhelmed her and her locked arms tightened around his neck.

"My darling," she whispered, "you *are* the boy I loved so long, so long ago my comrade Duane—my own little boy! Oh How was I to know I loved you this way too? How could I understand"

Already the glamour of the past was transfiguring the man for her, changing him back into the lad she had ruled so long ago, glorifying him—drawing them together into that golden age where her ears already caught the far cries and laughter of the past.

Now, her arms around him, she looked at him and looked at him as though she had not set eyes on him since then.

"Of course I love you," she said almost impatiently, as though surprised and hurt that he or she had ever doubted it. "You always were mine; you are *mine!* Nobody else could ever have had you—no matter what you did—or what I did. . . . And nobody except you could ever, ever have had me. That is perfectly plain now. . . Oh, you—you darling," she murmured, drawing his face against hers. Tears sprang to her brown eyes; her mouth quivered

"You *will* love me, won't you? Because I'm going quite mad about you, Duane. . . I don't think I know just what I'm saying—or what I'm doing."

She drew him closer; he caught her, crushing her in his arms, and she yielded, clung to him for a moment, drew back in flushed resistance, still bewildered by her own passion. Then into her eyes came that divine beauty which comes but once on earth—innocence awakened; and the white lids drooped a little, and the mouth quivered, surrendering with a sigh.

. . . .

"You never have, never could love any other man? Say it. I know it, but—say it, sweetheart!"

"Only you, Duane."

"Are you happy?"

"I am in Heaven."

She closed her eyes—opening them almost immediately and passing one hand across his face as though afraid he might have vanished.

"You are there yet," she murmured with a faint smile.

"So are you," he whispered, laughing—"my little dream girl—my little, brown-eyed, brown-haired, long-legged, swift-running, hard-hitting"

"Oh, *do* you remember that dreadful blow I gave you when we were sparring in the library? *Did* it hurt you, my darling? I was sure it did, but you never would admit it. Tell me now," she coaxed, adorable in her penitence.

"Well—yes, it did." He laughed under his breath. "I don't mind telling you now that it fractured the bridge of my nose."

"What!"—in horror. "That perfectly-delicious, straight nose of yours!"

"Oh, I had it fixed," he said, laughing. "If you deal me no more vital blows than that I'll never mind——"

"I—deal you a—a blow, Duane! *I!*"

"For instance, by not marrying me right away——"

"Dear—I can't."

The smile had died out in her eyes and on her lips.

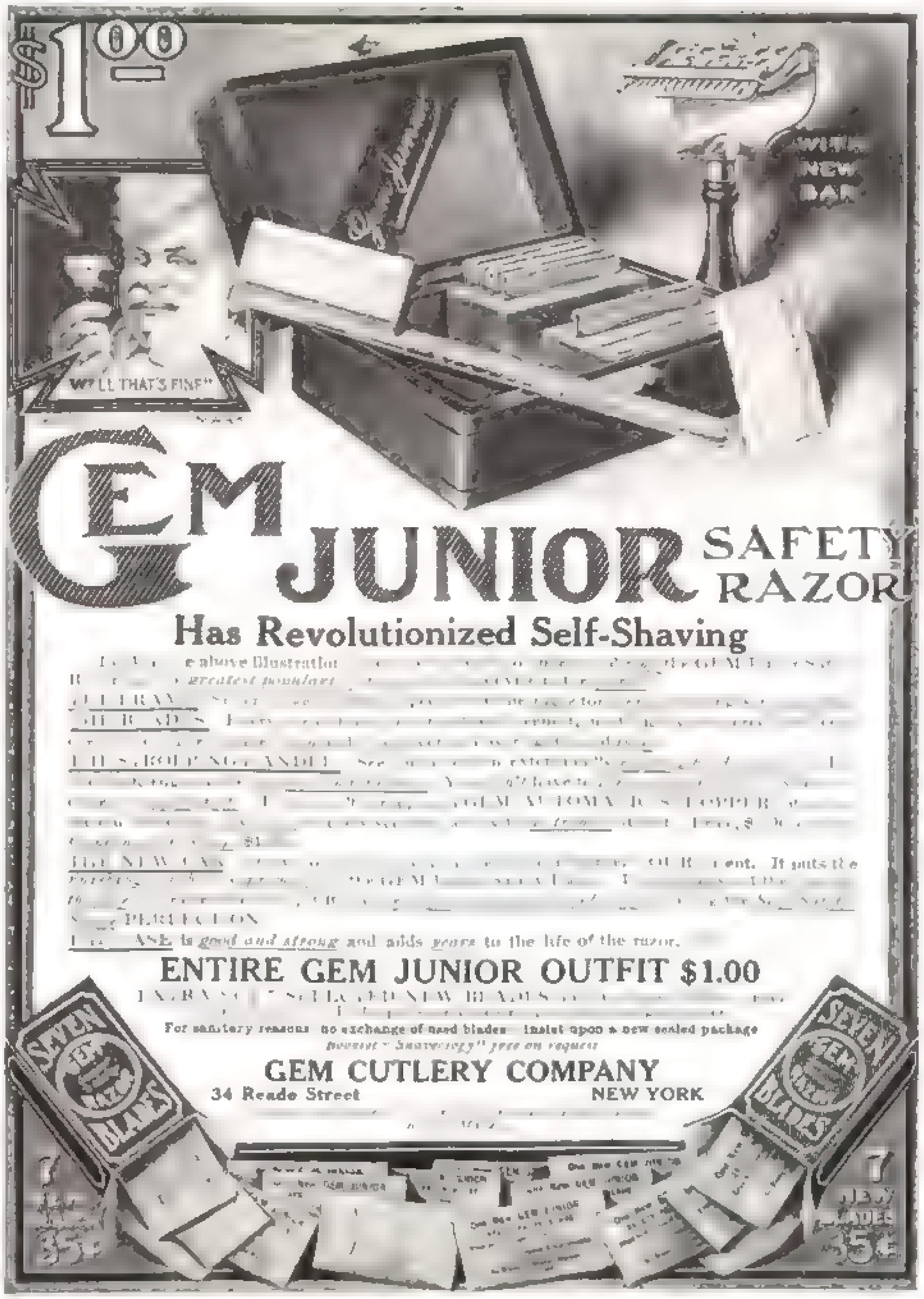
"You know I can't, don't you?" she said tenderly. "You know I've got to be fair to you." Her face grew graver. "Dear—when I stop and try to think—it dismays me to understand how much in love with you I am. . . . Because it is too soon. . . . It would be safer to wait before I start to love you—this way. There is a cowardly streak in me—a weak streak"

"What blessed nonsense you do talk, don't you?"

"No, dear"

She moved slightly toward him, settling close, as though within the circle of his arms lay some occult protection

For a while she lay very close to him her pale face pressed against his shoulder, brown eyes remote. Neither spoke. After a long time she laid her hands on his arms, gently disengaging them, and, freeing herself, sprang to her feet. A new, lithe and lovely dignity seemed to possess her—an exquisite, graceful, indefinable something



$1.00
WELL THAT'S FINE
GEM JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR
Has Revolutionized Self-Shaving
The CASE is *good and strong* and adds *years* to the life of the razor.
ENTIRE GEM JUNIOR OUTFIT $1.00
For sanitary reasons no exchange of used blades insist upon a new sealed package
GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
34 Reade Street NEW YORK
SEVEN GEM BLADES
7 NEW BLADES 35c

AUTOMOBILIST'S HAND BOOK FREE
"Care and Repair of Tires"
SHALER
C. A. SHALER CO. Waupun Wis

SPRAY Your Fruits, Crops, Poultry Houses, and do whitewashing with The Auto-Spray.
Auto-Pop Nozzle does the work of three
THE E. C. BROWN CO.
22 Jay Street, Rochester, N. Y.

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?
are filling High Salaried Positions. Good artists
EARN $25 TO $100 PER WEEK
and upwards, in easy fascinating work.
Personal Home Instruction
complete practical
Competent workers helped to positions
Handsome Art Book Free
SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART Founded 1898

TULANE UNIVERSITY of LOUISIANA
NEW ORLEANS
EDWIN B. CRAIGHEAD, LL. D., President
Tulane University in all its departments, is located in the City of New Orleans, the metropolis of the South.
Full Courses are offered in Languages, Sciences, Engineering, Architecture, Art, Law, Medicine, Pharmacy, and Dentistry
Next session

Mackay School of Mines
University of Nevada
Best equipped mining school
vacations.
Regular term opens August 23rd
JOSEPH E. STUBBS, President Reno, Nevada

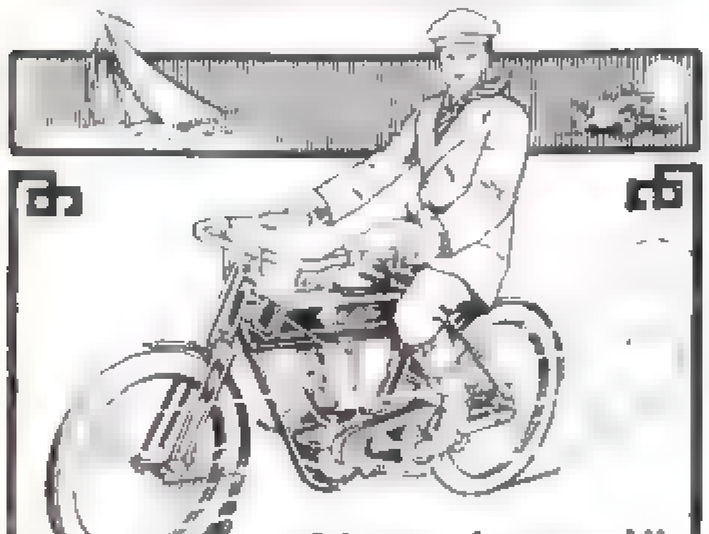
Virginia School of Dentistry
(Dental Department of the Medical College of Virginia)
F. W. Stiff, D. D. S., Chairman
Large and well equipped Infirmary, Excellent Facilities for Practical Instruction. Competent Corps of Teachers
For information and catalogue 12 address
Christopher Tompkins, M.D., Dean, Richmond Va.

Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH
ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX
FLORENCE MFG. COMPANY
32 Pine St., Florence, Mass., U S A

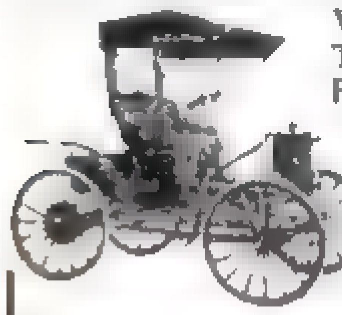
A 10c Cigar at 4½c
Size 4⅞ inches
This new La Reclama "Panola" is made by hand with a filler of LONG, clean, rich and mellow Havana, wrapped with the finest quality of Imported Sumatra. It is [illegible]
Our price for this 10c cigar is but 4½c, [illegible]

FREE CIGAR TRIAL

[illegible]
Write us the request on your business letter head and we will ship you 50 (fifty) La Reclama "Panola," expressage prepaid. Smoke five or six — then if you like them, send us $2.25 within ten days, but if for any reason [illegible] with the cigar you have been smoking. Mention if you prefer them mild, medium or strong.
La Reclama Cuban Factory
Cigars from Maker to Smoker
165 D Lenox Avenue, New York City



"It's simply great!"
That's the only way to describe motorcycling. It beats yachting, automobiling and every other sport. And when you ride an
"R-S" Motorcycle
[illegible] at its best [illegible] safest [illegible] 2 cents for 18 miles.
Write to-day for the "R-S" Motorcycle Book, free, that gives full information about this Great Sport.
READING STANDARD CO.
River Street, Reading, Pa
Built and tested in the Mountains



Write for This Book on This Full 18-20-Horse Power Car That Always
Goes the Route
Not "an engine in a buggy" but built up from [illegible]
The Invincible Schacht
[illegible]
THE SCHACHT MFG. CO., 2726 Spring Grove Ave Cincinnati Ohio

OUR BIG CATALOGUE FREE
UNITED BUILDING MATERIAL CO
CINCINNATI, O.

which lent a hint of splendor to her as she turned and looked down at him.

Then, mischievously tender, she stooped and touched her childish mouth to his — her cheek, her throat, her hair, her lids, her hands, in turn all brushed his lips with fragrance — the very ghost of contact, the exquisite mockery of caress.

"If you don't go at once," she murmured, "I'll never let you go at all. Wait — let me see if anybody is in the corridor."

She opened the door and looked out.

"Not a soul," she whispered, "our reputations are still intact. Good-by. I'll put on a fresh gown and meet you in ten minutes. . . . Where? Oh, anywhere — *anywhere*, Duane. The lake? Oh, that is too far away! Wait here on the stairs for me — that isn't so far away — just sit on the stairs until I come. . . . Do you promise? *Truly?* Oh, you angel boy! . . . Yes — but only one more, then — to be quite sure that you won't forget to wait on the stairs for me. . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BORROWED HOUSE

(Continued from Page 5)

specialty of the smoother and more urbane he is about getting it. So, because he seemed to expect me to do something, I unclasped my collar with shaking fingers and threw it to him across the table.

"Oh, please take it and go away," I implored him. "It — it isn't imitation, anyhow, and Daphne says the picture was."

"Oh," he said slowly, staring at the jewels, "so Daphne says the picture was, eh?"

He ran the collar through his fingers as if his conscience was troubling him a little. Then, "I wouldn't care to pit my judgment against that of a lady," he went on without even a word about the collar, "but I think your friend Daphne is wrong." His eyes traveled comprehensively to the silver on the floor.

"If you don't mind," he said whimsically — (can a burglar be whimsical?) — "I wish you would tell me how you opened that cupboard door. It was locked an hour ago."

"I dare say it was very unprofessional," I said boldly — for he didn't show any sign of trying to choke me, and my courage was returning, "but — I did it with a hairpin."

"Ah!" He was thoughtful. "And — I suppose that is the way you opened the front entry door, also?"

"No. Violet had a key ——" I began, then I stopped, furious at myself.

He dropped the sandwich again and took a step forward with his eyes narrowed.

"Violet!" he said.

Now, of course, you are wondering how I could have been so stupid as to think he was a picture thief, when he was something else altogether. But if you think me stupid now, what are you going to think at the end of this story? He was not at all like his picture, and because I hadn't recognized him as Basil Harcourt, who hated The Cause, I had lost quantities of valuable time.

One thinks quickly in emergencies, and women have one advantage over men. They can think very hard while they are talking about an entirely different subject. His next question gave me a cue. He came forward and leaned on the table, near the candle. I could see he was not very old after all — not nearly so old as I had expected.

"I know it isn't my affair at all," he began, half smiling, "but — I am under the impression that the Hall has been closed for some years. And yet — I find a young woman here alone, surrounded by — er — dust and decay. It's a sort of reversed Sleeping Beauty and the Prince. *You* should have been asleep. As you say, it isn't my affair, but — what in the world brought you here?"

(When I told this afterward Poppy said: "Out stepped the bold Horatius.")

"I came to steal the silver," I said brazenly.

That was my plan, you see. If he would only take me away and give me in charge he would be safely out of the way and beyond interfering. And the next morning, when everything was over, I would tell my

In Touch With His World

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO
LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

The railroad president to-day spends the greater portion of the summer at his country home renewing his energy. He keeps in touch with his railroad system over the telephone.

He may be one hundred miles or more away from headquarters, yet *his office* and the *principal business centers* of the country are *within talking distance*.

He is notified immediately when anything important occurs; his advice and direction are asked and given *over the telephone;* the machinery of the road goes on.

Each day, at the noon hour or in the early morning or late afternoon, he conducts his business over the long distance line.

He is in touch with his world.

Through the day he has been renewing his energy — sailing, driving, or playing golf — making himself *more fit for the busier season* and able at all times to handle a larger system and a larger volume of business than the president of two decades ago.

This is simply an illustration *which applies to every busy man*, whether he be railroad president, merchant, manufacturer or professional man.

It shows the importance of universal service, which is the constant aim of the Associated Bell Companies — of *one system*, extending to every nook and corner of the United States, keeping *all* localities within speaking distance of one another.

Long Distance Bell Service is universal in two ways — in its extension to all localities and in its application to all human activities. Whatever your interests, it will advance them economically, certainly, constantly.

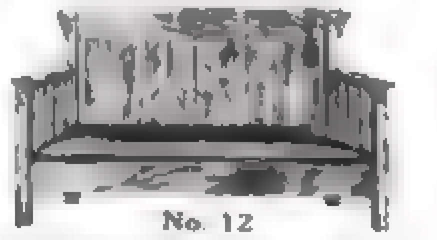
The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

One Policy, One System, Universal Service.

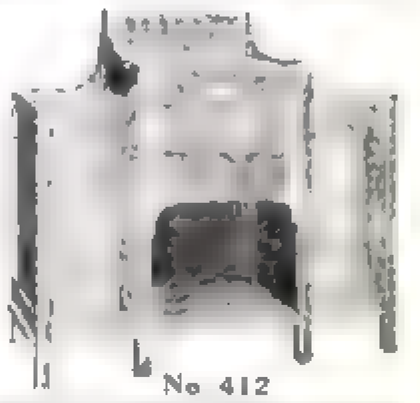
Put the "Knock-Down" Sections Together Yourself and Save Over Half — GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY

Send at once for our new catalog No. 9

No. 311
Top 54 in. diameter, extends to 7 feet. Our Price K. D. $18.50



No. 12
[illegible] $10.75

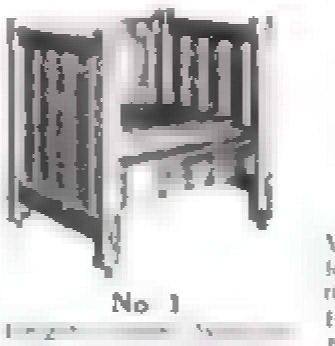


No. 412
[illegible] $18.75

You take no risk — We absolutely guarantee that you will be satisfied with everything you purchase of us, or your money will be instantly refunded.

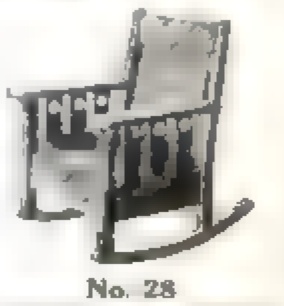
Every Piece Solid Oak — You Save
[illegible]

Shipped in Sections — Not in Pieces
[illegible] any woman. Easy to put together — no holes to bore, no tool work necessary, no skill required; the only tools necessary are a hammer and a screw-driver.



No. 1
[illegible] $6.00

No. 6. As You Receive it
With cushions made ready to drop in place. Just six joints to put together in the grooves provided. A few minutes work in staining and the piece is finished. Height 35 inches, Length 80 inches. Our Price K. D. with cushions covered with Chase Leather $18.50
It will be worth your while to send today for our new free catalog. A postal will bring it to you. It will save you money.



No. 28
[illegible] inches. Our Price K. D. with Cushion covered in Chase Leather $7.00

Brooks Manufacturing Company, 208 Ship Street, Saginaw, Mich.
Established 1901. Originators of the "Knock-Down" System of Home Furnishing

Dust-proof Floors

IT is a well known fact, backed by scientific research, that dust is the greatest carrier and distributer of disease germs known

The dust problem in public places is one that requires stringent measures

In stores, schools, libraries, hospitals, and public buildings, the bare wood floors are dust breeders. A sure dust preventive is at hand in

STANDARD Floor Dressing

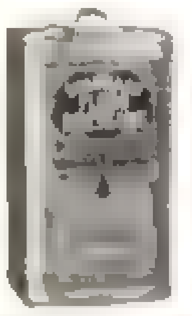
Wherever used it insures dust-proof floors. Tests prove that it reduces the evil nearly 100% and also *kills* all disease germs at the same time.

Preserves floors and saves labor

Three or four applications a year are sufficient for best results.

Not intended for household use.

Sold in barrels and cans of varying capacities by dealers everywhere



[illegible] public building *Free of Charge.* To [illegible] and free sample [illegible] applying

Write for our [illegible] book "Dust and Its Dangers"

Standard Oil Company,
(Incorporated)

The idea that you can cleanse the hair better without washing is proved by the number of women who find new pleasure in using

W & B Swedish Hair Powder The Dry Shampoo

Removes dust, grease, excessive oil, makes the [illegible] keeps the hair [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] 50c [illegible] 60c [illegible] Sale by a [illegible] send 10c for [illegible] phlet, "How to Have [illegible] Hair"

WALDEYER & BETTS Dept. S. 170 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

Square up your screen doors

Don't [illegible] mosquitoes. Attach

ANTI SAG SCREEN DOOR BRACE

[illegible] attached. Steel—seal in [illegible]

F. EDW. SNYDER
[illegible] St. Massillon O

real name and be released, and Mr. Harcourt would be abject. Something had to be done at once, for, as Daphne said, "to kidnap the Prime Minister would be a *coup d'état*, but to try to do it and fail would be low comedy."

When I said I was stealing the silver which was certainly not worth five guineas Mr. Harcourt took a step back and caught hold of a chair

"Really!" he said. And then: "But what in the world did you intend doing with them?—if you don't mind the question."

This was unexpected, but I rose to the occasion

"Melt them," I declared. (I think this was inspired. Don't they always melt down stolen silver?)

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "You *are* experienced!" Then he sat down suddenly in the chair and coughed very hard into his handkerchief. But he made no move to arrest me

"Aren't you going to give me in charge?" I asked in alarm, for time was flying. He put away his handkerchief

"Wouldn't that be a horrible thing for me to do?" he asked gravely. "Perhaps it's your first offense, you know, although I doubt that. You seem so capable. And if I let you go you may reform. Take my word for it, there's nothing to a life of crime. I suppose you—er—appropriated the string of pearls that are not imitation?"

This was unexpected

"It is more honestly mine, Mr. Harcourt," I began. He glanced at me when I called him by name. Then he took the collar out and looked at it. "I shall advertise it," he said judicially and slid it back into his pocket. "If the owner offers a reward I will see that you get it minus the newspaper costs, of course."

Then—we both heard it at the same moment—the throb of the machine down the drive. He raised his eyebrows and glanced at me. "More people after the silver, probably," he said, and picked up the candle. I trailed after him to the entrance hall.

Just inside the door, with a cordial smile of greeting fading into a blank, stood a middle-aged English gentleman, rather florid, with a drooping, sandy mustache and thinnish hair. When he saw me the ghost of the smile returned

"I am sure I beg your pardon. A—a thousand apologies. That cursed—hem—the chauffeur has made a beastly mistake. I was led to believe—I—that is——"

He was staring at me. Then his eye struck the banner across the hall, with "Votes for Women" on it, and from there it traveled to Mr. Harcourt. He had grown visibly paler. He put a hand to his tweed traveling-cap, gave it a jerk and, turning without warning, he disappeared through the entry into the storm. I caught Mr. Harcourt by the arm as he was about to follow, muttering savagely

"Oh, he's going to run away," I wailed. "And he will take pneumonia or something like that, and die! I told Daphne how it would be!" (Mr. Harcourt ran down the steps.) "Sir George! Sir George!" I called into the darkness from the doorway. There was no answer, but Mr. Harcourt stopped and glanced back from the drive.

"Sir George!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"It's the Prime Minister," I called desperately, "and if you care anything at all about Violet—but, of course, you don't—oh, do find him and bring him back!"

(Nothing but the excitement of the occasion would have made me mention Violet to him. I was sorry on the instant, for Mother knew a man once who had a convulsion every time he heard his divorced wife's name, and the only way they could revive him was by sprinkling him with lilac water, which had been her favorite perfume. Very romantic, I think. But there was nothing but rain to sprinkle Mr. Harcourt with, even if he had taken a fit, which he didn't.)

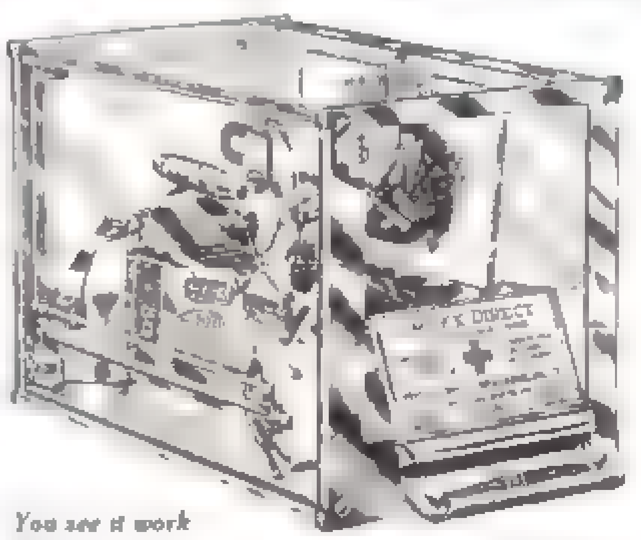
Instead, he turned on his heel and started down the drive. Sir George had disappeared, and the engine of the motor car had given a final throb and died in the distance. Sounds of feet splashing through mud and water came back to me.

For ten minutes I cowered on that miserable settle, with "Votes for Women" over my head. Is it any wonder that the moment I got back to America I joined

Get Your Share of $200,000,000 in Profits

About Nine Billion Cigars (9,000,000,000) are sold annually in the United States. If the profits average but a trifle over 2c per cigar, it would total about $200,000,000. The Cigar business is permanent, solid. An enormous demand is already created. It is a sure, steady, highly profitable cash business year in and year out. We furnish you the opportunity to get a share of these profits.

We have a monopoly [illegible] selling of these [illegible] the patents [illegible] practical Automatic Cigar [illegible] Machine in the world. It will bear the severest [illegible] most [illegible] investigation [illegible] distract to you. [illegible]



You see it work through the Plate Glass Case

"It Gets the money"

[illegible] delivered [illegible] from [illegible] the world is [illegible] for our organ[illegible] to handle. We [illegible] pending for the southern states. A [illegible] by local interests whose capital ranges from $[illegible] to $50,000. Other [illegible] from $1,0[illegible] A number [illegible] cities and [illegible] We dispose of [illegible] and turn over control of the operat[illegible] and leasi[illegible]

Write For Our Proposition

[illegible]

POPE AUTOMATIC MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. A-2, Corn Exchange Bank Building, CHICAGO

EVERY new model of the Remington Typewriter since the creation of the industry has represented a fundamental advance in typewriter quality and typewriter service.

The New

Remington

Models

10

and

11

do this and more—for they represent the greatest single advance which has ever been made in the development of the writing machine.

Some of the New Features.

Column Selector
Back Spacer
Two Color Dial
New Carriage

Built-in Tabulator
Single Dog Escapement
Variable Line Space Lock
New Paper Feed

Remington Typewriter Company
(INCORPORATED)
New York and Everywhere

When You're Traveling

A linen collar is a continual source of annoyance—wear our Challenge Brand and you avoid this bother and worry and cut out laundry bills, too

CHALLENGE
Brand
WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

are not in the least affected by train dust, yet they are correct and clean cut in appearance as the best linen—texture and finish so perfect that you can't tell them from linen.

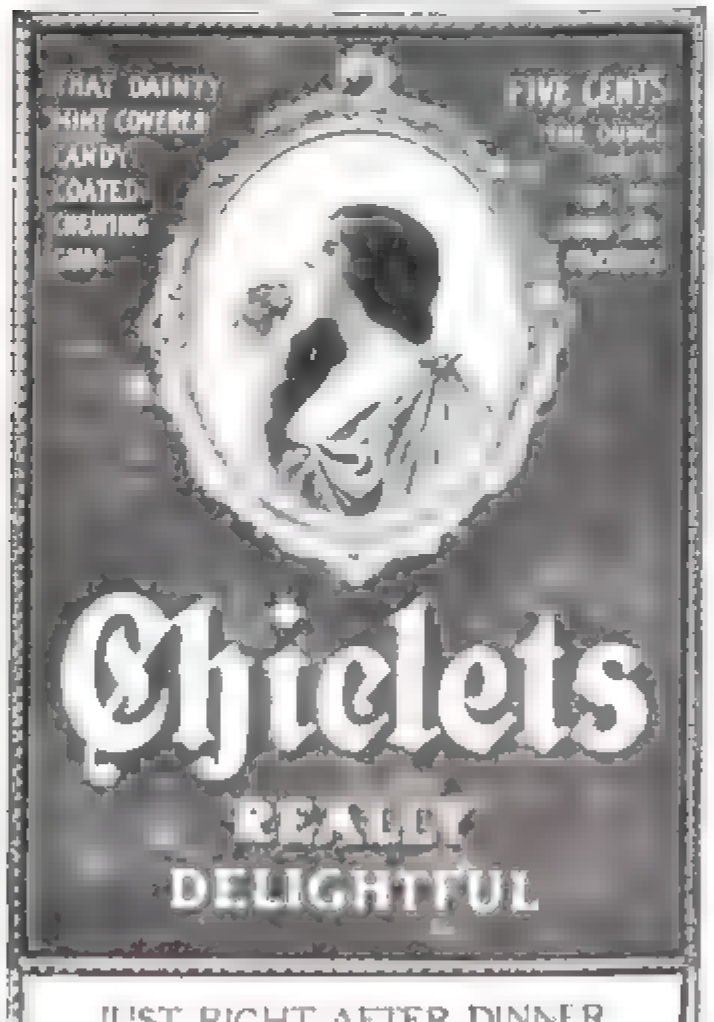
[illegible] permits easy, correct adjustment [illegible]

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water.

[illegible]

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "A"
725-727 Broadway New York

Boston Philadelphia
Chicago San Francisco
St. Louis Detroit
Toronto



JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER
Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood send us ten [illegible] storekeepers who [illegible] Chiclets.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY Inc.
Philadelphia U. S. A. Toronto, Canada

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM
FIVE CENTS THE OUNCE
Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

Earn $4 to $10 a day in the Laundry Business

For $200 I will equip for you an Electric or Gasoline Power Laundry, complete with cylinder washer, wringer and ironing machine that will enable you to easily earn $4 to $10 daily. I will show you how to get customers—how to do the work—how to build up a permanent and increasingly profitable business. Don't take my word for it—let me mail you the positive proof

N. C. Hurley, 115 So. Clinton St., Chicago

the H. T. R. T. C. Society?—which stands, of course, for "Hands That Rock the Cradle." Although no really well-trained modern baby is ever rocked, and, anyhow, most cradles are rocked with feet instead of hands.

After eternities I heard voices outside and Mr. Harcourt appeared, half leading him, coaxing Sir George. He had him by the arm. The Prime Minister was oozing mud and he was very pale.

"Terrible!" he was saying. "Unbelievable! Is there anything they won't do?" Then he caught a glimpse of the seven chairs and the gavel on the drawing room table, and tried to bolt again. But the entry door was closed.

"Now, then," Mr. Harcourt said to me disagreeably. "Tell us what you know about this thing. It isn't an accident, I presume?"

I shook my head.

"You see, sir," he said to the P. M., "you are the center—the storm center—of a Suffragette plot of some sort. I was a fool not to have guessed it, but I actually thought —— Well, no matter what I thought. I presume you were going to Gresham Place?"

Sir George nodded and groaned. A terrible flash of lightning was followed almost instantly by a splintering crash. The very house rocked. Mr. Harcourt closed the door.

"This is Harcourt Hall," he explained. "It's in bad shape, but we have at least a roof. I think you are alone?" to me very curtly.

I nodded mutely.

"I fancy the best thing under the circumstances is to wire to Gresham Place and have them send over—providing the telephone is in order."

"The wire is cut," I broke in. And then, like the goose I am, I began to cry. I hate lightning. It always makes me nervous.

Both Sir George and Mr. Harcourt stared at me helplessly. And then, still sniffling, I told them the whole story, and how Daphne and the rest would soon be there, and that I wasn't really a Suffragette; that I was an American, and I thought women ought to vote, but be ladylike and proper about it, and that, at least, they ought to be school directors, because they understood little children so well and paid taxes, anyhow.

When I got through and looked up at them Sir George was staring at me in bewilderment and Mr. Harcourt was smiling broadly.

"My dear young lady," he said, "of course you ought to vote. And if voting went by general attractiveness you would have to be what Americans call a repeater—vote twice, you know."

(It was at this point, when I told the story, that Ernestine Sutcliffe looked contemptuous. "We are not *all* pretty puppets," she said. And I retorted: "No, I should say not!")

All this had taken longer than it sounds, for on the very tail of Mr. Harcourt's speech came a double honk from the drive. Mr. Harcourt jumped for the hall lamp and extinguished it in an instant. I hardly know what happened next. My eyes were still staring wide into the blackness when he reached over and clutched me by the shoulder.

"Not a word, please," he ordered. "This way, Sir George! The door is bolted, and we will have time to get upstairs and hide. There's a secret room, if I can remember how to get to it. Walk lightly."

I could hear Daphne at the door outside and I opened my mouth to scream. But somebody divined my intention and clapped a hand over it.

As I was half led, half dragged back through the dark hall I saw Violet enter by one of the windows.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Oyster Crop

THERE was a man in Tennessee who was locally famous for his eating capacity. His name was Tom Raines and he was under discussion at the village store one night.

"How many raw oysters do you reckon Tom Raines kin eat?" asked one of the sitters.

"I dunno," replied another. "How many is they?"

CUTTING DOWN COAL BILLS
THE Underfeed WAY

LAYING in coal is a fixed economic event, for surplus midsummer heat can not be stowed away for winter use. It is *not* too late to cut that big annual expenditure for coal *way down*. When cold days return you *can* enjoy clean, even, healthful heat—either warm air, steam or hot water—for from 50% to 66⅔% *less* money than you have heretofore spent. Better tear out that old gluttonous furnace or heater. You are paying *too dearly* for its keep. We want a chance to prove that the

Peck-Williamson Underfeed
HEATING SYSTEMS
WARM AIR Furnaces- STEAM AND HOT WATER Boilers
Save 1/2 to 2/3 of Coal Bills

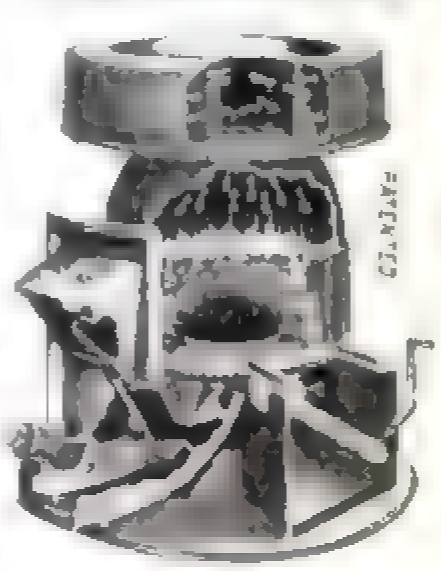
This is heat talk as refreshing as an iced lemonade on a sultry day. It is absolutely true. The UNDERFEED coal burning principle—coal fed from below and all the fire on top—*prevents* wasted heat units. Smoke and gases are *consumed* by this hygienic wonder, which gets from *cheapest* slack as much clean heat as *highest* priced anthracite will yield. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers.

Out in Kansas City, our agent, A. Holtman, has shown Missourians and Kansans what the UNDERFEED can do in the way of giving *best* heat at *least* cost. Here's an extract from a letter telling of his own experience:

"You ask if I had any luck. No—but the coal man has. Listen. I have been using one of the largest UNDERFEED furnaces to heat my office and shop for the past six years. My fuel bills have been reduced 60% compared with the cost for the old style furnace I used before. I have less ashes and very little smoke. In fact, it did so well at the office that I put the UNDERFEED Furnace in my home."

We'd like to send you a lot of letters in facsimile—just like this—with our UNDERFEED Booklet for Warm Air Furnaces or our Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Boilers.

Heating plans [illegible]



THE PECK-WILLIAMSON COMPANY
329 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.

We've a paying proposition to make to Furnace, Hardware Men and Plumbers who want more business. Write for it.

5% INTEREST

Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

Write for Information

First National Bank
Billings, Montana
Organized 1883

Pens that Write Right
Perfect [illegible]

Spencerian Steel Pens

[illegible] different kinds sent free for 6 cents postage.

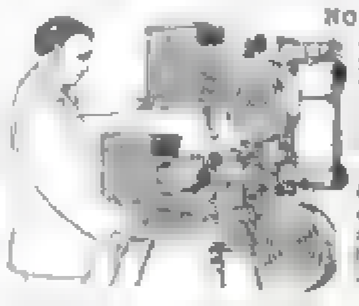
Spencerian Pen Co.,
349 Broadway, New York.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium
The ideal place to rest, to accurately learn your exact physical [illegible]

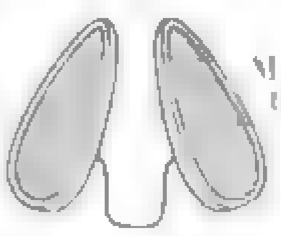
HEALTH REST [illegible] accommodations for 1000 guests. Illustrated Catalogue free.

The Sanitarium, Box 75, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Confessions of a Con Man
As told to Will Irwin Illustrated by Glackens
[illegible] $1.00 [illegible] $1.10
B. W. HUEBSCH 225 Fifth avenue New York



IT PAYS BIG TO Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures
NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our Instruction Book and Business Guide 'tells all.' We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc. [illegible]
Astonishing Opportunity [illegible]
Five Cent Theatres
in store rooms. Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented.
Big Profits Others [illegible] to us, we'll tell you how. Catalog free.
AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 830 Illinois Bank Bldg., Chicago



POLLEN AND DUST IRRITATE HAY FEVER
The NASALFILTER prevents breathing either.
Made of Sterling silver and fitted with fine mesh cloth, which, when dampened by the secretions of the nose, makes a most effective filter. Cloth changeable at will.
Order one at once and enjoy relief throughout the season. Price $2.00 At drug stores or from us. Write for descriptive book.
UNIVERSAL SUPPLY COMPANY, 428 Globe Bldg., ST. PAUL, MINN.

ONLY 5 CENTS

The Hygienic Soap

For Toilet, Bath and Shampoo

Lifebuoy Soap is different from ordinary soaps. It gives sterilized cleanness, the only scientific cleanness, destroys germs and protects the health.

LIFEBUOY

purifies, deodorizes and beautifies the skin. It is the health soap of the home and meets every need of toilet, bath and shampoo.

5c. At Your Grocers

LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY
Cambridge, Mass.

"Mum"

gives freedom from all annoying odors.

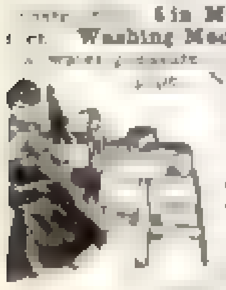
On the hottest summer day it keeps the body sweet and clean.

It does not destroy one odor by creating another, but merely by neutralizing it.

Does not clog the pores of the skin, nor irritate it. Does not injure the most delicate fabric.

25c at drug- and department-stores
If your dealer hasn't "Mum," send us his name and 25 cents, and we'll send it postpaid.

MUM MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia



DO YOU HAVE KNIVES TO GRIND, SILVER TO POLISH, SMALL TOOLS TO OPERATE, WASHING MACHINES OR WRINGERS TO RUN?
LET THE RED DEVIL

Water Motor Do Your Work

[illegible] 3 Horse Power [illegible] **6 in Motor** [illegible] **Washing Machine** [illegible] **$5 cash with order** [illegible] **6 in Motor** [illegible] **Doctors, Dentists, Druggists** [illegible] **$3** [illegible] **6 in Motor** [illegible] **$2.50 cash with order** [illegible] Catalog free.

DIVINE WATER MOTOR CO.
DEPT 6, UTICA, N.Y.

ADVENTURES OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC

(Continued from Page 7)

Well, there was cream potato soup that had thirteen proteins, and lentil soup that had twenty-two. Still, I didn't want two soups. So I took the lentil. Then there was walnut roast that had twenty-six and royal scallop that had fifty-three and broiled nuttolene that had twenty-nine. I didn't know what any of these was, but I totted up and found I was a long way from my two hundred and sixty proteins, and put them all on the list.

Then I marked baked potatoes and brown cream sauce and asparagus and spinach—my old friend, spinach—and totted up again, and I was far from the home-plate. So I stuck in the lentil soup and creamed baked potatoes, thinking I might as well have two soups and two kinds of potatoes as not, especially as I needed those proteins, and totted up again. I was still in the rear of my two hundred and sixty proteins. The girl with the white cap came up again and coughed inquiringly. I looked around and saw the other diners still doing sums, and I said: "In just a moment."

Then I jammed down sliced tomatoes, lettuce, whole-wheat bread, white bread, entire graham bread, toast, toasted biscuit, toasted rice biscuit, buns and butter and totted. I was in despair. It only made two hundred and twenty-eight, as I figured it. I needed more.

Cherry sauce and blueberry sauce contributed only seven more, and I went the distance, entirely to the bottom of the card, feverishly adding apple juice, which I then discovered didn't have any, so I had to strike that out, as I did malt honey, because that didn't have any, either. Caramel cereal gave one and a pitcherful of cream six. Then cream and milk came to the rescue with twenty-two, and I stuck in hot malted nuts with fifty-four for good measure. I was a bit over, but I knew that that could be adjusted. I would cut out one of those soups.

"Ready, sir?" sweetly inquired the girl with the white cap.

"Not yet," I said apologetically. "As a matter of fact, I have only secured my proteins and I have some figuring to do yet before I scientifically blend in the required fats and carbohydrates. Call again along about two o'clock."

She snickered, and I could feel that she was telling the head waitress about it.

Seven hundred and eighty fats were staring me in the face. I went down as far as cherry sauce again with one swoop, putting back the lentil soup, and totted six hundred and eighty-seven. Vanilla wafers, that I had not put on the protein list, garnered sixty-one and blueberry sauce gave me twenty more, which was near enough.

"Can't I bring you something?" asked the girl with the cap.

"Not yet," I replied. "I am still shy fifteen hundred and sixty, or thereabouts, carbohydrates, the absence of which, I take it, would render this appetizing repast practically worthless. In a few moments I shall have rounded up my carbohydrates. Still, you might as well bring in both kinds of soup. I have to have them both, anyhow, to get enough."

"Both kinds of soup, sir?"

"Sure; cream potato thirteen and lentil twenty-two."

She snickered, and the head waitress came over and looked at me with much pity in her brown eyes. She was pretty, too, that head waitress, and she wore a nifty white dress.

"Don't laugh," I said. "I am doing the best I can."

"Sha'n't I help you?"

"No, thank you. In order to get back—to—Nature I must learn how myself. Carnivorous animals, you know, are short-lived, but think of the gorilla and the elephant. I wonder whether the elephant likes carbohydrates or proteins best?"

"I am sure I don't know," she said, moving away.

Well, it took the whole list, from cream potato soup to strawberries, to get that fifteen hundred and sixty carbohydrates. That is, the whole list was a little too much, but I cut out hot malted nuts and made it about right.

Then I reflected that I had cut out hot malted nuts once and had put them in

WATERPROOFED LINEN
LITHOLIN

STYLE
ECONOMY

FIT
COMFORT

Never Wilts

Never Frays

The Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collar

Same Style, Same Dull Finish You've Always Worn

THAT'S the great [illegible] about Litholin goods—no one notices any difference except that you look [illegible] when other men's linen is "under the weather" or "the worse for wear." And as soon as you adopt Litholin [illegible] Nothing "goes into the wash" but the bill [illegible] Four collars and two pairs of cuffs costing $2.50 will [illegible] you through the year. What you pay now is at least $16.00. Figure it out—cost and washing.

Collars 25c Cuffs 50c

Genuine Litholin Goods are *always* sold from a Red box

If not at your dealer's, send, giving size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. [illegible]

The Fiberloid Company, Dept. 4, 7 Waverly Place, New York

$25.00 Per Week

If You Earn Less

I can HELP your Salary or Income by [illegible]

[illegible]

Geo. H. Powell, 1252 Metropolitan Annex, N. Y.

STALL'S BOOKS

Belt the Globe. 8 Pure Books on Avoided Subjects. Unrivalled. 20 Languages. Table of Contents free

Young Boy
Young Man
Young Husband
Man of 45
Young Girl
Young Woman
Young Wife
Woman of 45

Vir Publishing Co.
144 Church Bldg., 15th and Race Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR ATTORNEY FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free [illegible]

Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

Let us Put Fifty Little Cigars in your Grip

On any trip, business or pleasure, the ideal short smoke is BETWEEN THE ACTS Little Cigars.

All the goodness of a big cigar—all the flavor, all the aroma, all the satisfaction. But a *short* smoke, and a *light* one.

In Handsome Metal Boxes

Just try having fifty of these with you on your trip and see how much you cut down your cigar bill—how many times you may enjoy a *short* smoke, when time does not permit you smoking the regulation big cigar—how much generally you increase the enjoyment of smoking.

If your dealer cannot supply you in boxes of 10 or 50, send to us for a trial box of 50. Please use the coupon below.

Get This Straight

[illegible] *this important* [illegible]

Discarding all [illegible]

COUPON

Name

Address

[illegible] Don't miss [illegible] best of all short [illegible] The American Tobacco Co., 111 Fifth Avenue, New York

Or, If You Prefer

Send a $1.00 bill and we will deliver 100

All Tobacco
No Paper
Not a Cigarette

Sold generally [illegible] good cigars [illegible]

twice, so that didn't seem right; but I let it stand at that and put it up to the cook.

The girl with the white cap came in with one dish of soup, the cream potato.

"Try this," she said, putting it down with some sliced tomatoes and a plate of assorted bread.

"Look here, Sister," I protested, "you are not going to cheat a poor invalid out of his legitimate requirements of proteins and fats and such, are you?"

"Oh, no," she comforted, "you will learn how in a short time. Is the rest of the order ready?"

I was about to hand her the card when I noticed the "ounces" and "portions" columns.

"Wait," I said, "until I see how much of this in pounds I have picked out." As a matter of fact, I had picked out everything on the card, and I added the ounce columns.

It made six pounds!

That staggered me, but I totted the portion column. I had ordered fifty-four portions!

"Holy smoke!" I shouted. "This won't do. They'll think I am a caravan or a circus or a convention or something."

"My dear young lady," I said meekly, "will you kindly tear up this record of futile mathematics and bring me whatever you think I should have? Brain food, if you keep it in stock, might not be inappropriate. Please."

"You were trying to order three meals in one, sir," she grinned.

So she brought me a royal scallop, a baked potato, a dish of sauce for the potato, some asparagus in cream, a glass of grape juice and, when I asked her for it, some walnut roast, which looked like a slice of gingerbread and tasted like reminiscent walnuts, and was very good.

The lady at the end of the table smiled at me. "You will learn very soon," she said. "What are you here for?"

"I am taking a supplementary course in arithmetic," I said.

"Pshaw!" she replied. "What are you really here for?"

"Autointoxication," I replied promptly.

"That's right," she said, smiling sweetly. "We all have autointoxication."

"It seems to be the rage," I commented, sticking an inquiring fork into the royal scallop, which appeared to be in the nature of macaroni, although it probably wasn't.

She took a little tablet out of a box and held it up. "Do you like these?"

"I don't know what they are."

"Why, these are the tablets that make the friendly germs."

"Oh, yes, I have heard about the friendly germs. I didn't think there was so much love and good will in any of the germ family."

"My dear sir," she replied gravely, "friendly germs are very essential to the health. In Bulgaria, where they eat a diet that is rich in friendly germs, they live to be a hundred and twenty years old—that is," she added, "some of them do."

"Who?" I asked; "the germs or the Bulgarians?"

"Why, the Bulgarians, of course."

"Is that the only place where they eat friendly germs—in Bulgaria? Everybody who has talked to me about these little and affectionate neighbors and tenants of ours cites Bulgaria."

"Of course," she explained, "we haven't had them a hundred and twenty years, so we don't know whether we shall live as long as that or not. Don't you want to live a hundred and twenty years?"

"I suppose," I replied, "it would be a good thing. It would take me about that long to get my carbohydrates straight."

I met the Retired Banker on the porch again.

"Say," he said, "I believe I will make it a porterhouse steak, after all. Only, I shall order some broiled kidneys with it."

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Blythe's papers describing his experiences while in search of his health. The third paper will be printed in an early issue.

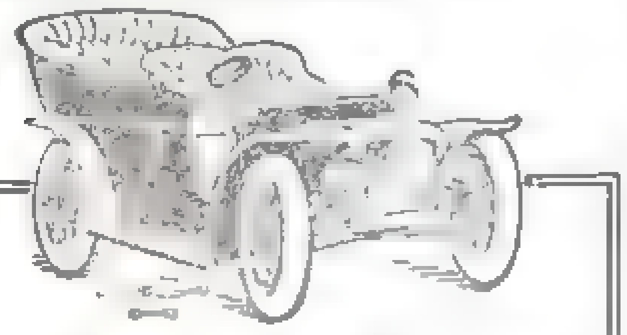
The blades of all Simonds Saws are so perfectly toughened that you can bend them almost double without kinking them—

So perfect the temper that they will [illegible] much more cutting than others without filing or setting

SIMONDS SAWS

[illegible]

Simonds Mfg. Co.
Fitchburg, Mass.
Chicago New York San Francisco
New Orleans Portland Seattle



Lubrication Costs Less Than Repairs

Most of the bills for automobile repairs are really the costs of faulty lubrication in disguise. [illegible]

VACUUM
MOBILOIL

[illegible] different grades. One of these [illegible] grade for you. The requirements of [illegible]

[illegible] where. Manufactured by
VACUUM OIL CO.,
Rochester, N Y

Fine-Form MATERNITY SKIRT

Every Prospective Mother [illegible]

Always drapes evenly in front and back—no [illegible]

Can be worn the year round [illegible]

Free [illegible] **Fine Illustrated Book** [illegible] **Fine-Form Maternity Skirt** [illegible] **Ten Days Free Trial** [illegible] **wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented** [illegible] **refund every cent** [illegible] **Other Skirts** [illegible] **same guarantee** [illegible]

Beyer & Williams Co Dept 32 Buffalo N Y

COUPON

For a Gold Embossed, New Style, Art

Lyon & Healy Piano Catalog

This catalog is as different from all other piano catalogs as the

Lyon & Healy Piano

is different from ordinary pianos. This catalog contains detachable illustrations, each one of which is fitted with an easel, so that they may be set up on your table. Thus you can view the different styles simultaneously. This Art Catalog is so costly that we can mail it only to those who are really interested in a piano. So kindly fill out this coupon.

NOTE.—The Lyon & Healy Piano now occupies its rightful place among the great artistic, standard makes. It excels in both musical quality and appearance many instruments for which much more is asked. A strong claim, but the greater the test, the greater the triumph.

You can test a Lyon & Healy Piano, without one cent of expense to you

COUPON TO BE FILLED OUT

Please Fill Out and Mail to Us

Messrs. LYON & HEALY, 64-74 Adams St., Chicago

Gentlemen: I am interested in a piano. Please send catalog

Name

Street

[illegible]

Address

H&R ARMS Co

Let the revolver you have in mind become a reality

***A RELIABLE** Revolver is not only the **SAFEST** to use, but the **CHEAPEST** in the end.*

Buy an H & R *to-day*—and you'll *have it* when you want it.

H & R Hammerless (illustrated), 38 caliber, 5 shots, 3¼ inch barrel, nickel, price $7.00. Made also in 22 and 32 caliber.

Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct. Look for our name on the barrel and the little target trade-mark on the handle.

We want you to have our beautifully illustrated catalog. Write for it to-day.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 529 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

PARIS GARTERS

They fit so well you forget they're there

A necessity with Knee-Drawers

No metal can touch you

You need them the year round

Sold Everywhere 25 50

A. STEIN & CO 159 Center Ave Chicago

OL' SAM

(Continued from Page 11)

upon them. They felt irresistibly drawn by the campfire that sparkled in the darkness down by the water they craved; time after time they would near it fearfully. Without turning his head Dave knew that dozens of wondering eyes surveyed him from the outer rim of dark fifty yards away.

Before dawn the cook and his assistant had made fast the burro's burden with the "squaw hitch," and hard upon the coming of light Dave started out alone. In ten minutes he was in sight of the mustangs. Sam shook his head in irritation and the band moved off slowly. Dave followed. Far behind came the burro, led by a man on foot.

He camped at noon in a stretch of alkali, and because there was no water near they partook sparingly of some the cook carried in tins slung over the burro's load. As for the beast he must wait till nightfall, which did not worry the burro in the least. Well Dave knew that the mustangs must make for water.

A dozen times in a day the cook would be out of view of the fugitives and a dozen times he would catch up with them, disturbing their intermittent grazing.

It is doubtful if the cook averaged more than twenty miles in twenty-four hours; it is certain that the wild horses covered nearly three times that distance in their circlings, their outbursts of panic and their doublings back on the pursuer. The chase led in a triangle that took in all the waterholes for a radius of ninety miles, and almost always Dave contrived to arrive before the band had got quite their fill.

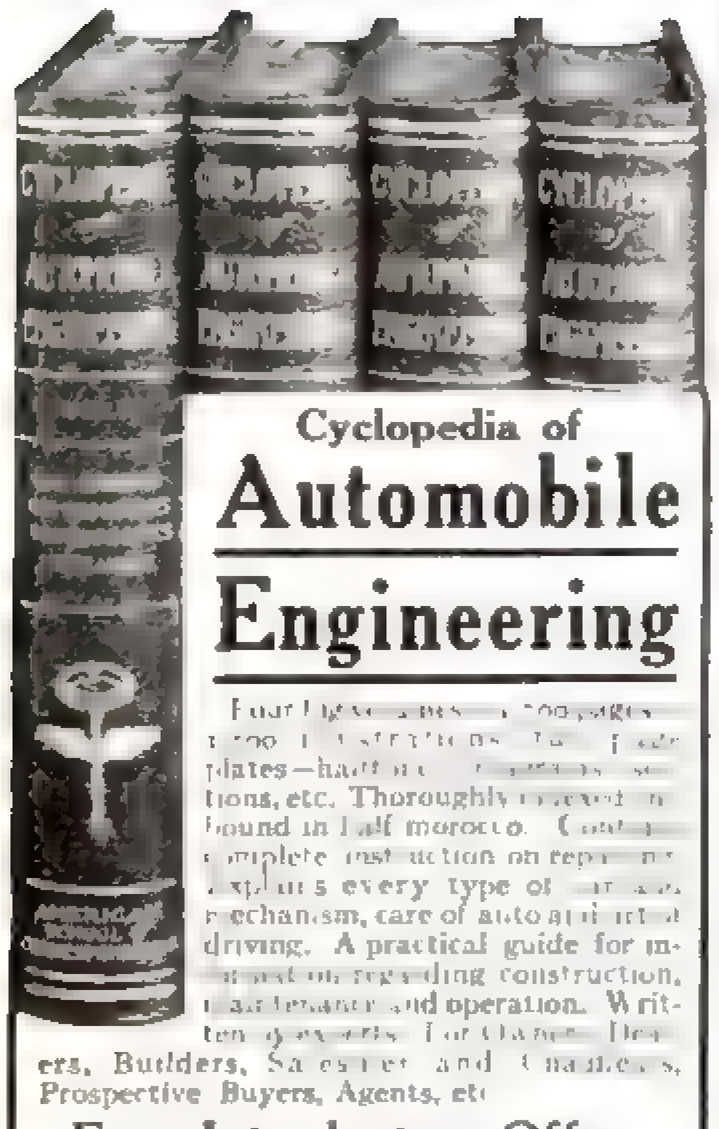
Sam had lost at least a hundred pounds by the end of two weeks and was become gaunt and savage. Several of the colts, only a few months old, had given up the flight and their mothers forsook the band with them in safety, the pursuers ignoring them. And one night a young stallion, intolerant of the buckskin's leadership, broke away, leading four mares to distant pastures. The others kept on. Sam's contempt for the slow-crawling thing behind them was changing to a haunting dread, and he became subject to fits of petty irritation. Why couldn't the enemy come on boldly? Why couldn't he match his speed with theirs in one grand rush? But no, there he was, patiently legging it through sand, through grass, over foothills, up mountain trails, through gorges, down into smiling valleys. A horrible fascination took possession of the mule. Had Dave turned about to retrace his steps it is probable that Sam would have followed out of curiosity to see where he was going; but Dave still came on.

About this time, too, they got a taste of real summer. From a cloudless sky the sun smote the land, browning the hills, drying up wallows and surface-lakes, crisping the grass in the plains until it crackled into dust. First one mountain stream ceased to run, then another; a creek that had swept down in a torrent after the spring rains now dribbled a tiny ribbon of water among scorching boulders. Thus came about the beginning of the end.

"They cain't stand more'n another week of this, Charlie," remarked Dave as they camped beside a hatful of water in the foothills.

"I reckon not. Did you notice some of them mares? They's all in. You got within fifty yards of 'em once today, Dave. The burro hyar has kep' up well. She's lookin' fine. I'm givin' her corn."

Never did the mustangs get enough to eat. Another sort of madness than the madness for liberty was laying hold of Sam. His days consisted of timid attempts at grazing, from which he would start at the slightest sound; of enforced pilgrimages from one bit of pasture to another; and it must have been six hundred hours since he had had his fill of water. More than once, in a frenzy of revolt, he put five miles between him and this clinging disturber; but after two hours of uneasy nibbling he would be interrupted once again, and again must move on. What food he got failed to nourish as it should and the rest he snatched was not rest. In the night, when he might have lost his foe, the mule knew well that he was near, for there in the blackness his fire sent up its sparks and it drew him and his companions like a magnet. No matter where they roamed the cook somehow managed to spend the



Cyclopedia of
Automobile
Engineering

Four big volumes — 1000 pages — 1200 illustrations, full page plates — half-tones, diagrams, sections, etc. Thoroughly indexed and bound in half morocco. Contains complete instruction on repairs; explains every type of car and mechanism, care of auto and motor driving. A practical guide for information regarding construction, maintenance and operation. Written by experts. For Owners, Dealers, Builders, Salesmen and Chauffeurs, Prospective Buyers, Agents, etc.

Free Introductory Offer:

EXAMINE THESE BOOKS AT OUR EXPENSE. [illegible] paid. [illegible]

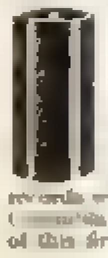
PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS
Automobile Operation — Care — Trouble — Breakdown — Repairs — Automobile Power Plants — Cooling and Oiling Systems — Ignition Systems — Spark Coils — Buying a Motor Car — Gasoline, Electric and Steam Cars — Tires — Puncture — Accessories — Driving — Motorcycles — Gas and Oil Engines — Fuels — Care of Gas Engines — Electricity — Storage Batteries — Direct Current Motors — Mercury Vapor Converter — Primary Batteries — Steam Engines and Boilers — Valve Gears — Indicators, etc.

[illegible] will include FREE for one year as [illegible] TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE [illegible] topics written in popular form.

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U.S.A.
Mention The Sat. Eve. Post, Aug. 14, '09

TRYUNE
COLLAR SUPPORTER
Silk Covered — Double Bone — Endless Loop
All Sizes, Black or White, 5c. a Card
Joseph W. Schloss & Co., 151 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

"Twin Grip"
PAPER FASTENER
It's just that double grip and the turn-down lips at the tip that make this fastener ideal for your office. Neither top, bottom nor middle paper can become loose — the twin prongs hold them all.
The De Long Hook and Eye Co.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Send for free samples in four sizes



If You Own a Phonograph
We can send you your own selections from the regular catalog regular gold-moulded records at 15 cents each
25 cent Records at 15 cents
You never paid less than 25 cents or 35 cents for a [illegible] records will fit any make or size of machine, either Edison or Columbia — all new perfect cylinders. Don't lose the benefit of this first and only cut price in the history of the business.
Send to-day for a catalog
Columbia Phonograph Company, X P Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

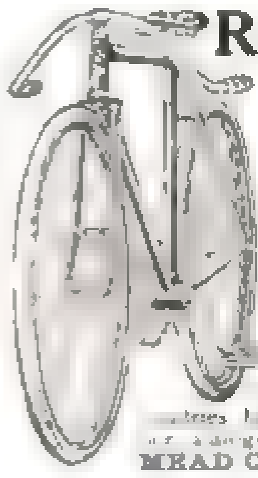
The Best of a Nation's Wheat —
The Best of a Nation's Bakeries —
The Best of a Nation's Bakers —
The result —

Uneeda Biscuit
The BEST Soda Cracker

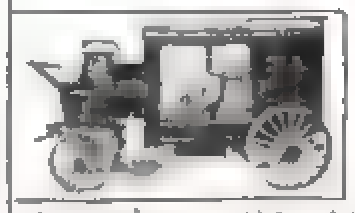
From start to finish — from the granary to the moisture proof package — the one thought in the production of Uneeda Biscuit is "BEST." That's why you enjoy them so.

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Rider Agents Wanted
Finest Guaranteed 1910 Models $10 to $27
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1908 and 1909 Models all of best makes $7 to $12
500 Second-Hand Wheels
$3 to $8
FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We Ship On Approval
TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Tires, coaster-brakes, [illegible] Do not buy till you get [illegible]
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. A-55, Chicago



Vacuum Cleaner Wagons
The Best ever built
Get ready for the fall rush and make money with our portable cleaners.
Complete outfits at from $750 to $3000, and every one A BIG BARGAIN.
Write at once about this business and get full particulars.
THE VACUUM CLEANER CO., 7 East 24th St., New York

Fiction Readers
will receive free copy of the Current Fiction Review by writing the
Gramercy Publishing Company
30 East 20th Street New York City

FIX YOUR ROOF
No More Roof Troubles With Roof-Fix you can put your leaky, worn-out, rusty, metal, paper or shingle roofs [illegible]
Roof-Fix The Perfect Roof Preserver [illegible] free roofing book [illegible]
Anderson, The ROOF-FIX Man, Dept. 21, Elyria, O

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH
Better Why? Because it does not contain Turpentine or Acid. Adds to the life of all leathers and gives a brilliant shine that won't rub off.
10 Cents
At all dealers.
The F. F. Dalley Company, Limited [illegible] Hamilton, Ont.

Shave yourself

if you desire, or let the barber do it; but in either case be *comfortable* after shaving by the application of

ED. PINAUD'S
LILAC VEGETAL

Just a few drops, applied with the palm of your hand, before the face is dried. Let us send you a sample of this delightful French preparation—it is the finest toilet water for general use. Exquisitely fragrant. *Price 75c.* Sold everywhere. Write us to-day, enclosing 4c in stamps for the sample.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
Dept. C-12, Ed. Pinaud Bldg., New York

For Twenty Years

I've been designing and building Engines and Launches for others. I now have my own new factory and am devoting my entire attention to ONE DESIGN—ONE MODEL,

"The Leader" 16-ft. Launch

Ready for Immediate Delivery

The latest, finest appearing 16-ft. launch to be had at any price. Seats 6 to 8 people; speed 8 to 10 miles. Engine is simplicity itself; a woman or child can operate it with perfect safety. No cranking. Weedless wheel and rudder. Not a rowboat launch, but a genuine launch throughout. Complete, ready to slip into water and run . . **$99**

With auto top, $125.00. Special big values in 18-ft. launches. Send name and address and I will tell you more.

Wm. Gile, Master Mechanic
GILE BOAT & ENGINE COMPANY
Dock A, Ludington, Mich.

Bungalows and American Homes

Design No. 2, Built in California and Iowa—Cost $2,200

Our handsome 100 page, 8x11 book of Bungalows, Mission, Colonial, English timbered and concrete houses for 1909 shows interiors, exteriors, and floor plans and actual cost to build. **Figures that you can rely upon.** These designs are photos of structures **we have built** in California and throughout the country—not theoretical pen pictures. Bungalows rent and sell at sight, and are an excellent investment. Price of book $1.00, P. O. or express order, prepaid. Sample folder free.

Brown Bros., Architects, 919 Security Bank Bldg., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Helps *for* Camera Users

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S MANUAL
SENECA

Seneca Exposure Meter enables the amateur to accurately time his exposures and obtain good results for all kinds of subjects in all kinds of weather. Easy to use. **Price 20c.**

Photographer's Manual. Anyone, by simply following instructions, can quickly become proficient in all branches of photography. Absolutely the best book on the subject. Over 350,000 copies sold. **Price 20c.** We will send

Both for 25c

just to introduce our latest catalog with handsome Indian Baby Poster Cover in colors, suitable for framing, to camera users everywhere. Send now.

SENECA CAMERA MFG. CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler, and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 25c. for 50c. size, postpaid.

DR. LYONS, 182 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

CLARK'S CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD

By S. S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons, brand new. Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 5, '10, from 'Frisco, **$650** and up.

12th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, **$400** up, by Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.

night near water and the band could not tear themselves from the vicinity.

There came a day when Sam's ribs showed pitifully through his rough coat and he shuffled along in desperate dejection, his ears flopping. A great fatigue numbed his limbs, made cruel weights of them, and he was thirsty, deliriously thirsty; but if his plight was bad, that of the mustangs was worse. They stumbled coughing through the dust, too tired to lift their feet. Occasionally one broke into a half-hearted trot which survived only a few steps. The race was run.

Within six hours the band began to break up. First the mares and colts dropped out, careless of what might befall. The mothers went weakly to feeding on the burnt grass, their offspring hovering near in the last stages of exhaustion; but to these Dave paid no attention. He was after Hell-on-Wheels, and he did not propose to inject new life into the jaded survivors by the slaughter of their beaten companions. By his orders Charlie, too, ignored them, though his fingers itched as his mind dwelt on the reward.

Four of the horses lagged, staggered forward a few paces and fell behind, spent, swaying dizzily as they moved aside to let Dave pass. They were oblivious to everything now, insensible to peril, scarcely able to discern objects through their glazed eyes; but Sam and the stallion and more than a score kept on. Dave followed.

Hot rebellion surged up in the mule more than once, sapping his last ounce of spirit. Up would go his head in defiance and he would increase his lead; but the strength was ebbing from the great muscles of him, he was sick at heart and wanted to lie down. Ahead, perhaps an hour's walk, he knew there was water. He must reach that. Would this thing that clung to their rear never give them respite?

Dave trudged now only twenty yards back. He was footsore, a terrible weariness was upon him and the heat was awful. Yet no thought of giving up occurred to his mind; his patience was unfailing. Not once did he do a hurried thing to alarm the quarry.

It was the thirty-fourth day. All around them stretched a desert of alkali flecked with patches of tree-cactus and clumps of bear-grass, and through the white, chalky dust Sam toiled dispiritedly a dozen yards in front of the stallion. Behind the faltering buckskin limped eight skeletons of horses, and ten yards behind the hindmost walked Dave. There was no need that Charlie remain far in rear as of yore. The mustangs did not notice him, and he followed close with the burro.

The rovers had drunk deep that morning at a spring on the edge of the desert, this being as Dave would have it, and now all vigor of body and spirit had departed. Sam's head swung low to the ground, his knees were shaking and he saw nothing of what he passed. To his bloodshot eyes these scorched wastes were a shimmering blur, and he knew only that he must go on.

Suddenly, as though by telepathic agreement, the weird procession halted. Sam turned. He faced the cook as he came up without hesitation, rope in hand. Dave slipped the noose about his neck and rubbed the dusty muzzle sunk against his hip.

"You ol' fool, you!" he mouthed at him. "What you mean by runnin' off this a-way? Didn't you know that team weren't no good without you? What did you reckon I was goin' to do, you pore ol' son-of-a-gun?"

He ran his eye over the emaciated body and his glance fell to his own shrunken outline.

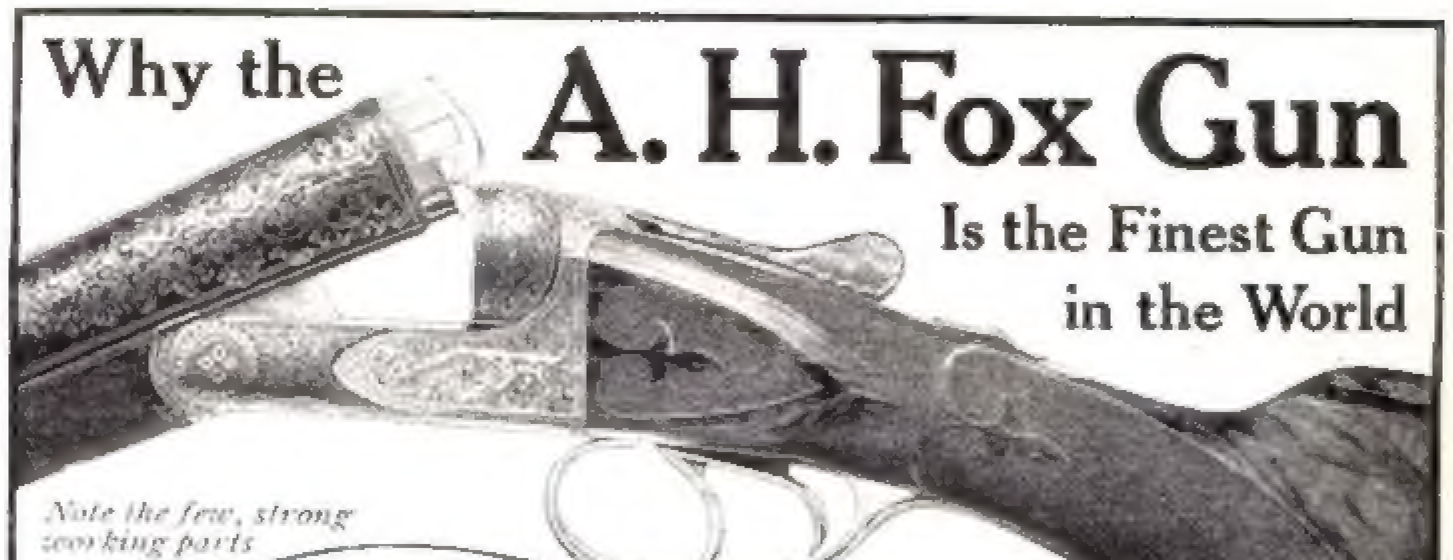
"I reckon we're both some thinner, Sam. An' my feet's awful sore. What you need is corn. Hyar, Charlie, gimme that 'morale'!"

Staked out, with the nosebag over his head, the mule munched dully on the life-giving grain, while Dave prepared dinner and Charlie moved from point to point on the plain with a rifle earning half a month's pay every time he got near a horse. Charlie began to figure he would be a rich cowman some day.

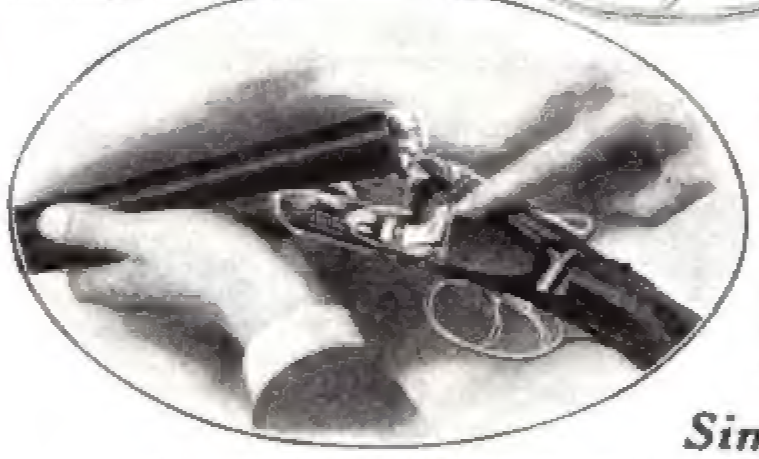
Two hours later the two men were smoking in the peace and content of hard work well done, when Sam walked stiffly to the end of his rope. By straining on it he could just reach the edge of the campfire. Dave rose up on his elbow.

"Hi, thar! Git your nose out'n that pan, you rascal! I swan he's huntin' for bread."

Why the A. H. Fox Gun Is the Finest Gun in the World



Note the few, strong working parts



The A. H. Fox Gun is the finest gun in the world, because it is the only gun possessing all of the following exclusive features, every one of which is *essential* to a perfect gun.

Simplicity and Strength

There are only *one-half* as many working parts in the mechanism of a "Fox" as are used in other guns, and these few parts are twice the size and strength. This means that a "Fox" is too simple to get out of order—too strong to break. The "Fox" is cocked by a single-piece "cocking-lug," carried by the barrels and lifting directly on the hammers. The "Fox" has a single-piece "safety," which absolutely locks the triggers against accidental discharge. The "Fox" uses a rotary, wedge-shape locking bolt, which *automatically* takes up wear and holds the gun tight forever—there is no such thing as a "Fox" gun shooting loose. "Fox" coil main and top lever springs are *guaranteed* unbreakable.

Unequalled Quality The "Fox" gun shows *quality* from muzzle to butt plate. Our motto is "quality first, cost afterwards." Everything that enters into the making of a "Fox" is the best money will buy, even the cheaper grade guns having genuine Krupp Fluid Steel barrels, Circassian Walnut Stocks, and all interior working parts carefully finished and polished.

Safety, Inspection and Guarantee Our guarantee is a most broad and *positive* one. If there is a doubt as to the absolute mechanical perfection of a "Fox" gun, or if its "pattern," penetration and general shooting qualities do not come up to our high standard, it is instantly rejected—an imperfect "Fox" gun is practically an impossibility. We have thousands of testimonials from sportsmen the country over who pronounce the "Fox"

"The Finest Gun in the World"

If you are looking for the best gun at the best price—quality considered—ask your dealer to show you the "Fox." Net prices $37.50 to $362.00. If your dealer cannot supply you or offers substitutes, send your order direct to us. Write for a beautiful art catalogue. Address

THE A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY, 4696 North 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

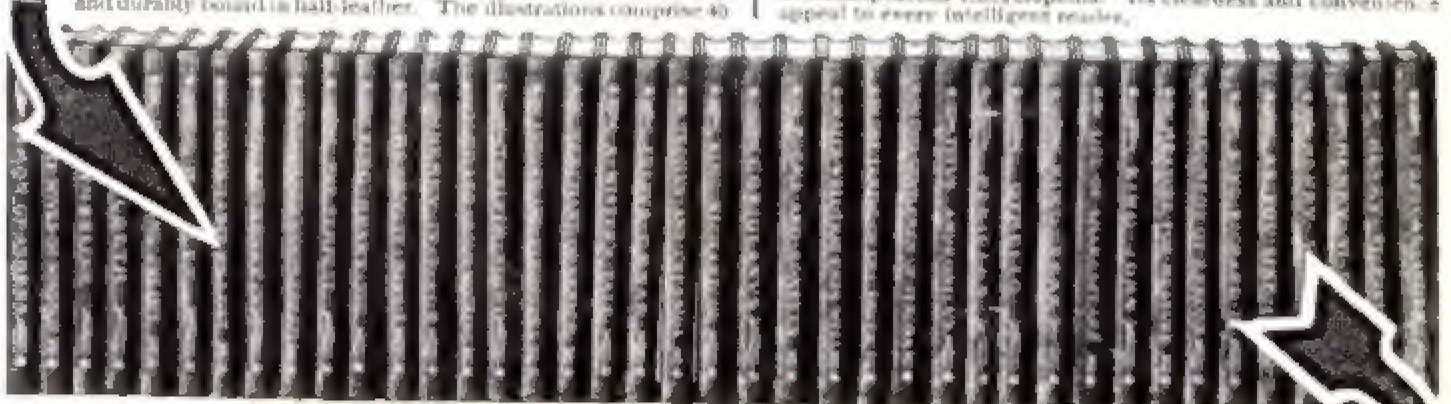
Booklovers Shakespeare

SWEEPING CUT IN PRICE Our offer of slightly rubbed sets of the *Booklovers Shakespeare* has met with instant results. Every set purchased was bought after careful examination of the books—the kind of examination we offer to you now. The defects in the greater part of these damaged volumes are so trivial that most publishers would trust to their passing unnoticed. We prefer, however, to forestall possible criticism, and are offering the books at a cut which more than offsets any trifling discoloration or signs of handling.

ALL OF SHAKESPEARE IN HANDY FORM

The aim of the BOOKLOVERS is to make easy the understanding of Shakespeare's works. Every obsolete word, every doubtful phrase, every obscure reference is explained by noted scholars. This edition is printed in large type, from new plates, on selected white paper. There are in all 40 dainty volumes (7 x 5 inches in size), containing 7000 pages, and artistically and durably bound in half-leather. The illustrations comprise 40 full page plates in colors and 400 reproductions of rare wood cuts.

The BOOKLOVERS is an absolutely complete and unabridged edition of Shakespeare. Each of the volumes contains an entire play and all the notes that explain that play. In the extent of information it contains, the BOOKLOVERS is, indeed, a Shakespearean Encyclopedia. Its clearness and convenience appeal to every intelligent reader.



UNIQUE SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE BOOKLOVERS

Topical Index: By means of which the reader can find any desired passage.
Critical Comments explaining the plays and characters, selected from the writings of eminent Shakespearean scholars.
Glossaries following each play, so that you do not have to turn to a separate volume to find the meaning of every obscure word.
Arguments giving a full story of each play in interesting prose.
Two Sets of Notes: Explanatory notes for the general reader and critical notes for the student.
Study Methods, consisting of study questions and suggestions—a complete course of Shakespearean study.
Life of Shakespeare by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical essays by Bagehot, Stephen and other distinguished Shakespearean scholars.

YOURS FOR $1.00—FREE INSPECTION—NO DEPOSIT

If you will fill out carefully and return promptly the coupon in the corner, we shall be glad to send you the entire set of the BOOKLOVERS SHAKESPEARE, carriage prepaid, for your examination. *We ask for no money now.* We allow you ample time for inspection of the books. If they do not satisfy you, they may be returned at our expense. If you are satisfied, you retain possession of the entire set and send us $1.00 only. The balance may be paid at the rate of $2.00 per month.

YOU MUST BE PROMPT

Send in your request at once, as there has been an eager response to this unusual offer. The subscription price of the BOOKLOVERS is $50.00. You can get a set now under the above offer for $19.50 and you have the privilege of paying for it a little at a time. Write at once.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
44-60 E. 23d St., New York

SEND THIS
THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, New York

You may send, prepaid, for my examination, a set of the BOOKLOVERS SHAKESPEARE in the cloth style at your special price of $19.50. If the books are satisfactory, I shall pay you $1.00 within 5 days after their receipt, and $2.00 each month until paid. If they are not I shall notify you and hold them subject to your order. (S. E. P. 8-14-9.)

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

Paint Talks—No. 10

Painting Metals

Iron and steel play an important part in our modern buildings and these materials require different paint treatment from wood or concrete. First coats should be of National Lead Company's red lead, because it has the peculiar quality of sticking to metals better than any other known paint. It also is a non-conductor of electricity—an extremely important quality in preventing rust.

Red lead should be used not only on bridges and skyscraper skeletons, but on tin roofs, galvanized cornices, radiators, iron fences, grilles, machinery, farm implements, and all other articles made of metal which require painting.

The finishing paint which goes over the first coats of red lead may be any good paint of the tint desired. If black, a good carbon paint should be used. If a light tint is wanted the finishing paint should be made of National Lead Company's pure white lead tinted as desired and mixed with pure linseed oil.

Ask for House-owners' Painting Outfit P, which goes into detail in regard to all kinds of painting. If interested in the painting of metal, be sure to ask us to include our booklet on red lead with the outfit.

Our red lead and white lead are sold by dealers. If you cannot get them, write our nearest office.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo Cincinnati
Chicago Cleveland St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh)

ARCADIA
MIXTURE

"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven different tobaccos are used. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.

SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY
132 Reade Street New York

Moving Picture Machines

Stereopticons

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** fully explains special offer. **Sent Free. Chicago Projecting Co., [illegible] Dearborn Street, Dept. L, Chicago**

The Theatrical Syndicate From the Outside

(Concluded from Page 9)

formerly controlled the theater end cling desperately to their dynasty? Yet so bigoted have they become in their control that when managers do have the temerity to produce they are told that they have to have a New York success before they can secure "time." Whenever the producer kept his attraction on the road for a few weeks, whipping it into shape, they canceled his tour if he struck bad business in a few big towns, telling him his offering was not good. And this in face of the fact that almost all big musical attractions virtually have to be rewritten after the first production and before the attraction is brought into New York.

I have known of producers who went to the syndicate for "time," asking that they might start their tour in the Middle West or the South, as the case might be, only to be told that such "time" was all filled and that they must play in Pennsylvania or New England. Why? Because the syndicate is interested financially in either circuits or in theaters there, and it is to their manifest advantage to keep their own houses filled, to the detriment of all others. Half these attractions do not survive because the territory in which they are booked is surfeited with plays, and while the attraction plays to losing business the theater can thrive from the percentage it receives.

As to booking attractions in a city so that they will not conflict with one another, Mr. Klaw's memory is strangely defective. Personally, I have known of two and even three musical shows sharing patronage in a town hardly large enough to support one.

Mr. Klaw is suddenly virtuous as well as versatile in demanding a censor for the stage. His business partner prides himself on being something—I use the word advisedly—of a producer. To be sure, Ben Hur did not receive his personal supervision, and The Prince of India was left to the wisdom of his associate, Mr. Brooks, but when The Soul Kiss and The Follies of 1907, 1908 and 1909 required the final hand of genius to lend them their effulgence Mr. Erlanger nobly stepped forward.

From a clearing-house the office of Klaw & Erlanger has become a throne-room, their agency a dictatorship and themselves theatrical czars. Theirs is a supreme rule modified only by their own best interests. The theater managers throughout the United States are mere puppets in their hands, and their properties are used as toys by these autocrats. Mr. Klaw has told you the outside of Klaw & Erlanger's Exchange. I have given you the inside.

Some Foreign Plants

AMONG the useful plants recently introduced into this country from remote parts of the world is a blue raspberry from India, of excellent quality.

From China have been obtained certain gourds which are grown by the pig-tailed Orientals on trellises in gardens. The very young gourds are stewed as a vegetable. The old ones are used as bottles for oil, wine and water, or are cut in two, lengthwise, for water-dippers. The seeds are boiled with salt and sold as a delicacy.

From Chile have been received some valuable new kinds of peppers. It was that country which first gave red peppers, as well as potatoes, to the world. There is one kind from which both color and flavor are extracted by hot lard or butter. The "red grease" thus prepared is used in every Chilean kitchen to flavor foods.

A Japanese species of bamboo has been introduced with the idea of utilizing the stems in the manufacture of a kind of matting to take the place of laths in the building of houses. The expectation is that it can be profitably grown on hillsides in the Southern states.

Finally, for trial in Porto Rico, seeds of the famous "candle nut" have been fetched from Polynesia. These seeds—which yield sixty per cent of a valuable oil, suitable as a substitute for linseed—are heart-shaped and about the size of a horse chestnut. The Pacific Islanders thread them on bamboo splints or cocoanut leaf ribs, which are bound in leaves or bark to make torches. The flame of such a torch, though smoky, is beautiful and bright—whence the name "candle nut."

If Meat is Worth 18c a Pound How Much are 14 Ounces Worth?

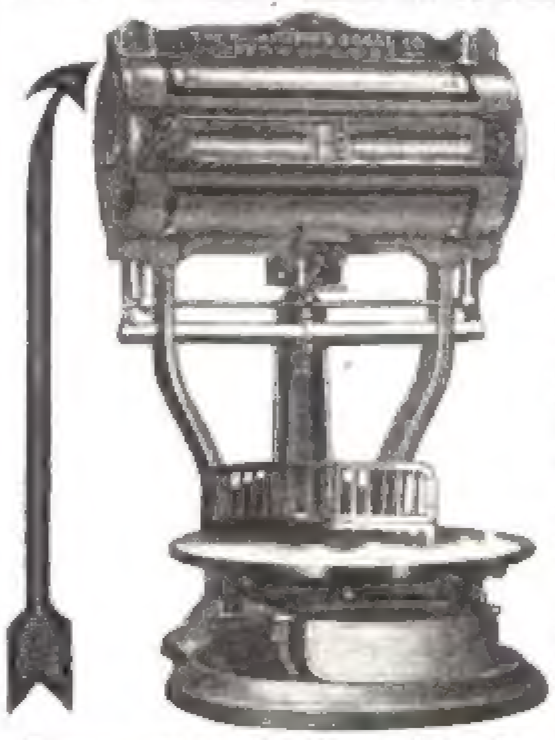
Your dealer can't figure problems like this in his head. You cannot do it. Try it and see. Yet that's what a dealer has to do hundreds of times every day. But no matter how many times he does it, he never becomes proficient in doing it.

There are too many combination prices per pound, number of pounds and fractions of pounds to consider. He must guess, more or less, every time. He must be sure he doesn't guess too little—that would eat up his profit. He must guess, if anything, more than is right, unless he uses—as thousands do—a Dayton Moneyweight Computing Scale.

The indicator on this scale shows the cost of the goods—all completed—at the same time that it shows the weight. It will show the correct charge at any price per pound for any number of pounds or any fraction of a pound provided for on the scale. It leaves nothing for the dealer to do but read the figures before him.

There is no chance for mistake. He charges you just what the goods are worth. It avoids all guess work, all over charging.

Ask Your Dealer if he uses a Dayton Moneyweight Scale. Ask him to show you how it works. He'll be glad to do this, for he realizes that a Dayton Moneyweight Computing Scale on his counter is a mark of integrity—a sign of fair dealing and accurate charging. There are several Dayton Moneyweight Computing Scales in use in your neighborhood. The illustration shows one of our many styles.



Be sure you see the sign on the scale, which reads thus:
"THE COMPUTING SCALE CO., Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A."

Free Offer to Housekeepers Send us one or more names of dealers who haven't the Dayton Moneyweight Computing Scale and we will send you our pamphlet,

"Accurate Weights and Measures for Cooking" and a Beautiful Hemstitched Handkerchief FREE

$100.00 IN CASH PRIZES For the four best articles on why the housewife should patronize stores that use Dayton Moneyweight Computing Scales, we will give the following Cash Prizes:

First, $50.00 Second, $25.00 Third, $15.00 Fourth, $10.00

Contest closes November 1st, 1909. All articles must reach us on or before that date. There are over 250,000 of our scales scattered throughout the world. You will probably find some to examine in your neighborhood. Ask the dealer to show and explain their points to you. If you do not find our scales, write for our printed matter and post yourself so as to compete for the cash prizes as above. No one connected in any way with this company will be eligible to compete. Address "Dept." 2.

Moneyweight Scale Co., (Ground Floor) **Masonic Temple Building, Chicago**
(1) *Sales Agents for The Computing Scale Co., Dayton, Ohio*

Notice to Dealers: Dealers should write us for our Special Proposition No. 2 on this modern time saving method of weighing. It will help your trade.

POMPEIAN

MASSAGE CREAM

It Clears the Skin

1,000,000 Users

For years you have been hearing how Pompeian Massage Cream clears, freshens and improves the complexion. Isn't it time that you yourself discovered why Pompeian is so enthusiastically used and endorsed by more than a million users?

Your druggist is one of the 50,000 who sell Pompeian. Remember the name—Pompeian Massage Cream. It's the original massage cream, and the most popular face cream made, 10,000 jars being sold daily. 50c. and $1.00 per jar. If you wish to try before you buy, write us for a

Trial Jar and 16-page beauty booklet for 6c. in stamps or coin. Resolve to-day to restore or preserve your youthful good looks.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

WORKMEN, RAISE YOUR WAGES

By selling **VANCO Hand Soap** in shops. Big money made on the side. Splendid opportunity. Large can and particulars 10c.
THE J. T. ROBERTSON CO., Box 8, Manchester, Conn.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

The oldest and best school. Instruction by mail adapted to every one. Recognized by courts and educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses—Preparatory, Business, College. Prepares for practice. Will better your condition and prospects in business. Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and **Easy Payment Plan free.**

Sprague Correspondence School of Law
709 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

HOME STUDY

The **University of Chicago** OFFERS 350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Bankers, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents, and many in other vocations.

The U. of C., Div. C, Chicago, Ill.

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

COST

The only Professions in which the demand exceeds the supply. We equip you for practice anywhere. No classes; individual instruction. Courses embrace Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law, Cost Accounting, Bookkeeping and Business Practice. Write for Booklet N.

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. N,
27-29 East 22nd Street, New York.
Recognized Accountancy School of the World.

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write **today** for colored maps and information.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO.
505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago,
614-29 Broadway, New York.

SOLIDLY BUILT IN THE WALL

This **Rent Getter** instantly appeals to the prospective tenant. **Perfect protection from House Thieves and Fires at one-tenth the cost of other modern improvements.** Can you afford to ignore it?

MEILINK'S WALL SAFES

$14 and Up—Built In

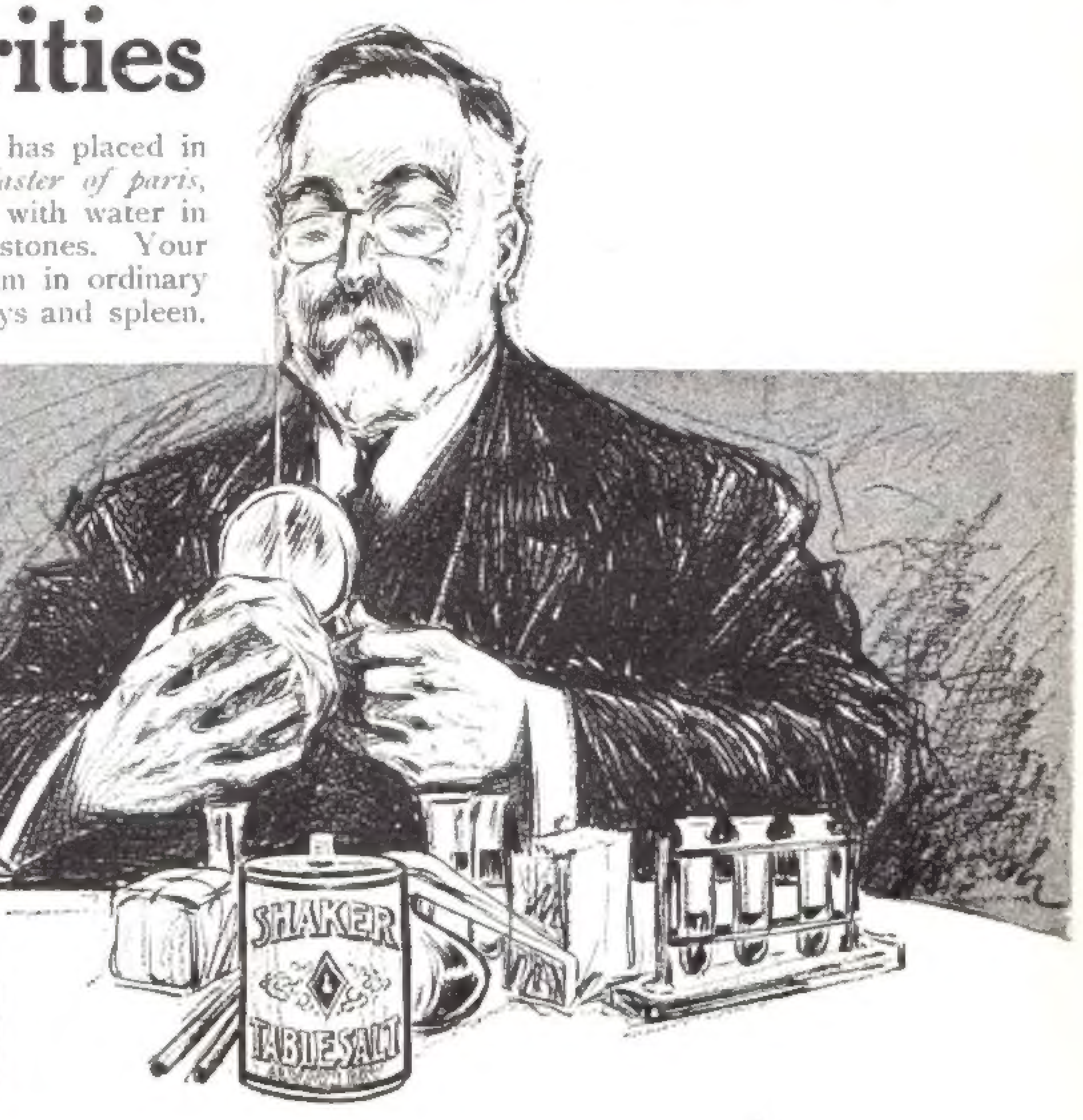
The only ones built of **Steel Plates Throughout.** Sizes for 6 to 16 in. walls. Best safe lock and bolt work—cannot corrode or rust. Finish and design to conform to your interior decorations. Concealed by a picture or furniture if desired.

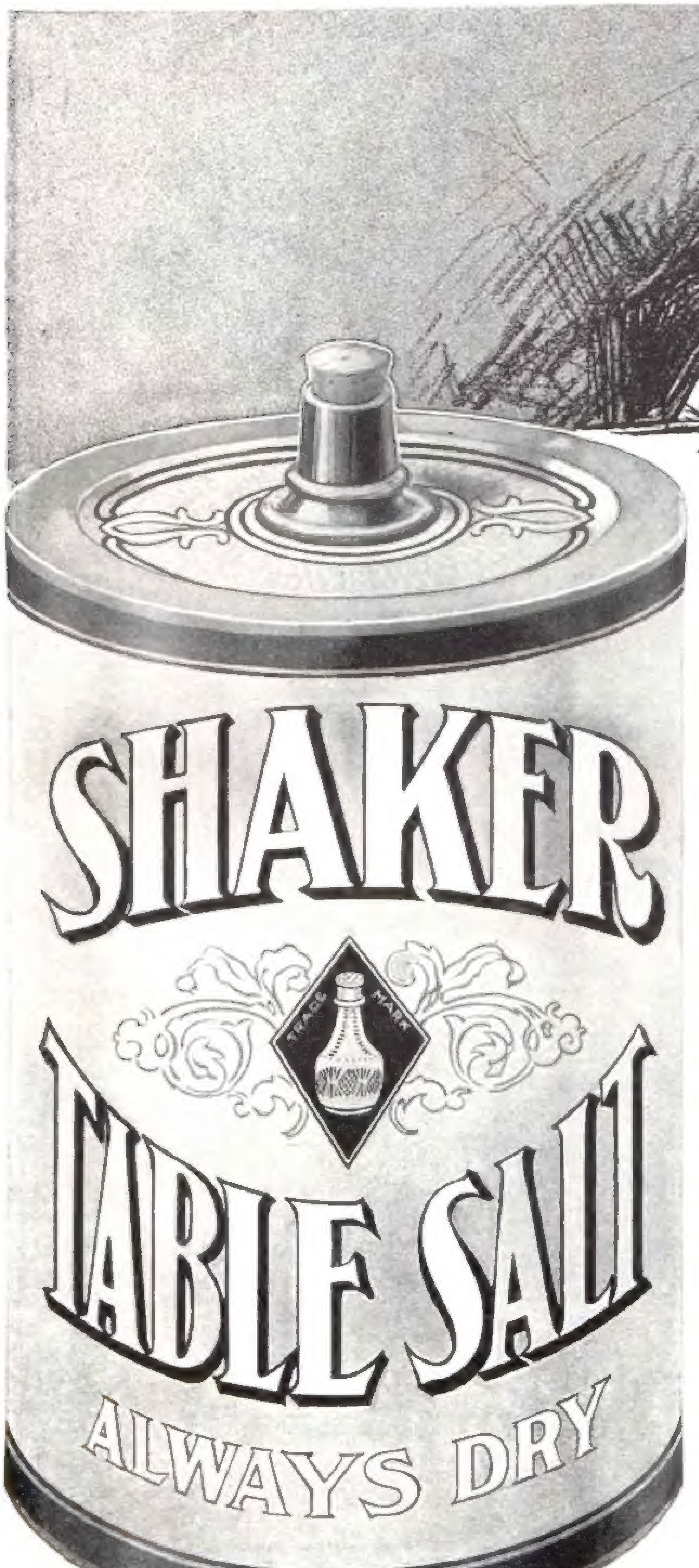
Get full description from us before completing your building plans. 50,000 Meilink House, Office and Wall Safes in use today. **Not one ever opened by House thieves.**

THE MEILINK MFG. CO., 116 Jackson Street, Toledo, O.

The Only Table Salt that is Free of Dangerous Impurities

GYPSUM is the *most* dangerous impurity that *nature* has placed in *all* salt. Gypsum makes splendid *fertilizer* and *plaster of paris*, but it's a dangerous thing to *eat*, because it combines with water in your body—forms little balls of plaster—gravel—gall stones. Your doctor will tell you that this is the reason why the gypsum in ordinary salt often causes such serious disorders of the liver, kidneys and spleen.





From all Good Grocers. 10 cents

(East of the Rocky Mountains)

WE ARE *sole owners* of the *only* process of salt *refining*—the *only* process which removes the gypsum and other *dangerous* impurities which naturally contaminate *all* salt. That is *why* Shaker Table Salt is the *only* table salt that is absolutely free of dangerously unhealthful impurities—the *only* salt that is *safe* and fit for your table. We will gladly send you, upon request, Government proof of all this.

Its freedom from dangerous, rank impurities gives Shaker Table Salt a pure, delicate flavor—a "saltiness" and savor not found in other table salt, and the fineness of grain in Shaker Table Salt enables you to flavor food as delicately as the most fastidious taste could wish.

The Salt that Always Flows Freely

Shaker Table Salt is the salt that always flows freely.

Simply tip the shaker and out flows Shaker Table Salt *every time*—always "loose"—always dry.

No bother—no time nor temper lost—no shaking—no pounding—no poking as there is with *other* salt.

The Table Salt that is Properly Packed and Protected

Shaker Table Salt is the table salt that is properly packed and protected. It comes to you in a convenient and sanitary salt box, having a patented spout for filling salt shakers without bother or waste. This box is air-tight, water-proof, dirt and dust-proof, germ and odor-proof—keeping Shaker Table Salt protected from contaminating germs, odors and impurities of the grocery and kitchen which *all* bag salt *must* absorb.

Shaker Table Salt is used *exclusively* in the finest hotels, restaurants and clubs, and by the railroad and steamship lines, as well as in the best homes everywhere.

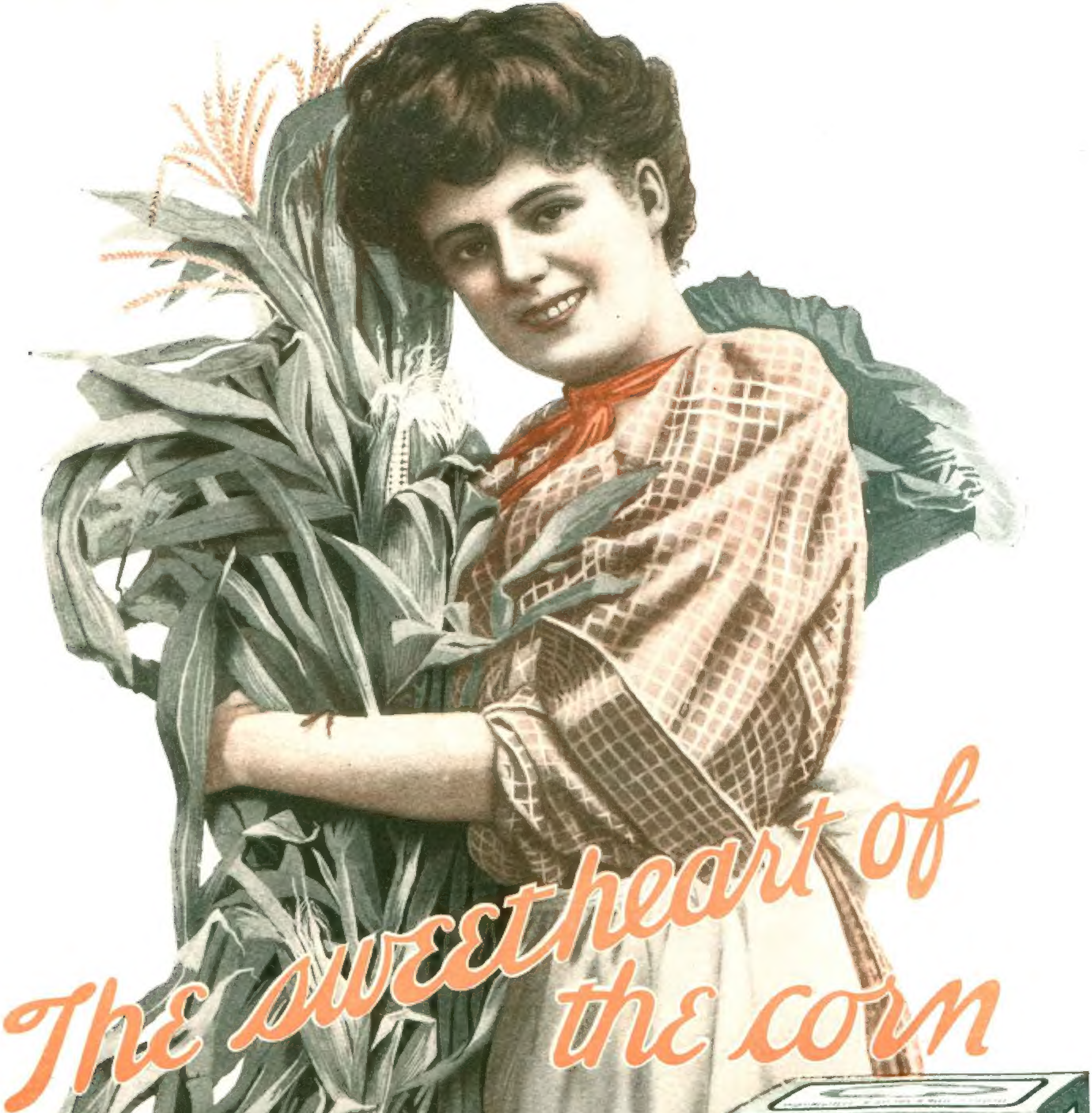
Avoid Dangerous Substitutes —Order Shaker Table Salt From Your Grocer Today

Shaker Table Salt costs about 10 cents a *year* more than common, rank, sharp, bitter-tasting, coarse, gritty, soggy, lumpy, dangerously impure salt.

The Diamond Crystal Salt Co., Station H 11, St. Clair, Mich.
Shaker Table Salt, Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt. Makers of

The Only Salt 99 7-10 per cent Pure
—Proved Best by Government Test

"Saltiest"—Purest Salt


The sweetheart of the corn

Copyright 1907 by TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.

Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

The package of the genuine bears this signature

W. K. Kellogg

Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., L't'd., London, Ontario

Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
W. K. Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK MICH.